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July 13, 1929

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Call Out the Marines

By Dr.
CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals

Cover by Revere F. Wistehuff

JULY 13, 1929

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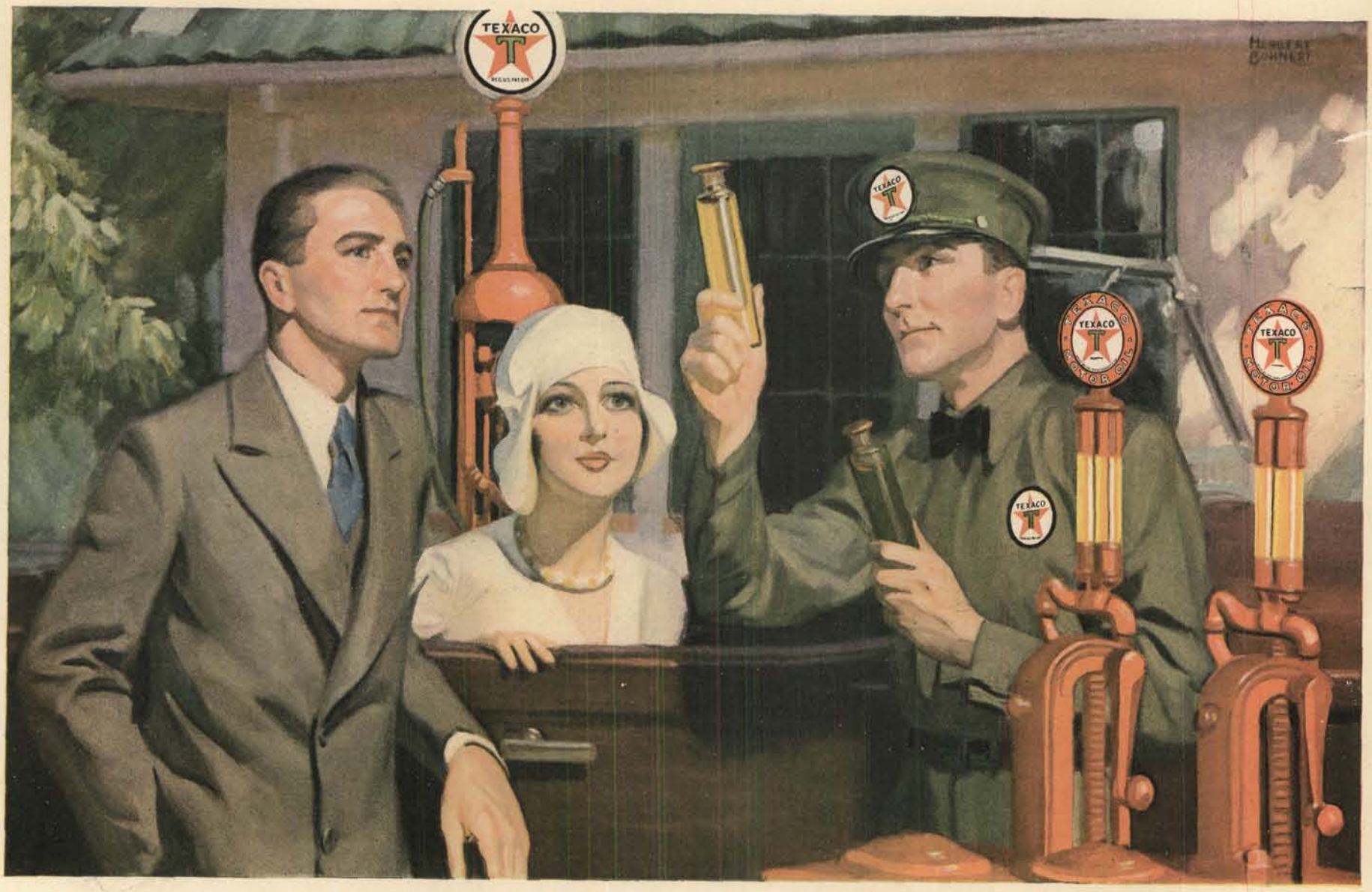

There's a story in that golden color

If you could see crude oils before they are refined . . . dirty, gummy mixtures—if you could see the impurities that *scientific* refining removes, you would realize at once why only the *cleanest* and *clearest* of motor oils is safe for your engine.

Texaco Golden Motor Oil is as *pure* as it looks—as fine and sturdy a motor oil as exact, *controlled* refining and filtration processes can produce. It is the final result of years of experimentation and research.

Actual day in and day out performance conclusively proves the value of Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Free from hard-carbon-forming elements; full-bodied and heat-resisting, Texaco protects pistons and cylinder walls — preserves power. As a result, engines run smoother and quieter and require less adjustment when Texaco is used consistently.

Test Texaco in your own engine!

Stop under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T for Texaco Golden Motor Oil and for the *new* and *better* Texaco—a high test gasoline *at no added price.* Both are sold today in every State—everywhere uniform.

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GOLDEN MOTOR OIL

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE

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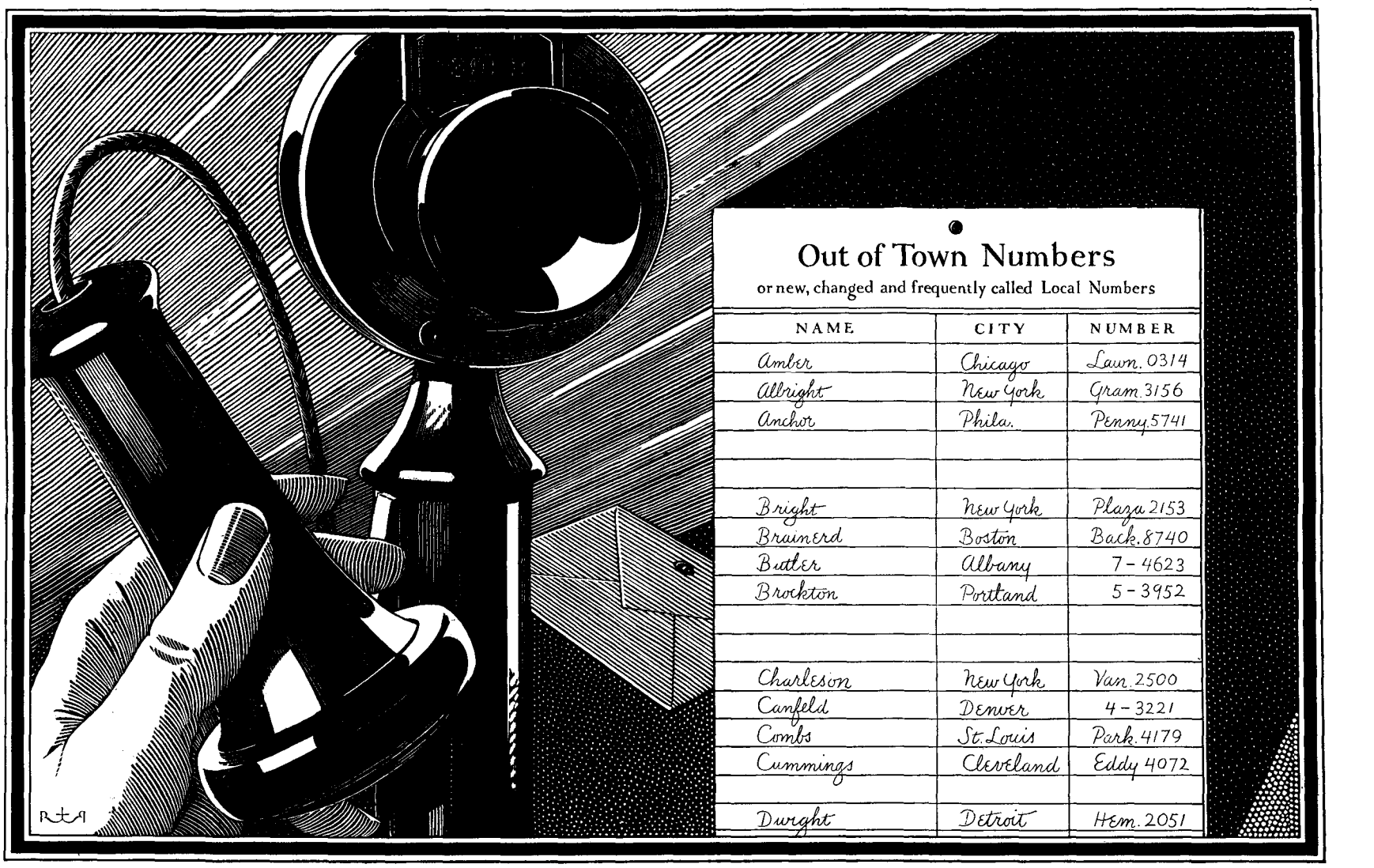
Calling by Number takes *less* Time . . .


Out of Town Numbers
or new, changed and frequently called Local Numbers
NAME | CITY | NUMBER
Amber | Chicago | Lawn. 0314
Albright | New York | Gram. 3156
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Bright | New York | Plaza 2153
Brainerd | Boston | Back. 8740
Butler | Albany | 7-4623
Brockton | Portland | 5-3952
Charleson | New York | Van. 2500
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If you know the numbers on your out of town calls you can get many of them about as quickly as local calls. It is worth while keeping a list of numbers you frequently use. If you do not know them, "Information" will get them for you.

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"Sawdust habits hinder sales"

THIS model grocery store was planned by Francis H. Leggett & Company, packers and distributors of Premier Foods, directly for the benefit of the retail grocers of America. The floor that was selected as most practical from every standpoint is Armstrong's Linoleum in a Marble Inlaid (Design No. 90).

All merchants interested in modern store equipment and display are cordially invited to visit this store. The address is 27th Street and Hudson River, New York City. Any grocers who haven't already received the book, "How to Sell More Groceries," which describes the store, may have a copy by writing direct to Francis H. Leggett & Company.

. . . says Francis H. Leggett & Company, whose model store demonstrates how Armstrong Floors put showmanship in selling

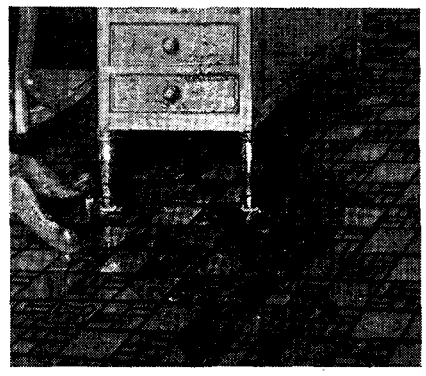
"BOY, spread some more sawdust!" Yes, it's still being done. In fact, many merchants don't even go to that much bother about their floors.

Yet—money goes to market on foot. And the public shops with its eyes wide open to surroundings as well as to merchandise.

Business, if it's wise, dresses up these days. Showmanship replaces sawdust habits. The most neglected part of the old-time corner store becomes the eye-compelling foundation for the whole sales scene.

Witness this model grocery store of Francis H. Leggett & Company. No sawdust habits here! Instead, the Armstrong's Linoleum Floor invites shoppers to come right in, to stay awhile . . . to buy. It helps send them away with a favorable answer to that sales-stopping question—"What kind of place have they?"

The story that the Leggett Company tells to its retailers is one that will interest everyone who has a product or service to sell. "Armstrong's Linoleum Floors certainly help to create a sales-attracting atmosphere. In actual tests they also cut down operating expense. Their Accolac-Processed surface doesn't spot and stain. A quick damp-mopping cleans it. All the maintenance called for is an occasional coating with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Lacquer should not be applied over wax.)



S. D. Warren Company, manufacturers of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, chose this Armstrong Floor in a neat tile effect (Embossed Inlaid No. 6006) for their New York sales office. Textured. Colors go through to the burlap back.

"You'll find them warm, quiet, and foot-comforting to both customers and clerks. And they don't even cost as much in the long run as the old-fashioned dressing down with sawdust!"

If you would like to see just how these modern business floors will look in your own office, store, or shop, telephone a local linoleum, furniture, or department store. Samples will be shown you in contrast with your present floors. You'll be told the exact cost and how little time it actually takes to install your permanent Armstrong Floors. (The work can be done overnight, if you wish.)

Or write for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." This color-illustrated book brings you all the sales-making facts about modern business floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. Sent without charge. (In Canada, 25c.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 920 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED • • JASPÉ • • ARABESQ • • PRINTED • • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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The Squeal of the Sucker

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Shoestring Charlie, showman, gets into a hole—and an elephant pulls him out

A GIRL, fair-haired, young, had just called from the doorway of the wardrobe building. Shoestring Charlie Grenolds, owner of the World's Famous Circus, turned hastily from the car he had been about to enter, and crossed the wagon-yard of winter quarters. He had caught only enough of the message to cause him acute anxiety.

He was a trim little man, with sharply square shoulders, and a certain litheness, as though nervous energy had pared him down to straight sinew and muscle. His angular features were sunbrowned, although this was still early April. His eyes were blue, quick eyes. He leaped a puddle of water and approached the girl.

"Well, Molly," he asked, "what's wrong with you? Ain't you satisfied?"

Molly James of the Roman Rings laughed; the action did not seem difficult. Her brown eyes possessed a sparkle as if of constant happiness; she was Shoestring's favorite of the entire circus. Perhaps it was because she was young and full of life and dreams—of the day when she would be a star. That meant a great deal to Shoestring Charlie, both from a managerial and a paternal standpoint—Shoestring looked upon her almost as his own daughter. And their relationship had been almost that close; Shoestring knew Molly's problems, her sorrows, her joys, her responsibilities. Of the latter there had been plenty of late.

A year before, Molly James, at twenty, had taken the responsibilities left behind when Bert James, her father, had fallen from the high-wire at the top of the World's Famous tent. There was a brother in college and two small sisters were in grade school. Molly was in the circus, smiling in the spotlight from the Roman Rings, that others might have the finer things which a life of sawdust had denied her.

Again Shoestring snapped a question and again Molly laughed. Then she handed him a letter, and went into the costume rooms. Shoestring Charlie returned to his car.

"All she wanted to tell me was that the Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty was blowing the show!" he told his chauffeur. "What do I care? I can get a million of those dames. Gee, I thought it was Molly herself that was quittin'!"

"I thought you acted awful nervous when you run over there," said the chauffeur. "Where's the Ten Thousand Dollar broad going?"

"Her letter don't say, but I got a pretty good idea." Then, with the realization the chauffeur still awaited directions: "Take me out to the horse farms."

But suddenly he called for the chauffeur to halt.

"Kid," said Shoestring Charlie, when the car had scraped the curb, "if you ever hear of an open season on general agents, buy me a license! I told Slats Warner not to post them twenty-four sheets!"

Then he sat, cigarette dragging on his lower lip, merely staring out at an inoffensive billboard.

Upon it was emblazoned a picture of mastodonic action. Before a circus audience, standing in its excitement, an heroic-sized elephant, trunk extended, huge hoofs eating up distance, sped madly in the lead of a half dozen race horses, frothing from exertion as jockeys stung them to greater efforts. Red-coated judges stood at the tape, with stop watches, athrill over a new distance record. Performers watched from the sidelines in the proper aspect of awed admiration, while in red letters, there appeared the legend:

THE WORLD'S FAMOUS CIRCUS
Takes Pleasure in Presenting
for
THE FIRST TIME UNDER ANY CANVAS
SPRINTO - SPRINTO - SPRINTO
The Only and Original Racing Elephant
See Him
OUTRUN A SOLID FIELD OF RACE HORSES
Watch Him—15,000 Pachydermic Pounds of Ponderous Power
PLUNGING PAST PUFFING, PACING, PADDOCK-PONIES!
in a
ONE-MILE RACE ROUND THE HIPPODROME TRACK!

After a time, Shoestring Charlie threw away his cigarette.

"Well," he said to his chauffeur, "it's a great act. Only one slight defect in the whole thing. We ain't got no Sprinto!"

"But I thought him and the East Indian mahout got here day before yesterday."

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

"Well, Molly," he said to the little silk and tulle being, "what'd Shifty Willie Moran want when he came back here this afternoon?"

Table of contents appears on page 57

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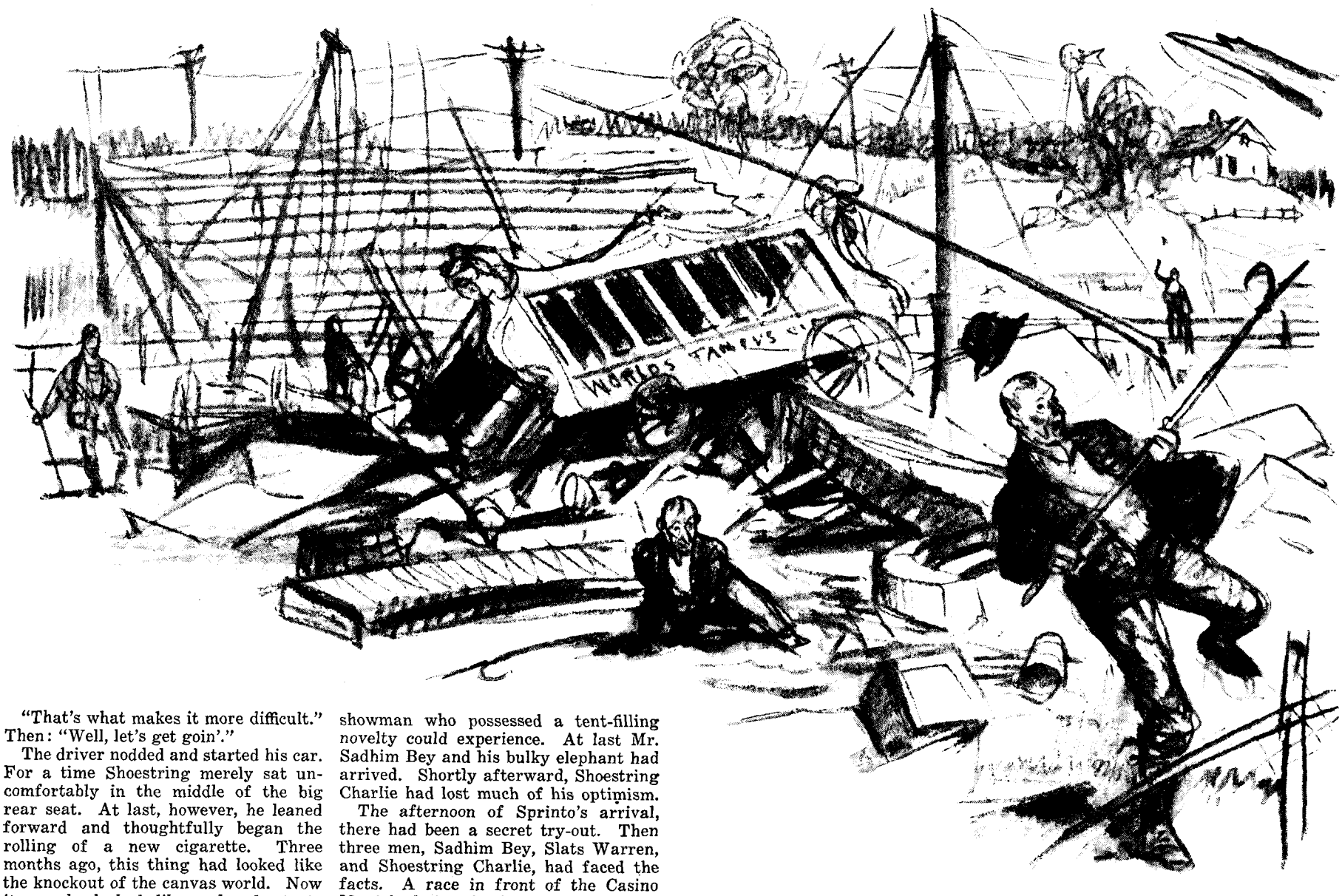

"That's what makes it more difficult." Then: "Well, let's get goin'."

The driver nodded and started his car. For a time Shoestring merely sat uncomfortably in the middle of the big rear seat. At last, however, he leaned forward and thoughtfully began the rolling of a new cigarette. Three months ago, this thing had looked like the knockout of the canvas world. Now it merely looked like a knockout—to Shoestring Charlie.

SLATS WARREN, his general agent, had brought it about. Other show owners, now and then, had gone to Europe in the winter to gain their stellar acts for the next year. At last Shoestring had been persuaded to do the same. He and Slats Warren had gone abroad—and at the Carnival of Nice, they had seen this.

It had looked wonderful then, as with the bands playing, the bunting and flags flying from the grandstands and the Casino Municipale, an East Indian mahout had stationed a tremendous elephant a quarter of a mile away, and flanked him with six horses. Then, while the great throng had stilled, the mahout had shouted, a gun had been fired and the race was on, a thundering progress down the street to a finish tape, where the elephant led by a full two lengths.

Of course, there had been nothing new in the elephant's speed ability, at least to Shoestring; long ago he had learned that the apparently lumbering gait of a pachyderm is highly deceptive. But it was the revelation to the crowd which counted, and the high degree of control which this Indian had over the beast—an animal which easily could have wrecked everything in sight if he had not been under the absolute domination of a shrewd master.

Shoestring had made a contract that afternoon, guaranteeing to safeguard the act in every possible way through protective billing, and to hold it inviolate for its originator, Mr. Sadhim Bey, the mahout. Then, leaving the pale, soft-voiced East Indian to finish his exhibitions in France, he had sailed joyously home with Slats Warren, ordered the printing, and faced the new season with that equanimity which only a showman who possessed a tent-filling novelty could experience. At last Mr. Sadhim Bey and his bulky elephant had arrived. Shortly afterward, Shoestring Charlie had lost much of his optimism.

The afternoon of Sprinto's arrival, there had been a secret try-out. Then three men, Sadhim Bey, Slats Warren, and Shoestring Charlie, had faced the facts. A race in front of the Casino Municipale in Nice had been one thing, and a race around the circus tent of the World's Famous distinctly another. For Sprinto, the Plunging Pachyderm, had demonstrated against all efforts to the contrary that he could run only in a straight line!

A straight line in the circus meant the knocking down of center-poles, the breaking of guy ropes and riggings, and a possible plunge through the blue seats at the general admission end, if Sprinto couldn't apply his brakes swiftly enough. Any of these things would have been sufficient; Shoestring Charlie knew that they'd all happen. More, he felt that there was no way out. An elephant's natural inclination when it turns on the speed is to accomplish distance by the shortest route between two points; smashed buildings in elephant stampedes, broken fences, collision-cracked walls; all these things could happen with even an ordinary elephant, obeying his natural instinct not to turn aside. It would be just that much worse for one that had been trained to eat up distance upon a straight course.

"Turn in here?" asked the chauffeur. They had been on a country road for more than a mile. Shoestring Charlie looked up.

"YEH, over by the track," he commanded. The machine veered through the open gate of what once had been a race-course, abandoned until recently when Shoestring Charlie had seen in its wide meadows, its stables and barns and outbuildings an ideal place for the wintering of his draft and ring stock.

The place was one of a dozen activities—the show's opening day was only a short time away. But Shoestring had little concern for the barns, the horses or the grooms. Instead, he half rose from his seat, staring over the driver's shoulder toward the space before the unpainted, empty grandstand, where center and quarterpoles had been erected, as if to support a tent. These stretched throughout the entire area of the race-track oval, while between them were placed ring curbings, elephant tubs, ropes, old boxes, decrepit wagons whose usefulness to the circus long had ended.

A veritable junk-lot of the circus was this oval; obstructions placed in a crazy array so as to block the entire expanse, while upon a clear track, an East Indian in yellow tunic and baggy red pants shuffled mournfully about in the van of an equally mournful-appearing elephant, which now and then chirruped sadly as if in unanswered query. A dolorous gallery of bull-men, animal punks and menagerie bosses perched on the outer rail, in contemplation of the activities, while a tall, ravenously thin man in a dusty black suit and a four-dent hat crawled over the fence and waited the approach of the owner's car.

"Well," he said, when at last Shoestring came forth, "here's the layout."

Shoestring did not answer directly. He only moved closer to his general agent, and gazed at him with evidence of fatherly concern.

"Listen, Slats, you ain't been hurt or nothing? You ain't had a bad shock or been hit in the head?"

"Who? Me?" asked Slats Warren, raising a thin hand to a temple. "No, I'm all right."

"Then why'd you order them Sprinto bills put up?" snapped Shoestring. "You heard me say we'd have to struggle along without this here circus wrecker!"

Slats nodded sourly.

"Yeh, I heard you," he answered. "But we got to have a feature with this show, ain't we?"

"Since when ain't the Flying Bordons a feature? With Eddie Bordon doing that double and a twist with his head in a gunnysack?"

Slats pawed for a pocket.

"Since 11:08 o'clock this morning," he answered. "That's the hour on Eddie Bordon's telegram."

"You mean they cancelled?"

"The only difference between them and us," answered Slats Warren sarcastically, "is the whole wide world. And I bet," he added, "I could give you all the guesses there is and you'd never think who got 'em to do it. So I'll give you just one."

Shoestring Charlie's hands shook slightly as he reached for his makin's. The usual sparkle departed from his eyes.

"SO Shifty Willie Moran's come out in the open!" he said at last. Then: "I've been kind of expecting it; us playing day and date at the Western Jubilee. Well, the way I figure, if a guy cancels, let him cancel; he won't do the show no good staying and putting on a sorehead performance."

"But how about somebody in the air?" asked Slats Warren.

"We'll just have to ballyhoo little Molly James up into star rôle, that's all. Shut off the rest of the show and give her a special announcement and sling a lot o' colored lights on her." Then, with a glance toward the race-track. "How's our baby tornado?"

"We've been waiting for you to try him," answered Slats, and led the way to the race-course, where the East Indian, Sadhim Bey, waited with the recalcitrant Sprinto. There were many preparations and several conferences. The bull-men scrambled down from the fence and led the chirruping elephant to a position at the turn of the track, with his head pointed conclusively toward the circular course. Sadhim Bey, his red

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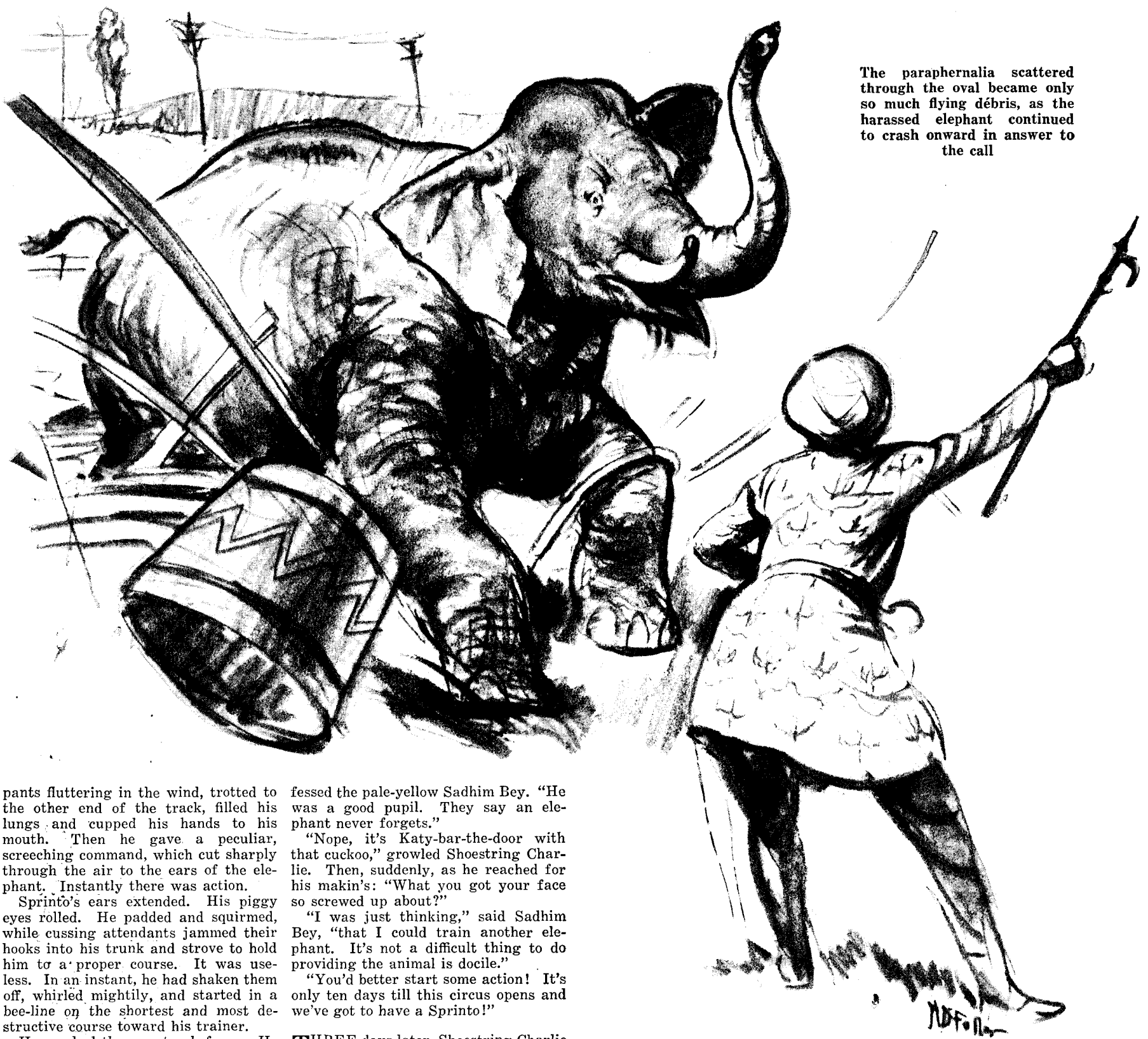

The paraphernalia scattered through the oval became only so much flying débris, as the harassed elephant continued to crash onward in answer to the call

pants fluttering in the wind, trotted to the other end of the track, filled his lungs and cupped his hands to his mouth. Then he gave a peculiar, screeching command, which cut sharply through the air to the ears of the elephant. Instantly there was action.

Sprinto's ears extended. His piggy eyes rolled. He padded and squirmed, while cussing attendants jammed their hooks into his trunk and strove to hold him to a proper course. It was useless. In an instant, he had shaken them off, whirled mightily, and started in a bee-line on the shortest and most destructive course toward his trainer.

He crashed the race-track fence. He plowed through a decrepit bandwagon. He knocked down center and quarter poles. The elephant tubs and other paraphernalia which had been scattered through the oval to block his course became only so much flying debris, as head down, trunk extended, pink throat exposed with his distressed screechings, the harassed elephant continued to crash onward in answer to the call. At last he tangled with an ancient tableau wagon, where the bull-men caught him.

THEY tried again the next day and for two days following that while the wreckage increased and splinters flew indiscriminately. Bruised and battered though he might be from continuous collision, Sprinto, the Plunging Pachyderm, continued to be just that. Whenever Sadhim Bey let out that particular alluring screech, Sprinto moved toward him by the shortest course, nor could curses, or bull-hooks, or even a small tractor, which they hooked to him by a rope as a final recourse, keep him to the hippodrome track. Sprinto had been taught to move according to signal, and that was the end of it.

"I taught him very diligently," confessed the pale-yellow Sadhim Bey. "He was a good pupil. They say an elephant never forgets."

"Nope, it's Katy-bar-the-door with that cuckoo," growled Shoestring Charlie. Then, suddenly, as he reached for his makin's: "What you got your face so screwed up about?"

"I was just thinking," said Sadhim Bey, "that I could train another elephant. It's not a difficult thing to do providing the animal is docile."

"You'd better start some action! It's only ten days till this circus opens and we've got to have a Sprinto!"

THREE days later, Shoestring Charlie found that he was able to give his attention to other things. They were mostly troubles.

Out at the horse farms, Sadhim Bey had taken the most tractable elephant of the World's Famous herd, a patriarch named Snyder, and was busily reforming him into a makeshift Sprinto by the simple expedient of feeding him carrots at various spots on the hippodrome track. Already the new Sprinto was learning to run at command: the act was assured in time for opening day, and the former Sprinto had been put to work pushing wagons. So all was lovely there. It wasn't the same in other departments of the circus.

For one thing, there was the question of bosses—three of them had failed to show up, in answer to a lure from California. Out there, a gentleman known to the profession as Shifty Willie Moran was preparing the erection of a semi-permanent circus at a state celebration known as the Western Jubilee, which was to last most of the summer. Shoestring Charlie's circus was to be there too, under canvas. And Shifty Willie Moran, never particular about his methods, had decided to weaken the opposition by taking as many of its personnel as possible. Nor had the bosses been all.

There had been the Flying Bordons, for instance, argued into the breaking of a contract by the promise of more money and the joy of working under a roof instead of canvas. There had been the Jarvis Troupe of Acrobats, the Riding Kendalls, the Aërial Lammisters. Shoestring had let them go, one by one; he had followed here a rule learned long ago in the circus world, that a contract is only a contract as long as there is contentment. He'd get them back again, he knew, wiser and more faithful, if he could only find a way to lick Shifty Willie Moran.

That was not a simple matter. True, Shoestring knew, he could refuse to allow performers to accept the better offers from Moran's projected indoor circus. But in doing this, he would be playing directly into the enemy's hands. Moran had just enough money to make exceptionally good offers to Shoestring Charlie's stars. If those offers were refused, then the same money could be used to offer a better job to every contracted person on the World's Famous Circus.

He could do that safely if those contracted members were held from accepting them. Shifty Willie Moran was out to break the morale of the World's Famous Circus; a fortune awaited the successful exhibitor at the Jubilee, if one of the two opposing forces was either out of the way or sufficiently crippled to put up little serious competition. If he could get the mainstays of Shoestring's performance, forcing him to hunt up substitutes, well and good.

BUT even if he couldn't, he still held the advantage. Shoestring would either be forced to meet these exorbitant offers or invoke the rights he held under his contract. If he did the first, it would weaken him financially; his reserves were none too strong this season. If he did the latter, he would breed a spirit of discord that might wreck the entire World's Famous performance. Discord and resentment are bad things in a circus.

"Well, if (*Continued on page 48*)

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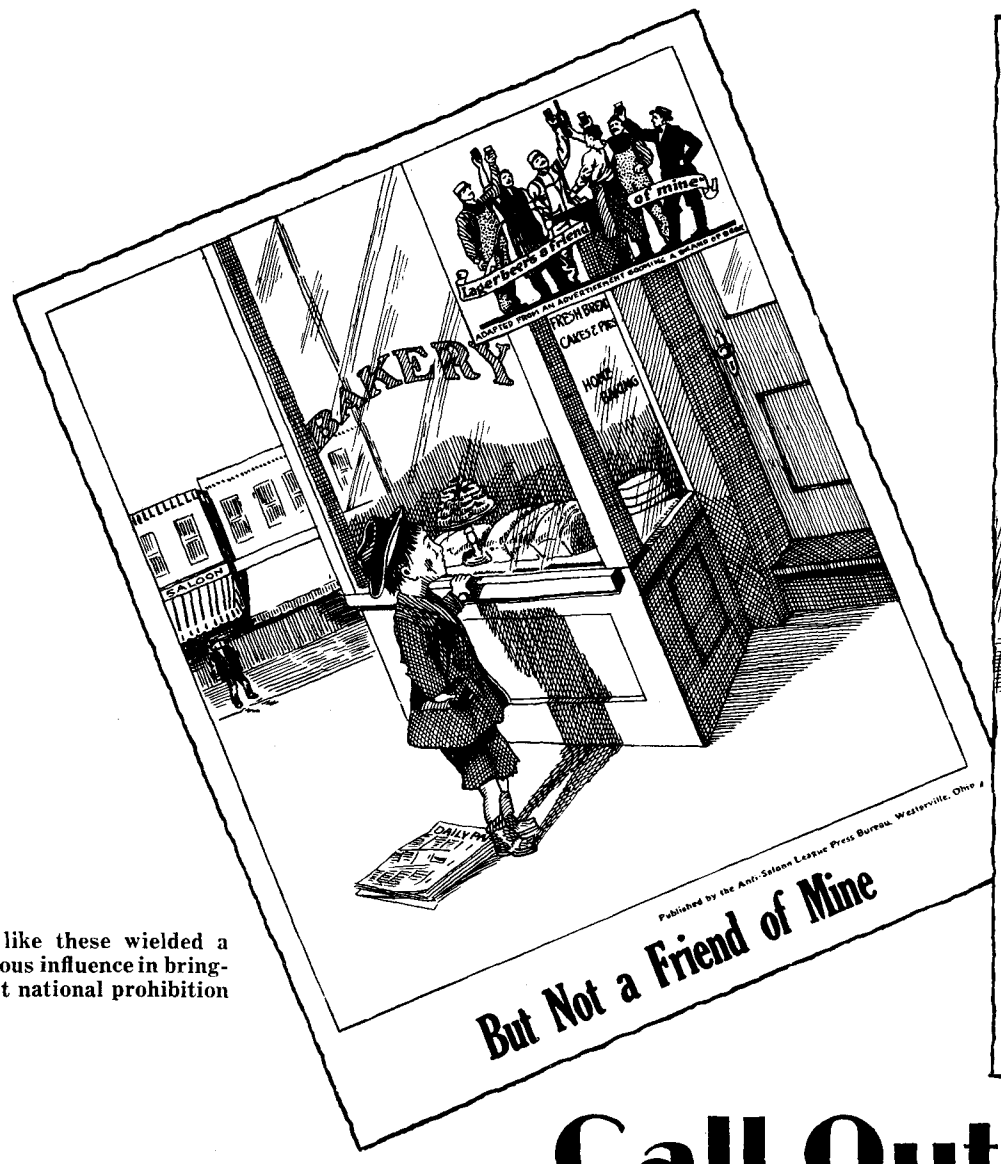


Posters like these wielded a tremendous influence in bringing about national prohibition

Call Out the Marines

Every reader of Collier's knows that our opinion of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act does not coincide with Dr. Wilson's. But we are glad to present the views of so influential and tireless a leader of the prohibition ranks

WHAT Kansas and North Dakota, by going dry, did for the states of the Union, America has undertaken for the people of the world: We must show them that we can live without rum.

This prohibition proposition will not stand still. It will move on to observance and enforcement or it will move down to nullification or lawlessness. Which shall it be?

We have reached the point where people have ceased to reason; they have divided themselves emotionally into sides. A Dry can no longer by logic convince a Wet nor a Wet a Dry. This is the current phase of the prohibition struggle.

Shortly before the Republican national convention Senator Borah and Raymond B. Robbins, of Chicago, helped to place as a plank in the Republican platform a sacred pledge to the people that, if intrusted with power, the Republican administration would see to it that officers and men connected with the government should not only enforce the law but should personally observe it.

We take that to mean that the President and the First Lady of the land will not serve contraband goods in the White House and thus, by example of our Supreme Home, set the law at defiance.

We believe that platform plank means that no officer of army or navy, wearing a uniform of the United States and pledged to uphold the Constitution thereof and to honor the flag, will publicly or privately drink intoxicating liquor while it is banned by law.

There is much talk of temperance as if temperance was different from prohibition. It is not. Temperance has come to be defined, by a universal usage, as moderation in the use of all things that are helpful and right and total abstinence from all that which is hurtful and wrong. It does not mean a moderate use of poison, but the total eschewing of that which injures the system, the mind, the morals of the individual, or is detrimental to society.

But certain changes are now needed in the law to make prohibition effective. No one claims that the Volstead Act was perfect. The most its advocates claim for it is that it was the best law we could get enacted at the time.

A Neglected Government Function

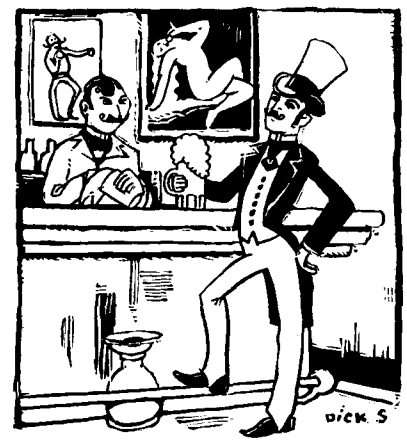
We must amend the law to have adequate pains and penalties as sanctions of the law. Congress is under moral obligations to do this.

The putting of the fear of God in the minds of those who fear neither God nor man is one of the chief functions of good government.

It was a preposterous mistake in the Volstead Act to make the violation of this law merely a misdemeanor. Thirty or forty distinct provisions of the Volstead Act which have been constantly violated had no adequate penalty prescribed. It was absurd to have a violation of law, based upon the Constitution, punishable by a fine of only $100.

The brilliant mind of the former Assistant Attorney General, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, yielded us the finest suggestion. This is that those offenses which are definitely set forth by the Eighteenth Amendment itself and which, therefore, are direct violations of the Constitution, should be considered as felonies.

Congress has given us this enactment in the Jones-Stalker bill—five years in



prison and a $10,000 fine for each of the five crimes mentioned in the amendment: the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation, or transportation of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes.

Another change in the law must provide that we shall punish the buyer as well as the seller of bootleg liquor. We must amend the Volstead Act so that the patron of the bootlegger shall be punished equally with the victim of his cupidity and appetite—the bootlegger himself. The man or woman who spends money to transform a citizen into a criminal must be taught that it is not the bootlegger alone who is the criminal, but also those of large means who, enjoying the protection of our government, use their money to corrupt other men.

Enforcement with a Vengeance

When these makers of criminals pay their money to an experienced bootlegger, they are responsible for maintaining the most criminal and dangerous class we have in the Republic—men who have not hesitated to shoot, stab, to set live wires as death traps for government officers, who drive high-powered cars to run over men who attempt to interfere, who go heavily armed to shoot down innocent men who discover them in law violation and government detectives who are simply giving their lives to help Uncle Sam work out successfully his greatest moral experiment.

To be responsible for the maintenance of this group of cut-throats and purveyors of poison is to incur a terrible responsibility. For so-called law-abiding citizens, not only men but often the women, to employ young and inexperienced boys to become bootleggers, not only maintains but supplies the ranks of the lawless and criminally disposed—who are actually making their livelihood by tramping the Constitution of their country into the mud. No patron is any cleaner or more patriotic or respectable than the bootlegger he creates and supports.

The next change in our prohibition law must make the first offense involve a prison sentence. Nobody is now ignorant of the prohibition law. There was a time when a moderate penalty was, perhaps, justified because of pos-

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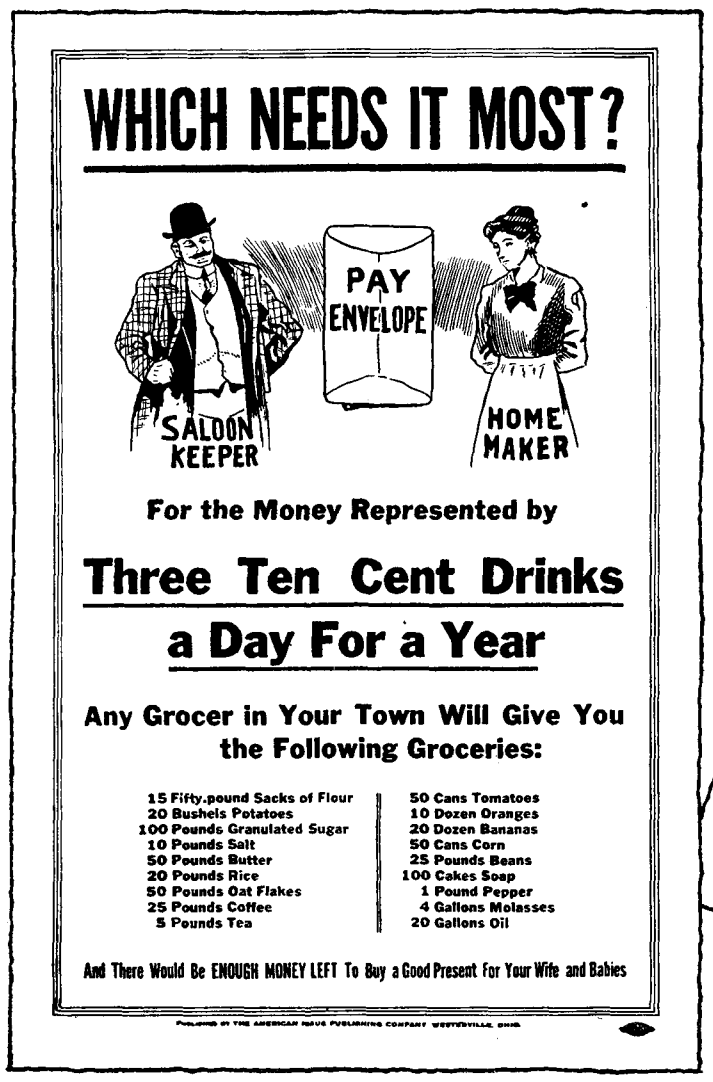

WHICH NEEDS IT MOST?
PAY ENVELOPE
SALOON KEEPER
HOME MAKER
For the Money Represented by
Three Ten Cent Drinks
a Day For a Year
Any Grocer in Your Town Will Give You the Following Groceries:
15 Fifty-pound Sacks of Flour
20 Bushels Potatoes
100 Pounds Granulated Sugar
10 Pounds Salt
50 Pounds Butter
20 Pounds Rice
50 Pounds Oat Flakes
25 Pounds Coffee
5 Pounds Tea
50 Cans Tomatoes
10 Dozen Oranges
20 Dozen Bananas
50 Cans Corn
25 Pounds Beans
100 Cakes Soap
1 Pound Pepper
4 Gallons Molasses
20 Gallons Oil
And There Would Be ENOUGH MONEY LEFT To Buy a Good Present For Your Wife and Babies

"WET" OR "DRY"
"VOTE WET FOR MY SAKE!"
"VOTE DRY FOR MINE!"
BREWER
IT IS UP TO YOU VOTER TO DECIDE
Shall the Manufacture of Liquor and the Liquor Traffic Be Prohibited Within the County?
X YES
NO
VOTE YES FOR "DRY"

In local option campaigns throughout the country pictures such as these jolted the liquor interests

By Dr. Clarence True Wilson

General Secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals

sible ignorance of the law, but that reason no longer exists. This has now become the most-published and the best-known law we have. A mere fine is too trifling a penalty. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act sought to make our country bone dry but under some of the courts it has leaked like a sieve. Certain of our judges need a new personal standard of respect for law, for their oath of office and for the Constitution.

Another change needed concerns aliens who are here to violate our law. There is a propaganda against us in Europe, anyhow. The people there are told that our prohibition is a joke; that if they can get over here they can make a fortune, sure and quick, by making and selling wine and beer; that all scofflaws get rich.

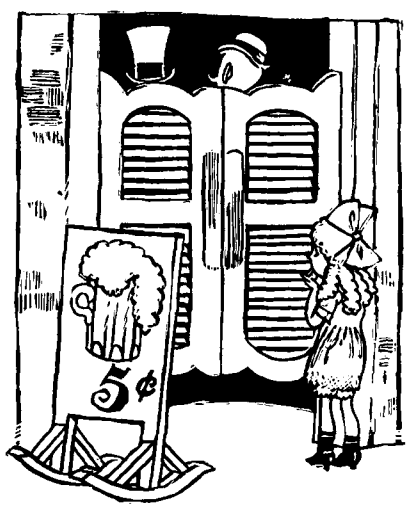
History Repeats Itself

We must not admit any foreigners who come to violate American law; upon conviction we must send them back to their own lands.

Still another change must make it mandatory upon judges to padlock for a year all property used in violating the law. You have seen that sign upon padlocked places: "This place closed by order of the United States court for violating the prohibition law." You never see any property owners standing in front of such signs gesticulating in high glee and laughing about prohibition being a good joke.

Two governors have led their states to rebel against the Union, the governors of New York and Maryland—Alfred E. Smith and Albert C. Ritchie. Both of these men wanted to be President in the last election after they had pulled their own states out of the Union. They said the prohibition law couldn't be enforced and was a failure. It reminds me of sixty-four years back when General McClellan was running for President against the immortal Lincoln. McClellan's platform was; "Stop the war; it's a failure." Lincoln answered, "Well, Mac ought to know. He was in charge of it for years."

We must admit that two states have voluntarily taken themselves out of the Union—Montana and now Wisconsin. In both the Drys failed utterly to con-



duct a real campaign; but in New York the governor used his powerful influence to repeal the enforcement law and in Maryland Ritchie's influence has prevented the enactment of any law to aid the federal government in enforcing prohibition, but the people have said no nullificationist need apply for our White House.

We must be ready for the last resort, when necessary, in prohibition enforcement.

What this cause needed was a Roosevelt type of leader who believed in it and would sacrifice for it. Do you recollect what Will H. Hays did when bandits began violating the law by holding up mail wagons? Crimes against the postal service were just as daring and almost as common as the bootleggers' war against the government is now. He wrote one order, during his first week in office, putting armed men on every mail truck. He gave notice to every criminal that there was a man on the job. From that day on, robbing the mails of the United States ceased to be a popular pastime. If we could have that kind of leadership for our prohibition forces bootlegging would be as rare as mail robberies in every state of the Union.

A dry law headed by Herbert Hoover will make things dry. This is the first real chance that prohibition has had in the White House. President Harding did not enforce prohibition. President Coolidge made no mistakes because he made no moves.

If we had had an Andrew Jackson, a Grover Cleveland, an Abraham Lincoln or a Roosevelt in the White House when the governor of Maryland openly boasted of no regard for the Eighteenth Amendment or when the governor of New York dragooned the Tammanyized legislature of that great state to repeal the Mullan-Gage law and so refused any possible coöperation with the federal government in the enforcement of a law in which the nation and the state were to have joint jurisdiction, the President would have communicated to them at once:

"You have no oath to destroy constitutional government. But I have an oath to protect, defend and enforce it. I shall call out all the resources of this Republic before I will have the Constitution made a scrap of paper before my eyes.

"If you do not coöperate in the enforcement of this law I shall regard your state as in open rebellion to the Constitution and shall proclaim martial law until the Eighteenth Amendment is observed and enforced."

It's Up to the President

A few marines in Baltimore and New York City would have the same wholesome effect that soldiers had in those two towns sixty-five years ago.

Baltimore was threatening our marching boys en route for Washington and the South; but Lincoln notified Baltimore: "We have no way of flying over you or burrowing under you, so we shall march through." And the draft rioters of New York also discovered that we had a man at the head of the government in Washington.

Imagine what Roosevelt would have done if the Eighteenth Amendment had been passed by nearly three fourths of both houses of Congress and then ratified by forty-six states in his administration; and then a conspiracy to treat it as a joke had been promulgated in high places or in low. He would have known that "he had come to the Kingdom for such a time as this."

But what can we do now?

A wide-open disregard for law and order calls for drastic handling by a strong central government. Every soldier and sailor has taken an oath to sustain the laws of the land. We already have a standing army ready and able to enforce all laws in every foot of the land and a man at the helm—Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy—who has taken a solemn oath to protect, defend and enforce the federal Constitution (*Continued on page 51*)

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The Prisoner

By James Sayre Pickering

Sergeant Breen, gentleman of valor, goes forth to war and gets his man!

THE lieutenant squatted in the mud and drew lines with a stick. "The colonel wants a prisoner." Sergeant Breen nodded. He was kneeling beside the officer, listening intently.

"He wants us to get him one tonight. We've got to know what we're up against here, and if we can get some Boche and make him talk, we may find a way to get out of this blasted dump without all of us gettin' bumped off."

The lieutenant sighed. He and the sergeant were crouched behind a bank of earth about four feet high which was the east side of a little gully. Overhead the air quaked with the wail and screech of passing shells. The artillery of the two forces was having it out after a rather trying day.

That morning the infantry had shot and bombed its way over four kilometers of country, which seemed to consist mainly of ripe wheat, and had halted, late in the afternoon, on the edge of a small forest. They had completed the day's schedule, but had taken terrific punishment in doing so. Their effectives were reduced by about half, and those left were slipping away with distressing rapidity from occasional machine-gun fire and shrapnel bursts as the regiment lay there, uneasy under this lashing and its attendant nervous tension. The men, dog-tired, crouched in various attitudes of weariness behind the bank.

Tactically, the attack had, so far, been a success. The gilded staff, in its offices, was rubbing its collective hands and beaming over the extremely satisfactory reports which had filtered back over hastily-laid wires and by panting, grimy runners. Actually, to the regiment burrowed in the gully, it was not so good. The little forest ahead of them, or what remained of it, blinded them to the present position and strength of the enemy. They did not know whether he was entrenched or merely lurking, as they were, in shell holes and other natural protective features of the terrain.

The colonel was most anxious to find out what lay immediately ahead of his men before sending them into it. The general plan of advance, as laid out by the staff, was being carried out, but the staff was not down there watching the men drop with horrible unexpectedness. There were few enough left, God knew, without shooting the whole outfit into some undiscovered strong point in that infernal wood! Besides, if they did strike a snag, it would mean a sagging in the lines, a loss of touch with the 8th and the 91st, on their right and left, and a general weakness all along.

Colonels do not win promotion by being responsible for buckles in the line where their regiments are stationed. The colonel had passed the problem down to his company officers for solution, suggesting a raid for information and prisoners. Lieutenant Colter had been, in turn, summoned by his captain, who was the only other officer left to the company.

"Bob, Parkes wants a prisoner. Better get Sergeant Breen and take him out tonight with a couple of men and have a look. Find out what kind of a layout they've got there in the wood, and bring back a nice, talkative Boche who understands Cincinnati German, and we'll give him the third degree. I'd go out very late if I were you. Try not to get hurt."

Colter had sent for Breen, a hard-bitten, red-necked veteran, and was explaining to him a situation which the sergeant had had clear in his mind before ever Colter began to speak.

"THIS is where we are," said the lieutenant, illustrating on his mud map. "As near as I can judge from a quick look at the captain's papers, the wood is about three hundred yards through, as we face it. The Heinies are in it somewhere, and I don't think they're very far away. We'll sneak out tonight, as far as we can, while it's still a little light, wait for dark, and rush them about midnight. We'll grab our prisoners and get back before we get it in the neck, if we can. Pick out a couple of good men, get bombs for the party, and report here about six. Three more besides you will be enough. We don't want to risk too many to get the colonel's prisoners! I'll get hold of the captain's map again and lay out a route for us."

Breen nodded slowly, his jaws working on a stupendous quid.

"I think they're kind of near, myself, sir. Young Burroughs got himself smeared up in a machine-gun burst a little while ago. I got the gun spotted so's we won't walk into it in the dark. I should say about seventy-five to a hundred yards ought to bring us to 'em. The lieutenant got somebody particular in mind for this party?"

"No—I guess not. Get Donaldson and Hickman, and—well, anybody else that can keep his head and won't go yellow on us. How about that kid that was working the Chauchaut when we came in here today?"

"That was Shorty Higgins. He's a replacement, sir."

"Well? What of it? He knew how to handle himself."

Breen sighed. No use to argue.

"I guess he'll be all right, sir. Report to the lieutenant here at six? Yes, sir!"

"That's all, sergeant!"

Breen crawled off along the bank and began to look for his victims. Hickman he found first, cleaning a spotless rifle and singing "Bang away, Lulu!" to himself. Donaldson was asleep, his helmet cocked over the side of his head and his feet curled up under him. Breen left him where he was to have his nap out and went in search of Shorty.

Higgins was nursing a sore toe and a grouch. He sat up against the stump of a tree with his shoe off, a cigarette hanging from his lips, while around it gushed a vivid stream of anathema directed at a stubbed and dirty foot. Shorty had the face of a choir-boy and the disposition of a monkey. Ordinarily, he was ready for anything, nothing barred and no questions asked. Breen, looking at his angelic face, in which the cigarette stub was a violent anachronism, felt a very slight twinge of misgiving, which was, in part, reassured by the oration that Higgins was making to his foot. This fluent tirade Breen interrupted:

"Shorty, we got to go out in front tonight. We're going to get us a Jerry for the colonel. You an' me an' Donaldson an' Hickman, with Lieutenant Colter."

Shorty looked up malevolently.

"My damn' foot hurts an' I'm hungry! Why'n't the colonel go out 'n' get his own prisoners?"

BREEN chose to ignore this rhetorical lese-majesty.

"What d'you do with your iron rations?"

"Give 'em to Joe to carry 'stead o' Chocho ca'tridges, 'n' the poor sucker went 'n' got drilled. I ain't had a bite since last night! Whereat are we goin', sergeant?"

"Lieutenant is findin' out. Borrow yourself a rifle an' some bombs from your squad. I should try shiftin' socks on that foot, 'f I was you. That helps, sometimes. Young Burroughs was in your squad, wasn't he?"

"Yeh. He *was*."

"Well, go 'n' see 'f you can't glom some o' his rations. Maybe he had another pair o' socks too. Anyways, report to Colter at six."

"Can't I bring my Chocho?"

"Hell, no! This here raid is on the quiet! Bombs an' the rifle 'll be plenty!"

Breen crawled back, waking Donaldson and giving him similar instructions. Both the latter and Hickman were originals with the company, two of the very few left. Shorty was a comparatively recent arrival, and had not, as yet, had time to prove his mettle. Of Donaldson and Hickman, Breen was sure. They were veterans, and while he did not doubt Shorty's nerve, he did not know just how he would act under the conditions which would confront them that night. It was comparatively easy to sweep along with the rush and roar of a daylight advance, but the dark multiplies all terrors, and the necessity for quiet eats deep into the soul of any-

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"Big lad ahead," whispered Donaldson. "He sure can crawl. Colter and Hickman got it. Bayoneted"

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"I did throw my clothes away. I ain't got no more pack than a rabbit"

one facing an unknown danger. He warned both the other soldiers to keep an eye on Shorty and to cover any possible error on his part. With all his potentialities for weakness, Shorty was the best man either he or Colter could think of for a fourth in their party, but Breen was taking no unnecessary chances at this time.

The five gathered again under the lee of the bank at six. The day was still fairly bright. Colter drew another plan of the wood before them in the mud with a stick and the men listened with rapt attention.

"The Captain's map says trenches here," explained the officer. "It stands to reason that if the Boche has been here any length of time, he has dug in. We took what had probably been his first-line system just before we got in here, because both C and H companies report blocking up traverses and communication trenches. That means that we haven't got far to go to get to their old support lines, which is probably what they're using as front lines now. If that is the case, they may not be more than fifty or a hundred yards away, maybe even less.

"We can't see a thing through these trees. They probably have machine guns set up all along, but we'll have to take a chance on getting by in the dark. We'll go out in a line at first, and then, when it gets dark, we'll close up and make a column. I'll go first, then Donaldson, then Hickman, then Higgins, and Sergeant Breen will be the last. We'll crawl, and keep touch on the man ahead. Then, when we reach the trench, or wherever they are, we'll jump it, bomb to right and left, grab a prisoner and beat it back. Come back all the way in one rush if you can, and look out for lights. It'll be every man for himself coming back. Be sure you get your directions well in your heads as we go out, so you won't get lost. Do you all get me?"

The four nodded.

"All right. Now, is there anyone of you who doesn't want to come? If there is, say so, and we'll get someone else. It may be a tough job, and I don't want anybody to come if he doesn't want to."

He looked at all four in turn.

BREEN picked at a spot on his tunic with his fingernail. Hickman lighted a cigarette and Donaldson scratched his head, tipping his helmet far down over his eyes as he did so. Shorty looked up into the officer's face and grinned. Colter grinned back and said, "Well, that's that! Just remember not to hang around once we get among the Heinies. Just grab your man and come right out again. You've all got bombs?"

Breen answered. "Yes, sir. And these three have rifles. I have my gat." He touched the automatic at his hip.

"That's good! And don't, for God's sake, talk or make any noise, once we get started. If anyone gets hurt out there, we'll have to leave him, because we'll all get it if we stop to fuss over him. The idea is to bring in a prisoner, not to get shot. Now you all hang around here until it gets dark, and we'll shove off."

Colter turned and crouched off to the shelter that he shared with the captain. The four men sat in a circle and smoked. They were silent at first, having nothing in particular to say to each other. Finally, Shorty flung away his cigarette and spoke:

"Sergeant, that was a damn' good idea o' yours about gettin' young Burroughs' rations, but somebody else had it first! Time I got over to the squad, them damn' thieves had it all divided up amongst 'em! All I could get was a pair o' socks like you said. Had to buy 'em off Dirty Brown, at that. Goin' to give him a Heinie gat, 'f we get one, tonight. I'm still hungrier 'n' hell! Ain't none o' you fellers got a spare prune, 'r somethin'?"

Hickman reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a piece of hard biscuit. He broke it in two across his knee and handed one of the pieces to Shorty.

"Here, young fella, you can have that. You should 'a' kep' your rations by you. Fellas'll give away anything but grub out here. You'll learn to throw away your clothes first, 'f you live long enough."

"I did throw away my clothes. I ain't got any more pack left than a rabbit! I didn't throw away no grub, though. I give it to Joe to carry, 'cause the Chocho ca'tridges was too heavy for him. He got shot an' smeared the stuff all up, his an' mine. 'Twa'n't really my fault, you see!"

Hickman nodded. "You toted that Chocho gun an' the ammunition, too?"

"Sure! 'Twas too heavy for Joe."

Hickman reached out the other half of the hard biscuit.

"Here! See can you eat that too. You got any water left?"

SHORTY reached behind him and waggled his canteen.

"Yep! I didn't get thirsty, much, today."

Breen, who was listening silently, swore:

"It's a damn' wonder! I holler an' cuss at you guys all day an' night to go easy on your water, an' sure as hell, some slob'll swill his all down the first ten minutes an' then drink out o' the first puddle he sees. Seem to think it's a great idea to go an' pick up a mess o' typhoid or gripes! Remember in July, Hick, goin' up to Swassong! Gees, it was hot! We walked two days an' nights! Tired? Say! I didn't have no water for about ten hours, an' then we found some beer in a Heinie dug-out! Hot dog! I bet damn' near half the outfit was cock-eyed an' didn't know it, we was all so shot! Well, hell! Captain says 'f we get him a good Boche tonight, maybe we get leave next time we come out o' the damn' line! War can't last forever, anyhow! What you doin', big boy?"

Donaldson looked up. He was busy over a clip of rifle ammunition and a penknife. He held one of the bullets out for Breen to see. It had been scored across the nose in two deep, intersecting cuts.

"Dum-dum, hey? What's the idea?"

"Those Jerries had their machine-gun bullets stuck in the shells wrong end to. You should have seen young Burroughs! You could put your hand in any of the places where he got hit. I'm going to drive a tunnel through some Dutchman for that!"

"Just so's they don't catch you with any o' them on you! You won't be a prisoner long if they do, I'll tell you those! We had scatter guns, double-barreled, at San Meehell, and you'd o' thought them Heinies were bein' crucified! How they hollered! Well, hell! 'S gettin' dark. Let's go find lieutenant 'n' get started!"

Breen rose and stretched himself. The others scrambled to their feet and followed him over to where Colter was standing, peering at his watch in the gathering dusk. He turned and nodded at them.

"All set, Sergeant? Let's get off. Keep well covered through the woods, an' stay as near each other as you can without bunching up. When it's real dark, we'll close up an' sneak forward like I said. Come on!"

Colter climbed over the bank on his stomach. Breen and the others followed him, creeping slowly from bush to bush, scarcely noticed by any of the men except the (*Continued on page 44*)

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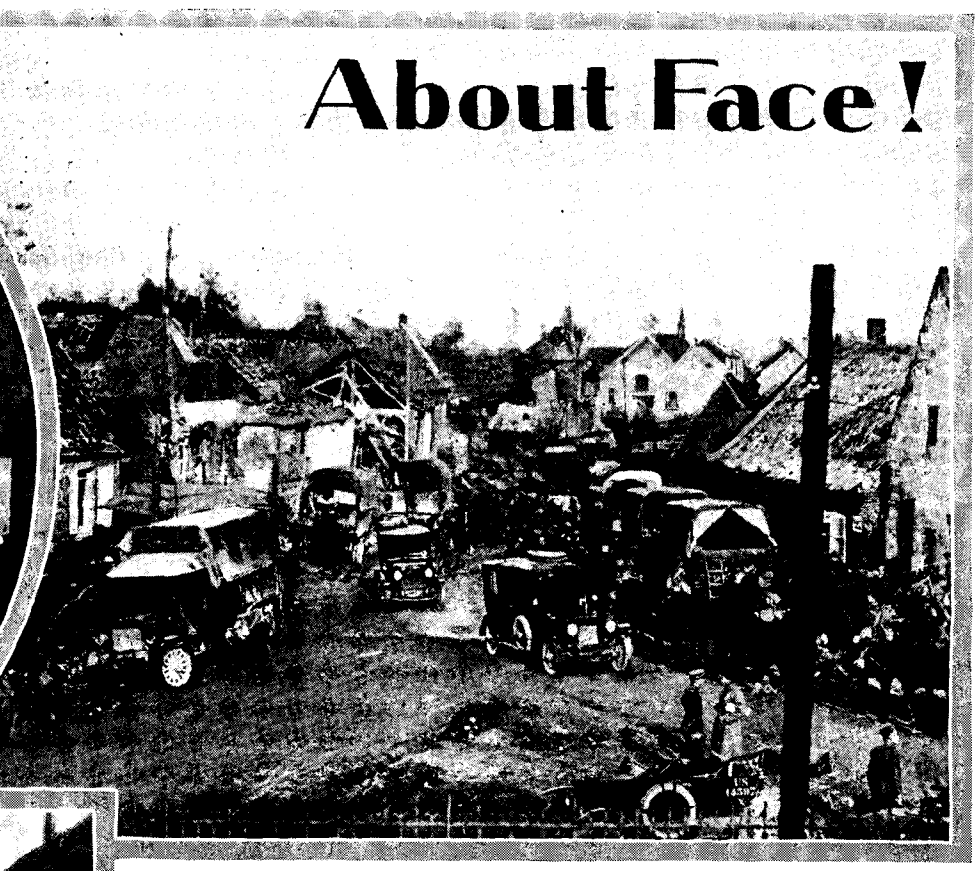
About Face!

(Above) "Let's Go!" yelled the first battalion before the morning's jump-off at Jerry. "See you in church," roared the second battalion. Many of them kept the tryst. Churches were favored first-aid stations in the Argonne. This one sheltered Pennsylvania and Missouri troops at Neuvilly



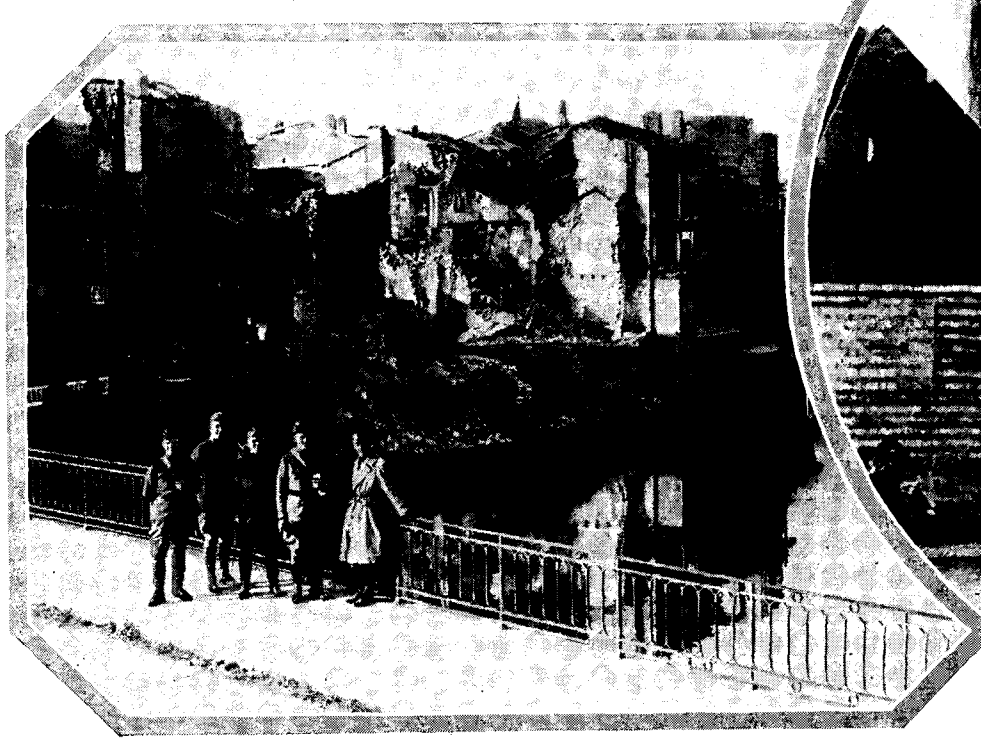
(Left) Nothing makes generals so mad as to be told that the bridge is down. But they always spoke to the engineers about it and up popped another. Behold our lads at Andenard

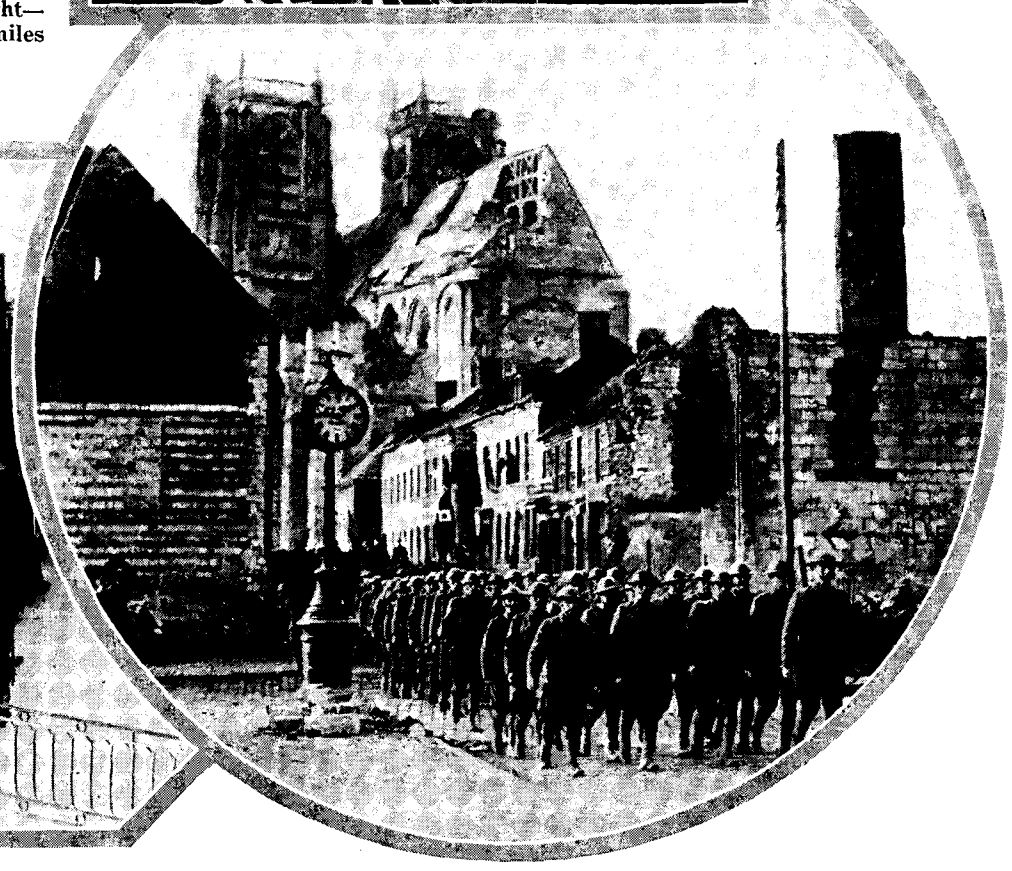
(Above) Before the Aussies and the Yanks took Montbrehain the town was as dead as Nineveh, and twice as hot. But two days later it became the greatest souvenir bazaar in France

(Below) Don't let them tell you Jerry wasn't good with artillery. This is just a sample of what he did to Verdun. But notice the bridge across the Meuse, will you? Intact. Nice shooting, that. You see, he was saving that bridge for the Crown Prince's triumphal entry. Sound idea anyway

(Right) This was Lens, richest coal center in France. Both sides contributed to its ruin trying to keep each other out. The barrages were so intensive that shells had a way of colliding head-on in air. A grand sight at night—from a distance of several miles

(Below) The reason church steeples were spared was not religious. For example this Benedictine spire at Corbie. The artillery used them for sighting points for their fire. Those soldiers? Just the First Division A. E. F. on its way to the Rhine





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Forward-March!

Many a war-torn French town is rising gracefully from its wreckage as shown by these contrasting views taken a dozen years apart

(Above) "You are now leaving Montbrehain. Thank you. Come again." Well, we've always intended to do that but we're sure we wouldn't know the town now. Would you?

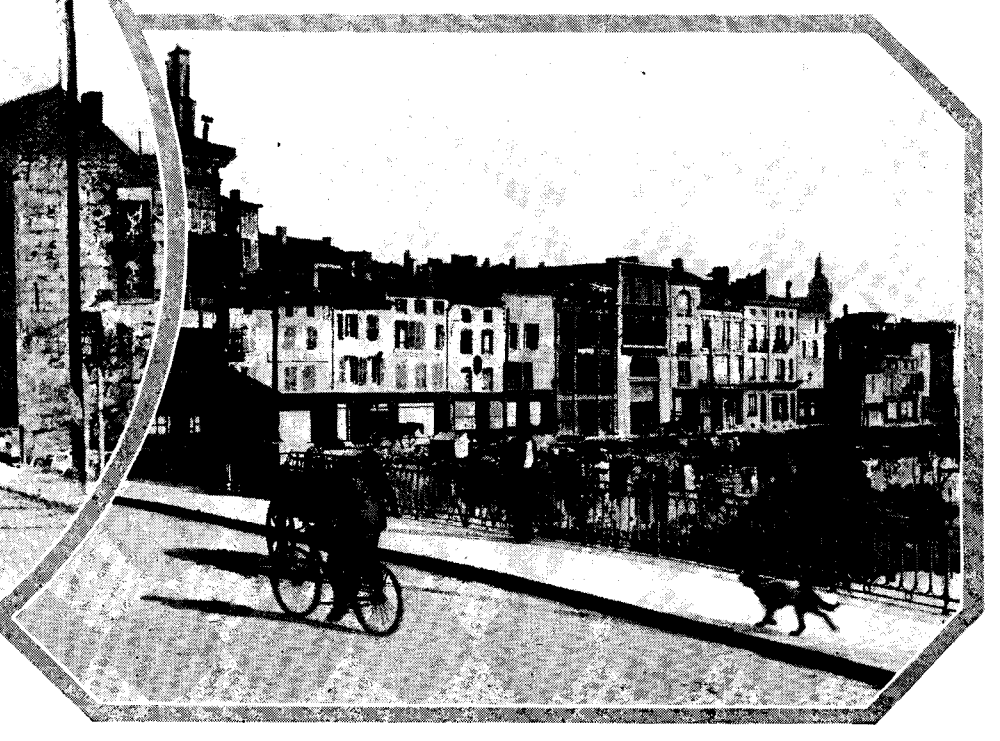
(Right) When we think what Andenard was (see opposite page) and then see this we get all pro-France again. Wonderful what you can do if you try, isn't it?

(Above) How different is Neuvilly's church today when the grand amen is heard instead of the tortured scream of the wounded. Only the picture over the altar—and memories—remain of the red shambles of 1918

(Below) About all that Corbie has left to do is to finish patching the Abbey belfry and tinker the corner clock. Incidentally, we'll bet those First Division lads swiped the clock's hands. Wouldn't put it past them

(Left) Lens warns us against glowing too fulsomely about her resurrection and particularly her Main Street, which is entirely too clean for a mining town. What you see here is nothing to what you may expect. While they were about it they seem to have solved the traffic problem too

(Below) Verdun made good. Unpassed and the war over, she arose, brushed herself off and beauty sprang from ruins. We wouldn't be surprised if that girl on the bike is the teacher speeding across the Meuse to tell the student body how its fathers made that stand in 1914



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Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD YORK of Aristides, N. Y., meets a pickpocket, Ignatius Loyola Tucket, known as Dip, with whom he goes to a speakeasy owned by Ehud Meister. There they help Rose Michaux escape from her angry lover, Chief of Police Clow. The girl had been playing around with Meister. Richard takes Tucket home with him to his uncle Adrian York's, house; on the way they stop at the summer house on the place. It is full of liquor.

Richard tells his uncle about this the next morning but Adrian dismisses the idea and talks seriously to Richard on his frequent intoxication. He laughingly threatens to disinherit the boy and Richard in the same tone threatens to do away with his uncle.

Then Richard starts to town to make his peace with Clow and return the chief's revolver which he had taken the night before. He is hailed by two strange men, who ride with him. A few miles farther on he is hailed by Desire Minot, who mistakes him for Skeen, her chauffeur. Desire is the daughter of the district attorney. She had once been engaged to Richard. He gives her a lift. When Richard refuses to go out of his way for the men, they knock both him and Desire unconscious.

Corporal Tarleton of the state troopers finds Richard and Desire and tells them that Adrian York has been murdered—near the summer house.

Richard is accused of the murder and is taken to the Minot house, and finds the main points of the evidence are the testimony of a servant who overheard his last conversation with his uncle, the unexplainable fact that one shot has been fired from the chief's gun, and the absence of any liquor in the summer house.

At headquarters, because of Clow's brutality Richard breaks away, and escapes. He spends the night hidden in his uncle's house and early the next morning goes to the summer house. He is discovered by Desire, who says she believes Richard innocent and will plead with her father for him.

She hides him in Skeen's bedroom over the garage but Skeen, who is just leaving the Minot employ for good, sees Richard. He says strangely that he knows Richard is innocent. Before he can be questioned he leaves. Desire goes into the house which is filled with state troopers and town police. Clow produces a watch belonging to Richard that had been found by the summer house.

Mr. Minot tells Desire that Rose Michaux, who had come to help in the kitchen, must be taken home and when she tentatively broaches the subject of Richard she realizes nothing she can say will change her father's conviction of the boy's guilt.

IV

A HALF hour later, when Rose Michaux had gone upstairs, Desire Minot left the house and strolled slowly, with outward unconcern and a heart that beat painfully, along a flower-bordered walk toward the garage. Her father, at the telephone in his study, saw her aimless pace and dismissed her from his mind. The man who lurked in the little bedroom also marked the slim body, slender and valiant as a sword-blade. The close-curling hair shone in the sunlight so that she moved beneath a pentecostal fire, and within him something leaped and then sank drearily. He read into her movement what her father could not see. Her deliberation, her air of specious unconcern, betrayed defeat. He knew instinctively that her step would have been swifter, more decided, had she found her father sympathetic. He shrugged. Dismay comes mildly to the hopeless.

She stood in the doorway, breathing quickly, and he saw against her pallor, tiny golden freckles across the bridge of her nose that usually were imperceptible in the warm ivory of her skin. He recalled when he had first noticed them; that day far away in the hills, when he had told her he loved her. The recollection tightened his throat.

"Well?" he asked.

She told him of her interview with Minot in a hurried rush of words that lagged only when, as though she forced herself to the task, she related the sinister implications of Andrus' discovery of his watch. He took the news stolidly. Her eyes dropped away from his.

"Well?" he prompted again.

"You must," she said, almost as though reassuring herself, "have dropped it when I met you this morning."

He thought an instant and looking at him fearfully she saw his hopeless face become alert, calculating. His eyes suddenly were alive.

"NO," he said slowly. "I didn't, because I didn't have it."

He paused with the intent frown of a questing hound.

"I didn't have it," he reiterated, "because Clow took it away from me when he searched me in headquarters."

"Then," she faltered in mingled incredulity and relief, "how did it get there?"

"No one," he replied with a shadow of his reckless smile, "would be happier to answer that than I—if I could."

His face fell again into its thoughtfully searching expression. He walked the scant length of the chamber and stared an instant from the open rear window toward the hills, splendid in summer foliage and the trees that marched down from them in straggling ranks across a narrow, unkempt field.

"I didn't do it, Desire," he exclaimed, wheeling about. "There. Never mind," he added more quietly, for she seemed shaken by something too intense, too enormous to utter. "I know you know I didn't. But somebody did. And that somebody, helped by circumstances, has nailed this horror on me. The watch is the last spike — so far. All that's lacking now is for Adrian to rise and accuse me himself. I'm tried, convicted, executed before I'm caught."

His echo of her father's merciless words weakened her, so that she groped to the unmade bed and seated herself on its edge. He continued more quietly, ashamed of his recent passion.

"I know I didn't do it; you know I didn't. And one other —Skeen."

He told her of the man's strange conduct and speech. She listened with rigid face.

"We must find him," she said quietly when he had ended. His laugh was bitter.

"Yes. I can go up and down the county looking for him, can't I?"

She ran a hand through her glowing hair with an abstracted gesture. Her speech was slow and careful.

"Has Mr. Andrus or Chief Clow any reason to hate you?"

"Clow has," he returned promptly, with a flare of excitement, and recounted the events of the night before the last. "That," he concluded, "is over and above my escape from him."

"He had that watch," she cried, leaning forward. "He put it—"

"Yes," he interposed briefly. "Clow planted that watch because he hates me. But," he invited with a bitter laugh, "prove it." He paused, shrugged helplessly and continued: "I should like to find a little man with a nut-cracker face and a shepherd's plaid suit. Ignatius Loyola Tucket. I should like to squeeze what he knows out of him."

He smiled in recognition of his hope's futility. "And there," he surrendered, "you are."

"But," she exclaimed almost resentfully, her hands twisting each other. "What shall we do now?"

He hesitated, then threw back his head and drew a deep breath.

"I'm your prisoner," he replied in a quiet voice. "Take me to your father."

"I can't," she quavered. "I've told him—I didn't know where you were."

HER voice, the flicker of wet dark lashes over her eyes, her trembling shoulders smote him like a blow. He stared, astounded.

"Why, Desire?" he asked gently at last. She shook her head. Her lips

"I didn't have it," he reiterated, "because Clow took it away from me when he searched me"

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Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

were pressed hard, and he saw a tear run down her twitching cheek.

"Because," she began and failed.

The brooding strain had left his voice. He stepped forward with eager eyes, and said in a voice that shook:

"Desire. Do you—is there—?"

She drew back her head as though resenting a weight that oppressed it. Heedless of the distress on her face, he blundered:

"Why did you, Desire?"

"Please," she begged in a tight voice. "The one thing I can do for you now is to find a lawyer."

"Why," he persisted, "should you care, Desire?" The light in his eyes, his insistence, struck fire of resentment from her. She felt that he tried to overwhelm her in her moment of weakness. Her voice twanged like a smitten wire:

"Why?" she echoed, "not for the reason you seem to think, Dick." Her face was brightly angry. "What else is there for me to do but help you?" she went on. "I'd do as much for any unjustly hunted dog. Don't think—"

She stopped, her eyes darkly incredulous, terrified.

"Daughter," Minot's peremptory voice called out from below. She silenced York with a quick gesture, rose and went to the door.

"Yes, Father," she replied steadily.

"Mrs. Michaux's daughter," the district attorney said irritably, "wants to go back to town. You told her you'd drive her in. What are you doing up there?"

"Just—just straightening up Skeen's room," she reported. "He left it in a mess."

After an instant's silence, Minot's voice rose, barbed with suspicion:

"Then whom are you talking to?"

She looked toward York with a tragic expression, and forced a laugh.

"No one," she assured her father. "I guess I was—talking to myself."

Again intolerable silence fell. Below, Minot muttered and they heard him start up the stairway. York stepped forward, resigned and pale, between her and the door. She slammed it, and pointed toward the open rear window with shaking hand.

"Go," she whispered, "oh, go. Quick."

Her panic was infectious and yet he lingered. Minot's footsteps came on.

"You're my prisoner," she panted. "I'll put a light in my window, when I want you. Go."

He nodded. Cloth scraped on the sill. He was gone. The knob rattled under her father's hand. His voice was angry. She unlocked the door, opened it, faced him calmly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she apologized. "The wind blew it shut."

THE shock of the brief fall was slight. York, landing on his feet, quelled the blind impulse to hasty flight, and then crept softly from the rear of the garage, over a fold of the land and flung himself prone in the shallow dip beyond. His hands, carefully parting the weeds, revealed a slanting view of the window through which he had escaped and, beyond the building's corner, a prospect of the Minot back yard.

He chuckled as the district attorney's head was thrust briefly from the window and withdrawn. Activity had thrown off the depression that had ridden the fugitive. For the next hour or so his course was clear. Problems that lay beyond that he refused to consider.

He saw the district attorney stalk toward the house, and presently Desire backed a car from the garage. She paused in turning it and looked over her shoulder, it seemed directly toward him. He checked the impulse to wave and lay watching with an almost hilarious satisfaction. She was his ally. Memory of her rebuff was drowned in consciousness of her belief in his innocence. He no longer stood alone. He watched her halt the car before the kitchen door. He glanced up at the sky, brilliant after the storm, with fat, faintly opalescent clouds adrift therein and sighed. The world, after all, had certain recommendations.

His eyes returned to the distant automobile. Someone else was clambering in beside the girl, a sturdier figure in a hat more brilliant than Desire's hair. He gave a grunt of recognition. It was the distressed damsel of the Venetian Garden.

Once, long ago, he thought, as he watched the car move off, he had complained of the monotony of life in Aristides. Long ago? Only night before last. And since then, he had been unable to grasp disasters, consider and place them in order, so rapidly had they trod on each other. It was as though his idle complaint had risen to Olympus and the gods malevolently had been exerting themselves in his behalf.

"Enough," he grinned at the lovely sky. "Enough. Be moderate, Zeus."

That girl in the red hat; what did she know of importance to him? Meister, whose face had the unwholesome pallor of cellar-grown plants, why did not Clow raid him? Why had the chief planted that watch? The hard-bitten Señor Ignacio. York would give much to read his mind. And Skeen. Had his startling assurance been mere encouragement or born of actual knowledge? There were clues, uncertain but existent. More might develop. And Desire was on his side.

The summer wind blew into his face the pungence of sweet fern. He yawned and then shook his head resolutely. He could not stay here. Twisting about, he observed the gracious swell of the hill behind him, gold inlaid by the mounting sun. Beyond it and to the right, another rose, its flank scarred by recent lumbering and displaying gray glitter of granite ledges. From these he could see Desire's window, could wait the summons of her light.

He must cut across the nearer ridge, now, slip over the road that ran between it and the higher, more distant, and scale the latter. After dark, he might dare use the highway to return if her signal shone. He thought hard for a moment but, no better expedient appearing, withdrew on hands and knees to the hollow, crept along until it deepened into a gully, tree-guarded, rose to his feet and marched quickly away. Food had heartened him. His body asked mildly for sleep, but that could wait until he had reached the far ledges. He drank deep at a spring that trickled down what now had become a glen and struck up over one of its steep banks into the forest.

It was a tortuous scramble through close-ranked, second-growth timber to the first ridge. The breeze was cut off by vapor from the wet woodland. He attained the crest at length, dripping with sweat, and halted a moment, giving more serious consideration to the growing craving for sleep. Deerflies wavered about his head. Their strident, bloodthirsty voices decided him, and he went with a plunging rapidity down the farther slope.

Up from below, through the brief, crooked aisles of the trees, came the far-off mutter of a passing car. It halted him an instant and he crept on again with more caution. The brooding peace of the forest had seemed so sure a protection that imperceptibly he had discarded vigilance. It returned to him now. He was fair game to anyone. Did deer, he wondered as he advanced, feel so in the hunting season?

BEYOND the thinning trunks, sunlight gleamed. The valley through which the road ran was near. He went onward over almost level ground and peered at length through underbrush down upon the gray ribbon of the highway, running through a cut, a score of feet below.

York rested a moment on the brink, considering. He knew this road well. Yet, seen from a wholly new angle, it was bewildering. Should he cross it here, or press forward through the underbrush on the lip of the cut until he was more certain of his bearings? And while he pondered, the question decided itself. The overhang on which he stood, sodden and treacherous, gave way and in a shower of loam and rubble, York avalanched down into the highway.

He was bruised and breathless but not otherwise hurt. For an instant he sat, half dazed, feet in the gutter, back damming the dwindling flow of earth impelled by his descent. Consciousness flashed back to him. He must get out of this trap as quickly as possible. He rose, crossed the road and began swiftly to work his way up the farther wall.

This was an easier incline, yet the going was difficult, for the weeds he clung to had been loosened by rain and the clay beneath his feet was slippery and treacherous. (*Continued on page 38*)

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The Hero Pays

By Grantland Rice

Wide World

Gene Tunney greeting a swarm of youthful admirers on the night of his first fight with Dempsey at Philadelphia

Wide World

A glimpse of the tremendous ovation which Broadway accorded Lindbergh after his transatlantic flight

Gene Tunney, fighting for privacy in Europe; the Lindberghs, searching for a fog bank on Long Island Sound; Dempsey, tearing himself out of the hands of the crowd—all know that the public demands payment for its acclaim

NOT so long ago, while Jack Dempsey was talking to a crowd of friends, a dilapidated individual called him off to one side and delivered one of the oldest addresses known to human tongue. At the end of the passionate oration Dempsey slipped the crummy-looking orator $50, thereby further reducing his share of the $4,000,000 his two leather-covered maulers had earned in the ring.

But that, after all, is only a small part of what the hero has to pay after he has attracted the attention of the public. Take the case of Gene Tunney, who still has the million he made in the ring.

Tunney had come closer to mastering his nervous system than any athlete from any game. On the night of his last Dempsey fight he read and slept until it was time to start for the ring. When he reached the turmoil of Soldier Field he found excitement at high heat over the report that Jimmy Bronson, his main adviser, was to be bumped off if he attempted to invade Dempsey's dressing-room and inspect his bandages. There were also wild rumors about the referee. "I've never seen a man as calm and undisturbed as Tunney was in all that racket," Bronson said a short while ago. "He was smiling, perfectly at ease, in no way disturbed or upset. He told me if I needed any help to send for him and he would look after the trouble himself."

No Rest for Gene

I saw Tunney a short while after his last fight, the one with Tom Heeney. It was just before he was to be married. At this time he had announced his retirement and apparently thought at last he had earned his share of peace and quiet. He had lost weight and he looked worried and bothered. Life had become an endless flight from photographers and reporters and a highly interested public. He had suddenly discovered that life for the public-made hero had no privacy left. Tunney was confident, however, that his trip to Europe would bring him the touch of private life he now looked for.

There was a photographic riot in Rome, and, later on, he had to call again on the old one-two to the chin when a photographer in Spain insisted on too much of a close-up. After his visits with George Bernard Shaw there was the same public and press pursuit.

Lindbergh's lone flight across the Atlantic was easily the most noteworthy sporting epic of the age. This exhibition of skill and daring brought him fame and wealth. But it also brought a constant and unending battle against publicity that has galled his soul. Life for Lindbergh has become one continued flight from photographers and reporters and enthusiastic crowds.

One afternoon I went to a flying field with Colonel Lindbergh for a flight. On arriving at the field it took a detail of special police to keep the crowd back in order to let the plane get under way. At every chance people from the crowd were breaking from the massed lines, either to shake hands with the flyer or to give him a gentle push. And some of them were not so gentle.

It took something like thirty minutes to get the crowd in check so the plane could be started.

Lindbergh has been criticized for certain brusk acts, but the wonder is that he hasn't used a machine gun to get back the freedom he lost when The Spirit of St. Louis crossed the Atlantic.

All any national hero has to do is to think back a few years and recall what happened to Dewey, Hobson and a few others who were lifted above the crowd only to be used as targets for a fusillade of brickbats. It is a question as to whether a large part of the crowd gets more fun in lifting a man up or in hauling him down.

I recall Christy Mathewson's feelings on this subject of crowd admiration. "It is all right on the ball field," he said, "but I still like to feel that I have certain rights as a private citizen."

Matty might be talking to a group of friends when any stranger who happened to come along seemed to feel that he had a right to interrupt abruptly by slapping the star pitcher on the back and asking him a number of somewhat ridiculous questions. "I can stand just so much of this," Matty said one day, "and then I begin wishing I had brought a bat along. I still insist that I have the rights of any private citizen off the ball field and that I am not public property."

But the public doesn't happen to feel that way about it. The public seems to feel that it makes the hero and is responsible for his fame.

Yet all connected with any outstanding public cheering know well enough the fickleness of crowds and mobs.

I remember a certain famous ball player who rarely tipped his cap as he came in to the bench to face a salvo of cheering and applause. He gave the reason one day. "I came up to the big league pretty well touted," he said. "I still remember the big reception I got on opening day when I came to bat. Later on under the nervous strain of facing my first big crowd I kicked a couple and let in two or three runs. It took about ten seconds for the cheering to turn into booing.

America Overdoes It

"I'll admit it made me bitter and I've never forgotten. Every time I hear a cheer I know how quickly the same bunch would be on my neck if I had an off day."

One night Dempsey dropped into a cabaret with a few friends and picked out a table hidden back in a corner. But they spotted him in a few seconds. Before he could move, the table was surrounded by an admiring mob that blocked all chance for escape. As Dempsey started to leave through a quick opening someone reached out and caught him by the vest of his dinner coat, tearing it open. When he finally reached the street his dinner coat was a wreck.

In this matter of overdoing the hero business the United States leads the world and New York leads the United States. Other nations may have their flare-ups, but they don't last as long.

One day some time ago I saw a well-known party walking down one of the Parisian boulevards, making his way unnoticed through the crowd. I looked again to be sure and saw that it was the Prince of Wales. Apparently I was the only one in the crowd that took a second look. To others he was just the Prince of Wales and what of it? If you could imagine the same scene along Broadway or Fifth Avenue, you have a powerful imagination.

There is sure to be a feeling of animosity, sooner or later, between the hero and his public. The mob believes it is responsible for the renown and notoriety of the Lindberghs, Ruths, Dempseys, Tunneys, etc. Those in turn appreciate the applause but resent the continued and thoughtless intrusion upon their personal lives. If this resentment is carried too far the public is likely to watch its chance to turn and destroy what it has helped to build up. But if you talk to many of the headline holders you will find that being a hero has its moth-eaten side. Apparently it isn't as much fun as it might seem to be.

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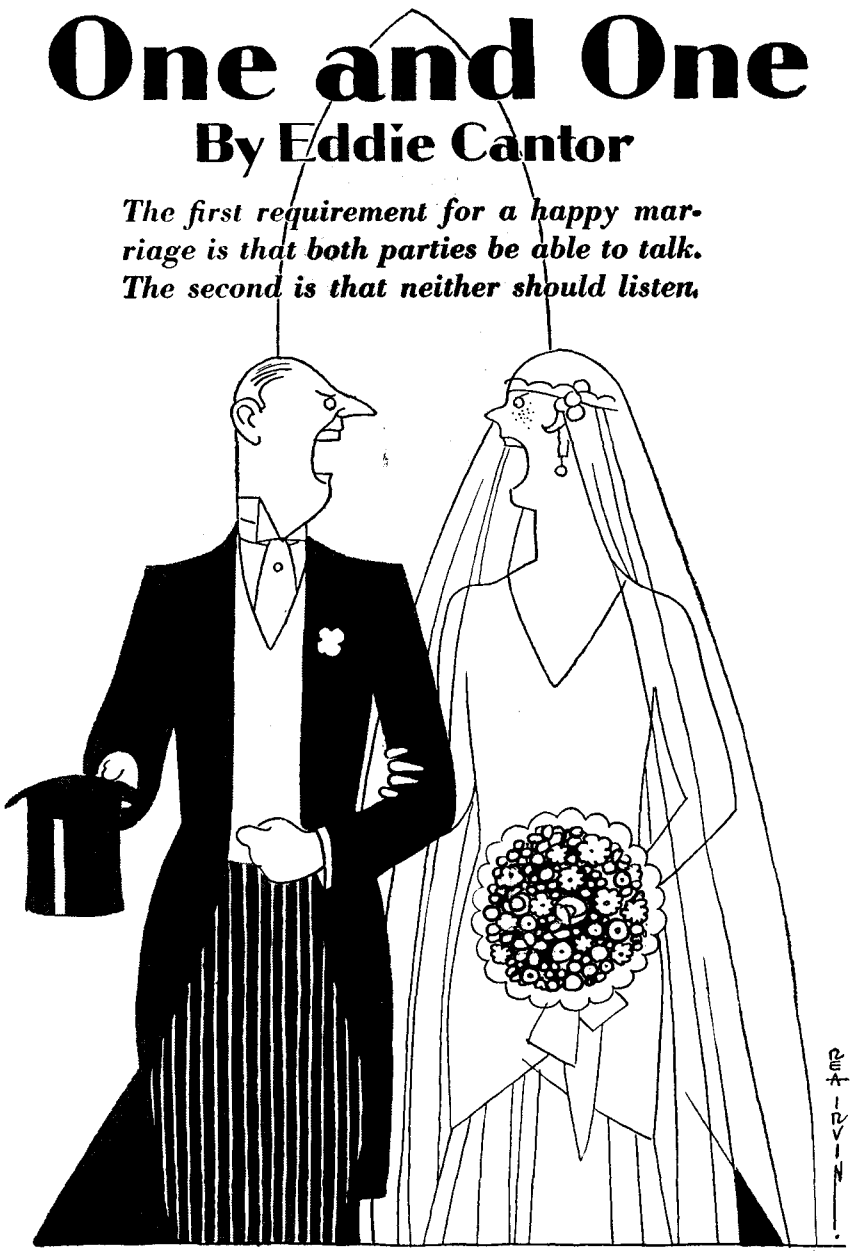
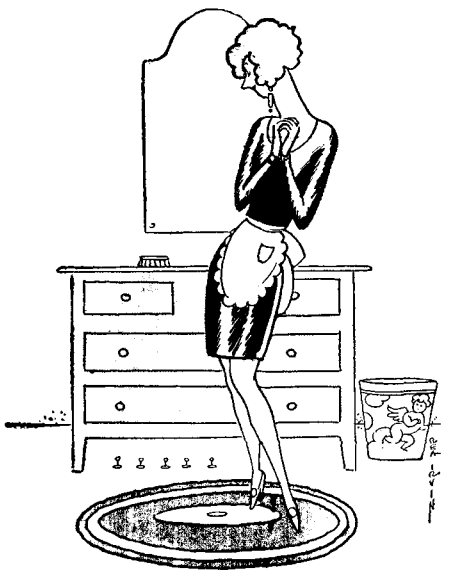
One and One

By Eddie Cantor

The first requirement for a happy marriage is that both parties be able to talk. The second is that neither should listen.

I have been surprised five times





There's a woman arranging your collar buttons under the bureau

WHEN I wore short pants I was a confirmed bachelor. In fact, if a woman smiled at me when I was fourteen, I promptly warned her that I would never marry. But at twenty-one when a woman smiled at me I wore a long face and told her I was married already. What happened in those intervening years is what happens to most confirmed bachelors. One day I was hit by a brick, woke up in a flat, and here I am with five daughters.

I suppose love has different styles of attack. Some get caught by it like a child's rompers on barbed wire. Others get hooked like a steer in a butcher's icebox. And some fall in love the way people fall off a pier, in all their clothes, and unable to swim a stroke. An actor friend told me he had to fight the whole world to win his bride and after the victory, he had to fight *her*. Another friend, a playwright, told me it was his wife's brains, not her beauty, that attracted him. "But now, after twelve years of marriage," he added, "I imagine it must have been her beauty because I don't see the brains."

In his case love was just a fire and marriage was the fire-department. Still, while marriage sometimes puts out the fire, it often turns on the light. If your son isn't useful by nineteen, let his girl take over your job. Many a young man who talked bass to his father talks soprano to his wife.

For that matter, marriage plays many cute tricks on people. One man marries a woman because he likes to rest his head on her lap and finds out that a poodle is taking his place. Some marry for the peace and quiet of the thing and get triplets. Some think the mated life is just constant billing and cooing and discover that only the billing is constant. But on the whole marriage is a great convenience.

After all, there's a woman on a twenty-four-hour job doing all the odds and ends at home, arranging your collar buttons under the bureau, neatly pressing the shirt you threw away for the fourth time, saving all your valuable papers to start the furnace with, and for all this attention she asks no wages except all you get; a resigned martyr in an apron and rolling-pin who stands guard over the little love nest with lace curtains, plush carpets, polished furniture and no place to spit.

And all that is expected of the sloppy, good-for-nothing husband when he comes home from a day of loafing in the factory, is that he should carry a mere ash-tray in his vest pocket, a cuspidor in his jacket, a coat tree under his arm and a hanger stuck in his buttonhole, so he doesn't throw things around and mess up the house.

But this is as it should be, for don't forget, marriage is a fifty-fifty proposition—every time your wife spends fifty dollars for a dress you can spend fifty cents for socks.

Too many people knock marriage who don't know enough about it. My friend Georgie Jessel thinks so well of the institution that he's been married three times and each time to the same woman. With him it's like a championship contest and having won the prize three times it's his for keeps.

Don't Argue With 'Em

Personally, I believe many more marriages would be successful if we depended a little more on science and a little less on love. After all, love is only the first step and marriage is a marathon. I understand there is a matrimonial college equipping young folks with a knowledge of the science and I endorse the idea heartily.

If your son is going to this college and expects to be happily married let him join the debating team. For while you may have marriage without love it should never be without debates. A debate is to marriage what it is to the Senate. It's better to blow off steam than to blow up the works. Besides, back-talk is a woman's backbone. As the end man in the old minstrel show used to say, "A woman talks least in February because it's the shortest month."

Our greatest orators never open their mouths in the presence of their wives, except in astonishment. Men who have won medals for public speaking go right home and pin them on their wives' chests. That's why, to me, Julius Tannen is the ideal husband. He's the most talkative man on the stage and off. And what's the result? He and his wife have been happily married nearly twenty-five years.

Now you have the first requirement for a happy marriage—namely, that both parties be able to talk; it doesn't even have to be the same language, and if they're dumb, hands will do. The second requirement for an ideal marriage is that neither should listen.

Most divorces come from the fact that one or the other of the marriagees has to listen. You've often heard a woman talking like a six-day bicycle race and the husband taking it like a man in full dress under a shower. And often it's the woman who marries a radio and can't switch it off. But where they both talk, they're both happy. Listening is immaterial. The neighbors do that.

The couple pitches into a debate on anything from a rattling windowshade to a missing toothbrush, shouting and arguing at the same time till both grow purple with delight. Then the husband slams the door, the woman faints, and when they make up they do a cooing duet like the anvil chorus. During the whole performance neither knows what the other said so they can repeat without getting bored. And they do.

As for sentiment, a well-regulated home can get along on a kiss in the morning, a smile in the evening and a newspaper between you at meals. Of course, in some homes they do nothing but kiss all day and some husbands start with the children and end up with the maid.

Of course, the main problem for the young man is how to pick a bride. He should get a physical chart of his beloved and compare her weight, the size of her chest expansion, neck, ankle and reach with his own. Tex Rickard would have been the right man for this department.

Things You Should Know

Most husbands have very little data about their wives. The other day I asked a stage-hand, "What's the color of your wife's eyes?"

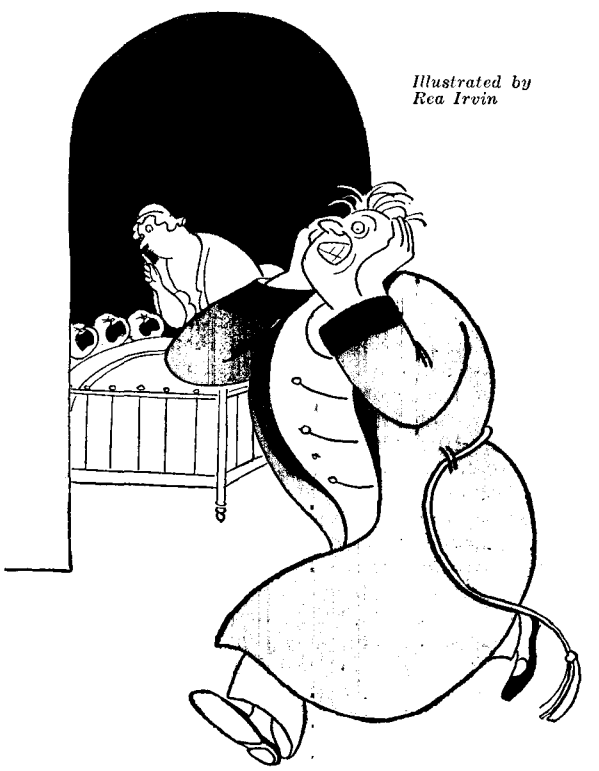
"That's funny!" he said. "I can't remember. Though one of them, I think, is black."

"And how about her reach?"

"No matter where I hang my pants she reaches them."

Another important thing is to get the bride's pedigree. How long her parents have been in business and why not; how many young brothers she has and what for; and who (*Continued on page 56*)

Illustrated by Rea Irvin



Some people marry for peace and get triplets

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The detective answered. "Well . . . Kemble's dead. . . . Yeah, *dead.* Suicide"

Lowe Biedenmeister

Silk Hat

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Katherine Brush

WITH a pass-key the superintendent unlocked the door, and they filed solemnly in: the detective, the man from the corporation that owned the apartment house and the superintendent. Through the foyer they went without pausing, their footsteps mute on the rug, and into the big, bright living-room beyond.

The superintendent began silently switching off lights.

"Left 'em on, didn't he?" the detective said. And added in a jocular way, "Sure! What'd *he* care!"

"Do you think," the man from the corporation began, but stopped abruptly, startled into silence by the ring of the telephone.

The detective answered. "Hello?" he said, and cleared his throat. "Hello? . . . Why, no, he—who is this? . . . What? . . . Oh, I see. Well—Kemble's dead. . . . Yeah, *dead.* That's right. Suicide. . . . Yeah. Fished him out of the river early this morning. This is Mahoney of Headquarters talking. Listen: what do you know about him? Don't, eh? . . . I see. . . . No. No, I don't know, can't say as to that. . . ."

He hung up presently. "His tailor," he explained to the two who had listened. "Kemble's owed him for three suits since last April. *Sa-ay!* Who's the dame?"

He referred to a photograph in a giant Italian leather frame which stood on the desk in the corner. A photograph of a woman not quite young, with strange, sacrilegious eyes. A blond woman. She was rather beautiful in a way—the New York way, sleek, lacquered. A costly woman. You thought of shops. Avenue salons. "I will have this, and this." In the photograph her mouth was black, but you knew how red it would be. Her eyebrows were big commas. Snobbish. She wore an evening gown and a rope of pearls, and in the pearls the fingers of one hand were twined, the slim first finger pointed up and curved a little, as if she indicated herself.

"I've seen her," said the superintendent. "She's been here many's the time."

"How old a fellow was Kemble?" asked the man from the corporation.

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, somewhere along there."

The man from the corporation stared harder at the picture.

"Know her name?" the detective queried of the superintendent. "She might give us the dope we need."

"No. I never heard her name."

"Well," said the detective, "let's get busy. I got other things to do today."

Suddenly brisk, he seated himself before the desk and pulled out the nearest drawer. It was choked with papers.

He removed them by handfuls, piled them on the desk, and began to go through them. They were chiefly bills—huge bills, that made the superintendent's pale eyes bulge and drew from the detective soft, low whistles. Bills for food, for wine, for flowers, for garage rent, for a silk hat, for a jazz band. Bills marked "Please Remit" and "Overdue." Letters: "Your attention is respectfully called—" And other letters not so respectful.

"This guy," said the detective, "was cert'n'y a bird. Bought things like money grew on trees—and ain't paid a cent in six months."

"I remember when he come," put in the superintendent quickly, importantly. "I remember the day well. I showed him three apartments—this one and two cheaper. He took this, and the next day he brought a decorator, and pretty soon the stuff began arrivin'. All this stuff. All new, it was. Every bit."

"Don't know where he came from, eh?" the detective asked.

"No."

"ALL we need to find out is who to notify. It don't take a Sherlock Holmes to guess why he did it." The detective's fat hand slapped the bills. "If there's anybody cares," he added.

He gathered up the bills and stuffed them back into their drawer and yanked out the drawer below.

There was a check book; a bank book; a stack of theater programs; a souvenir hammer from a night club in the Forties; a box of stationery, engraved; a book on Good Manners. Below all these, thrust into the back of the drawer, were newspaper clippings, together with a telegram, held by a rubber band:

George Kemble
Care of Warren's Garage
Green Falls, Indiana

Take great pleasure in informing you that contest prize twenty thousand dollars for best name for our new golf ball has been awarded you for your suggestion "Lindy" Stop Our representative en route to you bearing our check and our congratulations Stop Rush photograph and data for publicity use

UNION SPORTS PRODUCTS CO.
T. M. Somers, President

The date was not quite a year old.

"My gosh!" said the detective. "What do you know about that!"

They turned to the clippings. There were pictures of George Kemble, a smiling, dark-haired boy, and small-town large-type headlines like "Kemble Wins!" and "Local Lad Makes Fortune Overnight!" There were paragraphs and paragraphs of facts. George Kemble was twenty-two years old. His parents were dead. He had been born and raised in Green Falls. At the age of seventeen he had left high school and associated himself in business with William H. Warren, proprietor of Warren's Garage, South Walnut Street. He had a natural aptitude for things mechanical and he had rapidly become known as one of the best garage repair men in Lane County. . . .

The detective returned to the telegram. He read and reread it again. "Twenty grand!" he kept saying. "*Twenty* grand! And *any* damn' fool could've thought of that!"

The man from the corporation had the clippings in his hands. "Listen," he commanded, and his voice was low and grave and compassionate. "Listen to this: 'Lucky' Kemble, as he is now called, today told reporters that he expected to leave for New York City as soon as possible. 'That's the town for people with money,' he said!"

There was a short silence.

"And he went through it," murmured the man from the corporation, "in half a year."

"And *how!*" the detective said. And he snorted: "*Silk hat!*"

They opened the bank book, which before they had passed by. There it was. The single entry: $20,000 no cents. They opened the check book and glanced over it, marveling. Incredible that such a sum could shrink so swiftly. . . .

"Well," said the detective finally, slamming the check book shut, "anyway, we got what we need. A wire to Green Falls, now—"

"Look here," interrupted the man from the corporation.

HE HAD picked up a magazine lying on the desk, and parted its leaves at the place where a pencil and several sheets of rough paper were thrust in. Here was an announcement, an offer, screaming in red from a page: "$50,000 Cash for Ten Best Letters on 'Why I Prefer Lait's Shaving Cream.'" . . . The sheets of loose paper were covered with scrawled, half-hearted, short attempts to write such a letter. "*I prefer Lait's because*" [scratched out] "*It seems to me that of all the shaving creams on the market today*" [scratched out]. . . .

The detective stood up, folding the telegram into his wallet. "Poor dumb fool, I'd call him," he said. "He might've known he couldn't repeat. Stands to reason."

"It looks," said the man from the corporation, "as though he did know."

The detective tucked his wallet into an inner pocket and buttoned his coat with stubby fingers. He turned to go.

"What I can't see is," he said, "why, if he was such a mechanic, he didn't get busy again and *be* a mechanic. Eh?"

The question was an observation, merely. The detective did not expect anyone to answer him. And no one did—unless you count the woman in the frame, whose slim first finger pointed up, through pearls, and curved a little, as if she indicated herself.

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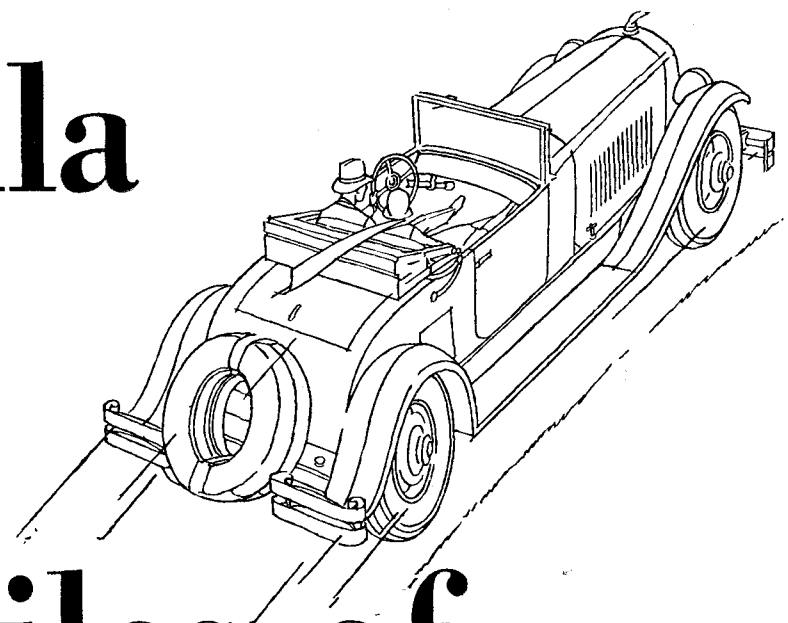

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for 30,000 miles of real motoring pleasure!

Any good car + Commonsense care + Regular use of the New Mobiloil = 30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile.

In the above formula we put into everyday words some remarkable facts which our engineers discovered in testing the New Mobiloil.

We found, for example, that in thousands of miles of driving on the Atlantic City Speedway the New Mobiloil gave approximately 20% more oil mileage than was given by other oils generally sold for the same motors.

And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

It is our opinion—based on these tests—that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles.

We believe this is a conservative statement of the real facts. Actually the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many new engines for more than *twice* that distance!

Also we believe we are justified in saying that the New Mobiloil will help your engine develop *more power* than you can get from other oils of the same viscosity.

There are at least 30,000 miles of trouble-free driving in your engine. Make sure you will get them all by using the New Mobiloil, made by the world's oldest and largest specialists in lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc.
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

the New Mobiloil

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We went over to the club for tea. A lot of the polo crowd were there and Farnum shut up like a clam as soon as we got inside the place

Valerie takes a Flier

By Eric Hatch

Valerie was wise, and she knew the man who loved her. Otherwise, the ending might have been—otherwise

I WAS wondering how the Smiths managed to keep such a wonderful chef, when the girl sitting on my left turned to me and said, "What's happened to Valerie since she came back from abroad? I've never seen her look so radiant."

"The same thing," I answered, trying to be clever, "that makes a peach eventually drop from the tree that grew it."

"Meaning she's going to fall for one of the Happiness Boys up there on each side of her?"

I said, "Probably both," and turned to ogle the three of them.

Sam Porter and Bill Peabody were certainly hooked. They were leering at Valerie over the tops of their soup spoons, getting off smart cracks and watching each other like a set of duelists. It was to me a pathetic sight; these two bright and active young men suddenly transformed into bosky-eyed oafs. I wondered what would happen to Sam's polo and racing and Bill's flying. It didn't look to me as though either of them would be good for anything for a long time.

The funny part about it was that both of them had known Valerie all their lives and until she'd come back from Europe hadn't paid her the slightest attention. Now, in the short week since she had landed, the scales had dropped from their eyes, and they had both been left bosky-looking. I turned to the girl on my left.

I said, "Who's the long shot in the tin spectacles sitting half-way down the table from her?"

"Long shot is right. He's in love with her too, of course. His name is Farnum something and he comes from the West. Pretty bad, isn't he?"

I didn't think Farnum something was so bad. He looked like a nice sort of a bird to me, spectacles, mussed sandy hair, freckles and all. There was a humor in the way his mouth worked as he listened to the wise lines Bill and Sam were getting off that made me wonder for a second if he *was* such a long shot.

Bill was saying, "We were a thousand feet up when the Bee went into a spin."

"Bill! What did you do?"

He laughed. "Pulled back the stick and gave her the gun. We came out of it all right before we crashed."

There was a silence all around the table as the thrill of this recital was allowed to sink home. Then Farnum something, making a funny noise as he cleared his throat said, "Was it a regular Bee plane you were flying?"

"I'll say it was regular!" from Bill.

THE silence was thick. Everybody was listening now as Farnum went on: "That's funny."

"Funny me eye! It was fierce."

"It must have been. Bee planes can't go into spins. I wish you'd show me sometime how you managed it."

Farnum went back to his soup. I saw Valerie shoot him a glance. If I'd been in love with her I'd have liked having her look at me that way. Farnum's mouth worked up and down again as though he'd smile if it wouldn't confuse him too much with the soup. The conversation got natural again. I was thankful it stayed that way until the meal was over, because once Farnum had spoken up you could sort of feel him there, and he'd been so positive about the Bee business that I think everyone was a little afraid to talk much, not knowing whether, if they said guinea pigs had no tails, Farnum mightn't come out with a direct statement that they not only had tails but hung by them.

After dinner, when Bill and Sam and the others were sitting around being male and drinking coffee and liqueurs in the dining-room, I went out into the hall and waved Valerie from the library. She came out to see what I wanted.

She said, "You've got your nerve with you, making monkey faces and signals at me out here when I'm trying to be the polite hostess."

I said, "Shut your pretty little face, Val. If I can't make signals at you, who can?"

She said, "Spill it, brother, what can we do for you? Is the wine too cold or the coffee too hot or are you just a leetle restless?"

I said, "Who is Farnum and where did you dig him up? I think he's priceless."

Valerie laughed then, and I laughed too because Valerie laughed that way. She said, "Farnum's just a lad. I met him when we were at Santa Barbara last year."

"How did you happen to ask him tonight?"

She laughed again. "I didn't. He called up and asked himself—leave me be now, stupid, I've got to go back and be sweet."

I WENT back into the dining-room. Bill and Sam were over in a corner of the room matching coins. I went up to them. I said, "Which of you's cleaning up the other?"

Bill looked sort of silly. He said, "Sam's won two matches. I've still got a chance though—it's three out of five."

I stood watching them. Sam won the next match and I was surprised to see them both put their coins back in their pockets. I said, "What the devil are you birds doing? Why don't you pay up?" They both looked silly now. Then Sam said, "Shall we tell him?" Bill said, "Tell him if he'll promise not to write about it, the dirty old snoop."

I said, "Come, come, is that nice?" and Sam said, "We were matching to see whether Valerie'd go to the polo with me tomorrow or go flying with Bill. I won. Yah!" He thumbed his nose, gallantly, at the loser. I wandered over to where Farnum something was sitting staring morosely at a tiny glass of green liquid on the table in front of him. He looked so lonely I thought I'd take pity on him. I offered him a smoke and said: (*Continued on page 22*)

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Let this tooth paste take you and the kids to a party

Take the youngsters to the movies on what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 per year per person, assuming each person uses about a tube per month. Spend it as you please.

Remember this, you young mothers, who are keeping a budget

IT is good news to most young people starting out in married life that a dentifrice of such outstanding merit as Listerine Tooth Paste can be bought for 25¢.

That saving of $3 per year per person (see top of page) is appreciated when there are so many old and new expenses to be met.

When we decided to produce a tooth paste we were determined that only the finest ingredients should compose it. We wanted it to be worthy of the Listerine name. And we determined to sell it at 25¢ because that is the price intelligent people think is a fair one for a dentifrice. Its reception was enthusiastic. Now millions use it, discarding older and costlier favorites.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste one month. Note how brilliant and white it leaves your teeth. How it tones up your gums. And note particularly that delightful after effect which you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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"Care for a round of golf tomorrow afternoon, Farnum?"

He looked up and smiled crookedly. If he hadn't had spectacles on I would have sworn he winked. He said, "Sorry, sir, I can't make it. Valerie said she'd go sailing with me if I could borrow a boat."

On the way to the library I put both hands to my ears and wagged them ferociously at Bill and Sam.

I WENT down to the yacht club the next afternoon, partly because it was cool there and partly because I wanted to see how old tin-eyeglasses made out with Valerie. To my surprise I found him swimming off the float. Valerie wasn't in sight. I waved at him. He came out after a minute, looking like a wet Airedale and squinting at the sun. I said, "Where's your lady?"

"Who do you mean, Valerie?"

"No, Marie Antoinette of course. What happened to the boat ride?"

Farnum grinned. He said, "Why did Robinson Crusoe stay on his island?"

I said, "He didn't have a boat."

"Me and Crusoe," said Farnum. "Does the noise you made last night about my shooting golf with you still hold good?"

"Sure. Got any clubs?"

"Three," he said, grinning again, and I imagined what the golf would be like.

"What are they?" I asked, wondering if he drove with a putter or putted with a driver.

"Old," he said. "And dirty. Do you mind?"

I did mind but I didn't say so. I take golf seriously and have ever since I was runner-up in the club championship two years ago. I'm afraid I was a little snooty on the drive to the course and I looked the other way when he went up to the first tee, carrying his three clubs in his hand. I was afraid I'd be kidded. I was. Farnum beat me three up.

After golf we drove over to the polo at Meadow Brook. They were trying out players for the International. Sam was a candidate and I wanted to see how he was making out. We got there at the end of the third period just as Sam made a goal that put the Blue team in the lead. Farnum nudged me. He said, "Isn't that the bird who was at dinner last night?"

I said, "Yes. He stands the devil of a good chance of being number one on the big four."

"Gee," said Farnum, "I hope he makes it. I'd like to be able to say I knew one of that team."

Then I saw Valerie's de Laage with an empty parking space beside it. I drove in and stopped. "Hello, you," I called. "How's business?"

"Beezness is goot," she called back at me as an airplane with natural linen wings and a red fuselage zoomed down over our heads. "Sam just made a goal and here's Bill."

A helmeted head stuck over the side of the roaring plane. The pilot waved an arm nonchalantly as the plane shot high in the air again. Into my mind came a memory of two little boys making high dives into a shallow swimmin' hole because a freckled, jam-stained little girl was sitting on the bank. One of the little boys made a perfect corker, but he bumped his head on the hard bottom of the creek. When he came up, aching and thirsting for praise, the little girl had gone. I shall never forget how disgusted I was.

On the way back to the pony lines Sam rode over and stopped for a word with Valerie. "Poor Farnum," I thought as I watched Sam, godlike, checking his still spirited pony.

Sweat dripped off the pony in rivers; sweat ran down Sam's cheeks like rain as he pulled up.

"How's it going, big boy?" from Valerie.

"Fine," panting. "Ginger was the hell of a handful that last chukker. How does the game look to you?"

"Pretty fast, Sammy. You're good today. Go to it."

The god giggled inanely and, pleasantly full of nectar, rode on to the pony lines. I climbed out and went over to the clubhouse.

When I came back the game was on again. Farnum was sitting in Valerie's car. They both seemed intensely interested in the play. Every time Sam would come tearing by looking at Val out of the tail of his eye, Farnum would applaud. I thought it was sporting of him when I knew how much he must envy the other man all he had.

AT THE end of the fifth period Bill arrived, still dressed in his flying suit. He looked like a deep-sea diver who's lost his hose. Farnum said, "Was that your plane you came over in a while ago?"

"Yeah. Just got delivery on it today. Eagle with a two-fifty Simpson Gale."

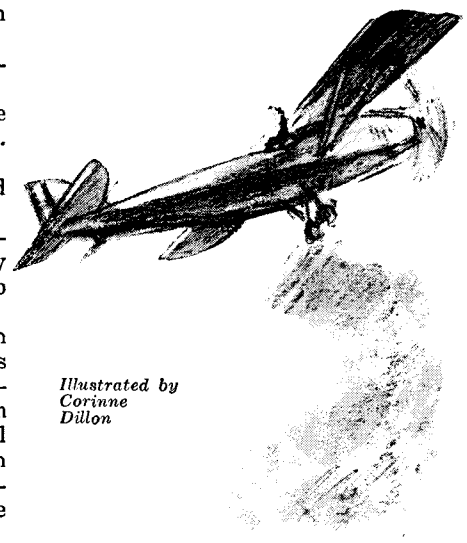
"I know," said Farnum. "I'd like to go up with you sometime."

"Believe me, I'd like you to!" said Bill, and I knew he was thinking about Valerie's dinner party. I wondered if Farnum would go.

I whispered to him, "Don't do it. After that crack you made last night he'll try and break your neck."

"No he won't," said Farnum, blinking at me. "That plane cost him eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-five dollars. My neck isn't worth that to Mr. Peabody."

I said, "How the hell do you know what it cost?"



Illustrated by Corinne Dillon

He blinked again, "I used to work in their factory. I've worked in a lot of places."

I said, "Oh."

When the match was over and Sam had cleaned up some, the five of us went up to the club for tea. A lot of the polo crowd were there. Farnum shut up like a clam as soon as we got inside the place. I made a mental note to give Valerie hell as soon as I had a chance for not being nicer to him and trying to make him feel more at home, on the theory of the stranger in our midst, et cetera. When the party broke up and we were walking to our cars I maneuvered her alone for a minute. I took her firmly by the arm and made her wait until the others had got out of earshot.

Then I said to her, "Valerie, you're a bum. This guy Farnum comes down to our neck of the woods and what do you do? You know darn well you made him about as uncomfortable as you could at tea there. Not once did you try and turn the conversation his way. Why the poor man must have felt like an interloper!"

VALERIE looked at me out of the corner of her eye, a way she has of looking when she knows she knows something somebody else doesn't know.

She said, "Yes, yes and then?"

I started to walk away from her. I was sort of sore. I liked this guy Farnum and I didn't think he was getting much of a break. She called me back.

She said, "Listen, Atlas, don't you worry about that baby. The reason he shut up like a sick oyster was because nobody there said anything he thought worth answering."

I don't agree with her, of course, but there wasn't any use arguing with Val.

Val was taking Sam back with her, Bill had his own car, so Farnum and I were alone as before. We rolled out of the club and started across the plains. I'd just about made up my mind to apologize to him for Val when he suddenly broke out of his silence and looked at me in a funny way.

"You know," he said, "I wish I could ride races and play polo and things like that."

I was busy dodging a truck so I answered, "Well, why don't you?"

"My father," he said, "was a farmer."

I had, of course, planted the foot. The truck successfully passed, I did what I could to cover my break. I said, "What of it? Lots of gentleman farmers and their sons play polo—look at the Hanfords."

Again he blinked at me that funny way. He said, "My father was a farmer."

I said, "Oh," and he went on: "Dad was the hell of a good farmer. He made quite a lot of jack before he died, but our (*Continued on page 52*)

The pilot waved an arm nonchalantly as the plane shot high in the air again

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EVERLASTING ALLEGIANCE TO AN EVERLASTING IDEAL

All builders of fine automobiles have three fundamental responsibilities: to place quality above price . . . to achieve moderate price through the savings resulting from volume production . . . and to keep eternal faith with buyers of their products.

With Buick, all of these responsibilities find acceptance and fulfillment in one everlasting ideal—"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

For when Buick craftsmen build a better automobile, they win larger demand. When they win larger demand, they attain wider manufacturing economies. When they attain manufacturing economies, they pass these on to the motoring public in the form of still greater value. And thus they keep faith, all along the line, with buyers of Buick products.

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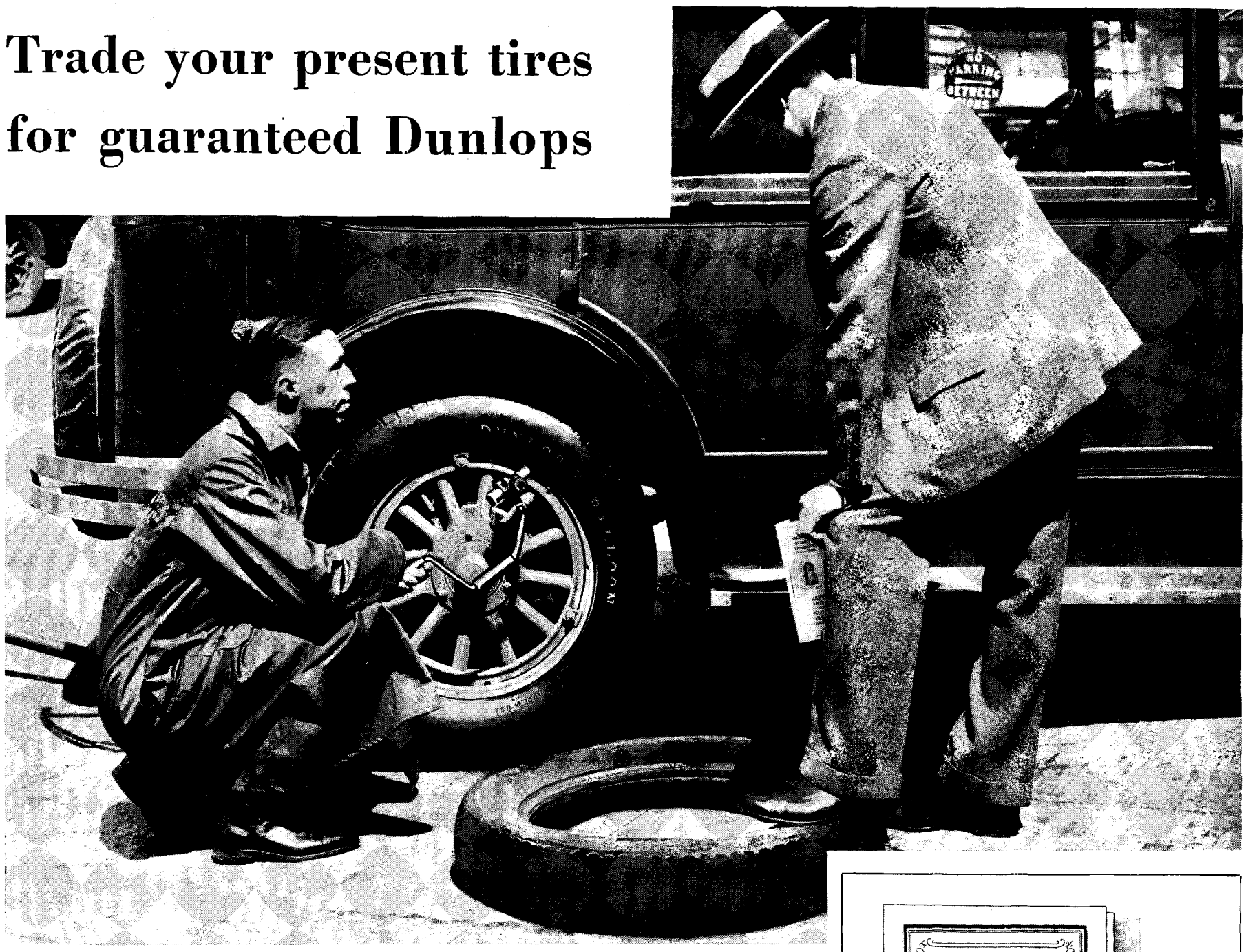

Every day more car owners change to safe, new Bonded Dunlops!

IT'S no longer good business to take a chance on anything but the best in tires. See the Dunlop dealer in your town.

He'll make a liberal allowance for your present tires . . . send you away on safe, new Dunlops. Or, if you are buying a new car, he will tell you how to get Dunlops on it.

You know about Dunlop Tires. Built to stand abuse, then bonded even against abuse. Guaranteed with a Surety Bond that covers every conceivable road-hazard, even accidents that you know are your fault. The one tire so good the bonded guarantee applies even on the grind . . . grind . . . grind of heavy trucking service.

What better evidence could you wish of Dunlop's faith in its product? What better assurance that Dunlop Tires are tougher . . . stronger . . . able to withstand far more than ordinary tires.

You will want to see a specimen copy of this Surety Bond Guarantee . . . just to see for yourself how complete and all-inclusive it is. Ask your Dunlop dealer. He'll gladly give you a Specimen Bond FREE, and at the same time tell you how much your used tires are worth to him in trade. Or, write for free Specimen Bond to The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Why Dunlop Tires are better

Dunlop has had 41 years of tire-making experience. Dunlop uses only long-staple Egyptian cotton—woven in its own mills—to build the strongest possible cord base. Dunlop engineers have developed the toughest tread rubber known. That is why Dunlops can be bonded and guaranteed, even against abuse.

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John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at the age of thirteen

Seven years later, well started toward success

Mr. Rockefeller on his entry in the oil business

John D. at 90

By John T. Flynn

July 8th, 1929, marks John D. Rockefeller's ninetieth birthday. The man who retired from business at fifty-five has prolonged his life as he built his business and as he learned to play golf —by a deliberate plan and careful attention to every detail of living

AN OLD gentleman who had reached the scriptural age of threescore and ten sat before the great open fireplace of his home running over in his memory all the men he had known and worked with since the early years of his long life. In the shadows and the quietness of his room he became sorrowfully aware of the fact that scarcely a week passed that he was not told of the death of some of these old friends.

Letters of condolence to the families of old associates who had laid down their burdens and passed on had become so frequent that the painful memory was forced upon him now. And then he began to count up the number of those former associates who had died. As he told off the names, counting them on his fingers, the number mounted to twenty, thirty, fifty, sixty—seventy—he stopped and turned away wearily from the grim roll call. He had outlived so many.

That man was John D. Rockefeller and the incident I have described occurred twenty years ago. But the old gentleman who two decades ago marveled that he had outlasted so many still plays nine holes of golf every weekday.

When he was born Martin Van Buren was President of the United States. Webster and Clay were in the heyday of their glory. Clay was busy trying to nurse into life his new political party—the Whigs. There were just three millionaires in the country: Girard of Philadelphia, Astor of New York, and Lawrence, the founder of the textile industry. It was the day of the stagecoach, the tallow candle and the spinning wheel. The chief topics of conversation were religion, politics and money-making. The dominant characteristic of the country was the almost feverish desire and aim of everyone to get rich.

Thirty years ago he used a bicycle to play a golf course

It is only when we think of this man spanning in his own lifetime this vast stretch of years back to the early days of the republic that we realize how much ninety years means.

When John D. Rockefeller began playing golf it was not by chance. He was pitching horseshoes with a friend down at Lakewood. His friend told him about golf and recommended it highly. Rockefeller was impressed with the description of the game. But he didn't rush out and buy a set of clubs. He thought it over carefully for two weeks. Then he decided definitely to take it up. And he stuck to it for thirty years. He adopted the game, as he adopted the oil business, deliberately. He does nothing by accident. And so it was not by accident that he has lived to be ninety years of age. He has done it in accordance with a deliberate plan, by the economical use of his physical resources. He has built up his ninety years just as he built up the Standard Oil Company, by careful attention to every detail of living.

It is generally believed that John D. Rockefeller, when he retired from the active management of the Standard Oil Company, was a man broken in health. Innumerable stories were printed at the time that his stomach had become almost hopelessly crippled and that he could take no food but milk and that he got practically no sleep.

Mr. Rockefeller did not retire to build up his broken health. He retired in accordance with a well-formed plan about his life; because he was through making money; because he had brought the organization of his great oil company to a point approximating perfection where other men could take up the work of carrying it on and because he wanted to devote himself to the intelligent use of his vast fortune.

Mr. Rockefeller began saving when he was ten years old or perhaps earlier, for at that age he had already accumulated fifty dollars. And it is not unlikely that he began taking care of himself equally early. In practical matters he exhibited a precocity as great as was shown by Macaulay and Shelley and Chatterton in literature. He was a man of wealth at twenty-three. And he had already begun to draw upon his physical resources with the same careful and economical policy which he applied to his funds.

Drawings by J. Henry from photographs

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., at ninety leads a life of almost continuous activity

"At the beginning the boy must look to his health," he said to a friend some years ago. "Without health one can do nothing. Health is a blessing that transcends all other earthly things. The man with nothing but good health is rich compared with the man of wealth who has lost his health."

He attributed his strong frame and constitution to the start he got as a youth on the farm, when his chief physical occupations were wood-chopping and fishing.

Making Health a Hobby

The man who has accumulated the greatest fortune in the history of the world, who has given away the greatest sums in the records of philanthropy and who is still living, just a decade short of the century mark, insists always: "I look back upon my fishing and wood-chopping days in Ohio as the happiest of my life." Rockefeller, even at his present age, reveals the powerful frame of a farm-bred boy which could carry him over so long a journey. He lacks but one inch of six feet. His hands are large and muscular. He eats anything he wishes and lives a life of continuous activity.

An instance of how John D. Rockefeller watched his health even as a young man is shown in the following story which he tells himself. In the early days of the oil industry he spent much of his time traveling from Cleveland to Oil City and Titusville and to New York and other places. In those days travelers took their meals at railway stations where the trains stopped "twenty minutes for dinner." On one such occasion Rockefeller went to the station restaurant with the other passengers. The waiters were slow and most of the twenty minutes were consumed before the dinner was brought in. Before the passengers could manage even half the meal the conductor called "all aboard." Everybody began to stuff into themselves as much of the dinner as they could swallow without chewing and then bolted for the train. Everybody but Rockefeller. He carefully but quickly settled with his eye what he wanted, then rapidly put all the selected items into his mouth. He stuffed until both cheeks bulged. Then he went to his seat in the train where he slowly and deliberately chewed up the whole cargo thus stored and swallowed it at his leisure.

The oil business was a devouring monster. If left him little time. Those of this generation who know Rockefeller in the later phases of his life—who know him chiefly through his pictures, which give him the appearance of being a fragile wisp (*Continued on page 46*)

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CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree;
all growing out of the Chrysler root
principle of standardized quality

Exacting Buyers Look to Chrysler Motors

THE brilliant results of Chrysler initiative and originality over the last five years have made it perfectly natural for people to look to Chrysler-built products for the newest ideals in design, the latest advances in engineering, and the finest spirit in performance.

It is an established fact that out of Chrysler engineering and designing have issued most of the important automotive developments of recent years.

The unity and solidarity with which the immense forces of Chrysler Motors are organized make it feasible to embody in *every* Chrysler Motors product, from the lowest-priced to the highest-priced, the results of Chrysler discovery and invention.

Under the inspiring leadership of Walter P. Chrysler, the huge Chrysler Motors properties are welded into one homogeneous group with one *personalized* central management—each member of the group partaking and making good use of the obvious economies and advantages of *consolidated* research, engineering, purchasing and financing.

This true kinship between all units enables Chrysler Motors to apply scientifically to all of its products *in all price fields* a uniform high standard of basic quality and engineering.

In the very nature of things, each individual product of the group is inevitably more advanced — of higher quality and merit — of far greater value—than anything else that can be had at anywhere near the same price.

A typical interior of the driving compartment of a Chrysler-built car. It is featured by exceptional roominess and convenient arrangement of instruments.

CHRYSLER "75" CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
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CHRYSLER MOTORS

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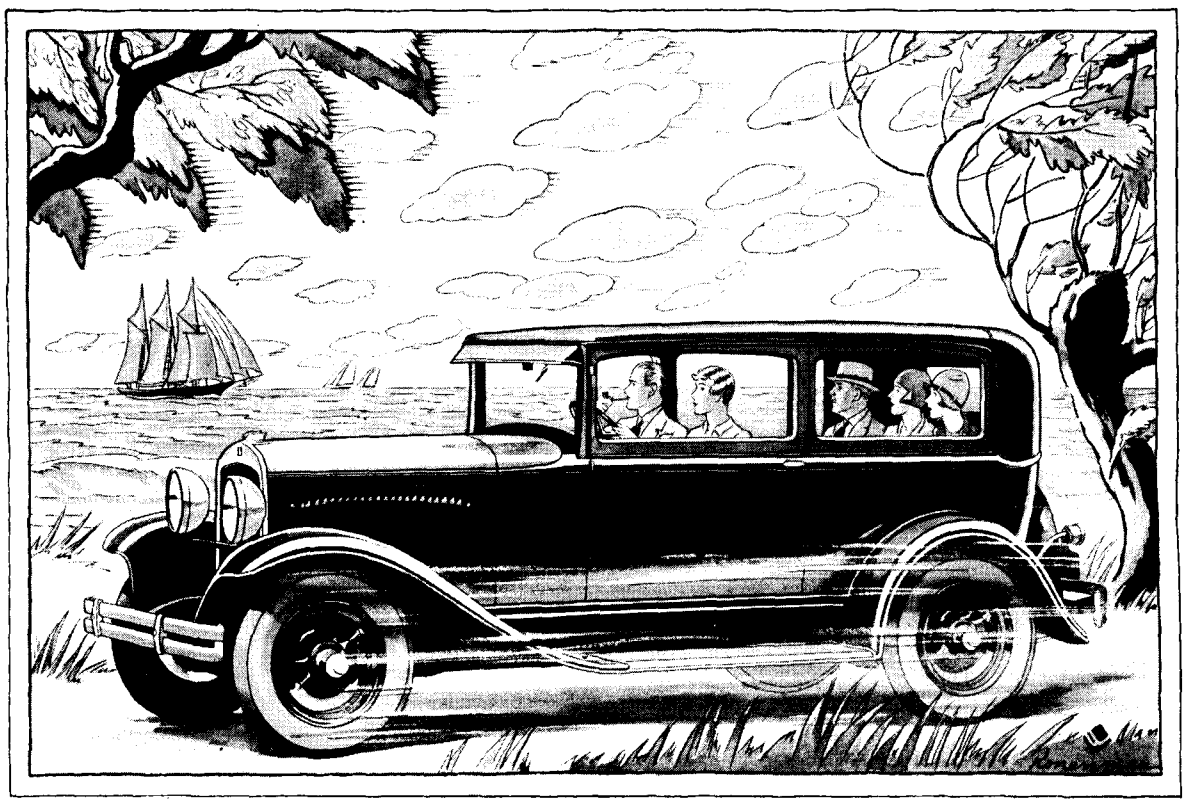
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Plymouth Quality Sets new Records for Value at Low Price

FULL SIZE

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR



THE FULL-SIZE PLYMOUTH TWO-DOOR SEDAN

PLYMOUTH quality begins with finer raw materials—where all true quality must inevitably begin.

Step by step, that basic quality is enhanced by advanced engineering, elaborate care and superior craftsmanship. It reaches its climax in a superbly finished product of *full-size* dimensions, easy-chair comfort and thrilling performance.

Plymouth has the substance, the stability, the quality and ability of a higher order than ever heretofore seemed possible in so low-priced a motor car.

Look at its rugged axles, its heavily-fortified frame, its large high-compression engine—strength and dependability in every detail. Look at its *full-size* Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes—a marvelous safety factor. Plymouth is the only car sold at anywhere near its low price which is equipped with brakes of this advanced type.

Lay a rule on the extra-wide seats. Measure the spacious leg-room. Note the ample head-room. Relax on the form-fitting cushions. Close your eyes and you'll believe you're in your favorite lounge-chair.

Take the wheel. Touch the accelerator pedal. Feel that rush of power, that speedy get-away. Mark how eagerly Plymouth streaks from a crawl to sixty and more—and all so smoothly, so quietly, so eminently free from effort.

Chrysler engineering and Chrysler craftsmanship have established Plymouth as the distinctive quality car of the low-priced field—and there is no mistaking the fact.

PLYMOUTH—product of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship—has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that stalwart Pilgrim band who were the first settlers of Plymouth and among the first American Colonists.

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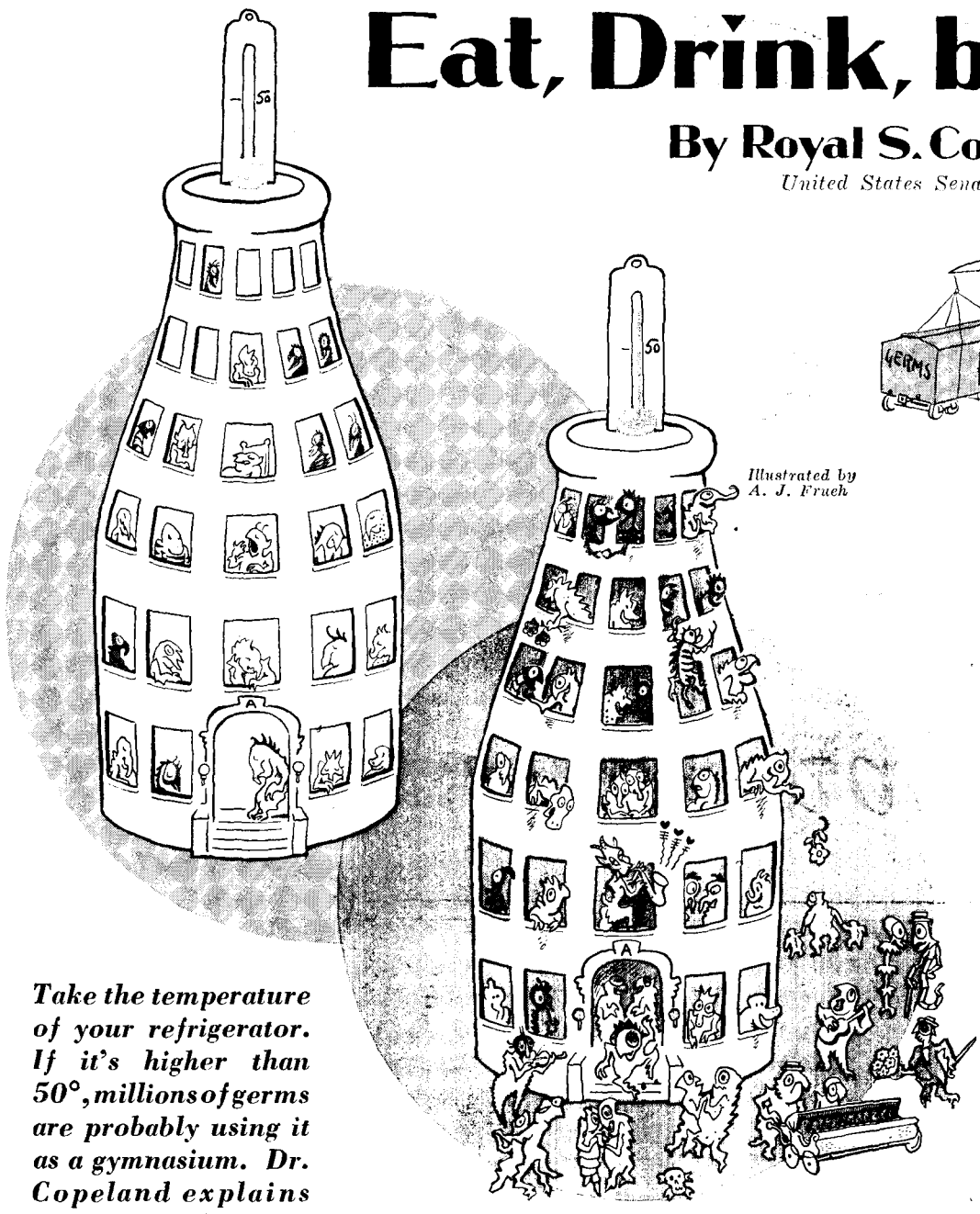
Eat, Drink, but be Wary

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

United States Senator from New York



Illustrated by A. J. Frueh

Take the temperature of your refrigerator. If it's higher than 50°, millions of germs are probably using it as a gymnasium. Dr. Copeland explains why good refrigeration is just as essential to health as proper home heating and ventilation

BEFORE the coming Labor Day, thousands of infants and hundreds of older children will die, needless sacrifices to contaminated food. Every American city will witness funeral processions, each one headed by a little white hearse. Human hearts will mourn in ignorance of the reason.

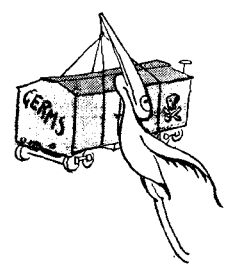
If the Mediterranean fly visits Florida, or the corn borer infests Illinois, there is an instant uprising in Congress. Millions of dollars are appropriated to make an end of the menace to property.

Why are we so silent about the more terrible effects of preventable illness in human beings?

Health officials guard the food supply. In consequence, the average family takes into the kitchen perishable foods that are safe to eat. But because of the ignorance I have mentioned, the householder submits these foods to conditions which speedily convert them into virulent poisons.

Since we are not refrigerator-minded, if I may put it that way, the foodstuffs which should make us strong and healthy are changed into harmful things. Some of them may be so bad that rather than eat them, we might better submit to slow starvation.

It takes a lot of faith to eat the foods we buy. Yet we trust those who have handled them and accept them in full confidence that they are exactly what they seem. This may be all right with foods that are to be cooked, but a great many of our foods are eaten in the raw state. They are prepared by one method and another for table use, but at no time are they submitted to the excessively high temperature necessary to do away with the possibility of germ presence.



On the contrary, they are kept at temperatures which will encourage the growth of germs, just as warm weather encourages the growth of plants. The seed in our gardens would not germinate, nor would the little leaves find their way through the soil, except for warmth and moisture.

So it is with the germs in the food.

I regret to say that too many foods are exposed to conditions which may render them harmful and even poisonous. This is a great pity. It means that hundreds of thousands of persons in the country suffer the evil consequences of improper refrigeration.

Food Needs Careful Attention

It is amazing how important the care of foods really is. This applies not alone to those foods which are taken in their raw form, but also to the left-overs of the table.

I often think about jams and jellies. What a wonderful medium they make for the growth of germs. So long as they are kept covered and the original package is unbroken, jams and jellies are perfectly safe. But after the jar is opened and part of its contents used, care should be exercised about how that left-over is handled. It is not safe to leave it exposed to temperatures above 50°.

Why do I speak at one time of the value of high temperatures and in the next breath complain about any temperature above 50°? Let me explain:

The germs or bacteria which are harmful to human life lie practically dormant and harmless at a temperature below 50°. At any temperature above this point they begin to grow and multiply. This increase in numbers goes on without interruption, especially as the temperature increases.

Of course, if the temperature is raised away up as high as 150° or 200° the germs are cooked and destroyed.

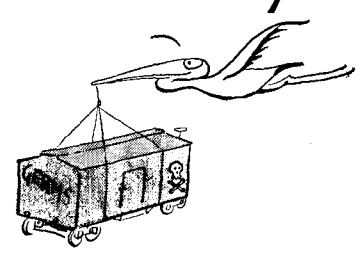
Three thousand well-behaved bacteria, at 50°, become over a billion rampant trouble-makers at 85° or 90°

The room temperature of the ordinary house varies from 68° to 80°. In summer it may go much higher. At a temperature of 70°, the multiplication of bacteria is amazing. Let me show you just how great it is. I will use milk as an example.

It is out of the question to produce milk that does not contain a few germs. Most of them are harmless, of course; the souring germs are the chief of these. But no matter how carefully milk is produced, there is always the possibility that it may become accidentally contaminated with more harmful agents. Then we are in real danger if the milk is submitted to a temperature above 50°, the point at which the bacteria begin to multiply.

Milk of the highest quality contains about three thousand germs in every fifteen drops. This may seem to you like a tremendous number. You must recall, however, that this number of germs could be placed on the head of a pin and they wouldn't be at all crowded. They are very minute, microscopic objects. You may be sure that having no more than three thousand germs in fifteen drops of milk is an evidence that the milk has been produced under conditions favorable to cleanliness. It may be considered as the very best "Grade A" milk.

What happens to this fine milk if it is kept at a temperature below 50°? Practically nothing. There will be almost no increase in the number of germs. Even after twenty-four hours of exposure to this temperature, there will be no appreciable increase in what is known as the "bacterial count"—the germ content.

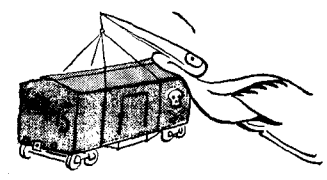


When Milk Becomes Dangerous

Let us begin with that same sort of splendid milk, with a bacterial count of three thousand, and submit it to a temperature of 68° for twenty-four hours. You will be amazed to hear that the three thousand bacteria have become four hundred and fifty thousand. Of course, such milk is absolutely dangerous to give to adults, to say nothing of what it will do to babies.

In summer weather, when the temperature may be 85° or 90°, in twenty-four hours the three thousand bacteria have multiplied to a billion and a half! You don't need to be a doctor to realize how dangerous this mess would be if placed in the human stomach.

A refrigerator is a necessity in summer weather unless you have immediate access to food which is like a brand of candy, "Guaranteed to be fresh every hour." I need not remind you that no such possibility lies within reach of the average citizen.



I have gone into many a pantry and seen a little dab of this in one place, and a little dab of that in another. The natural-born thrift of the American housewife makes her unwilling to waste any food. She should learn that unless those left-overs are properly refrigerated, they might better be thrown into the garbage pail.

You can't afford to depend on the uncertain temperatures of a defective ice chest, or of the box on the window sill. Even the good old cellar should be tested as to its temperature in order that you may be sure it is low enough to keep the food fresh and wholesome. The best of cellars are rarely below 60° in summer time.

The only safe way is to have at your disposal some method of artificial refrigeration. You need this every month of the year. In the summer, certainly, it is absolutely essential to the health and even to the lives of the members of your family.

Fortunately, the health and food laws of the various cities, states and the federal government are such that we may be reasonably certain the food sold by reputable dealers is good food. But no matter how perfect may be the food when you receive it, unless it is kept at a low temperature there will be trouble.

This statement takes me back to the fundamental fact: a refrigerator incapable of maintaining a temperature all the time of (*Continued on page 51*)

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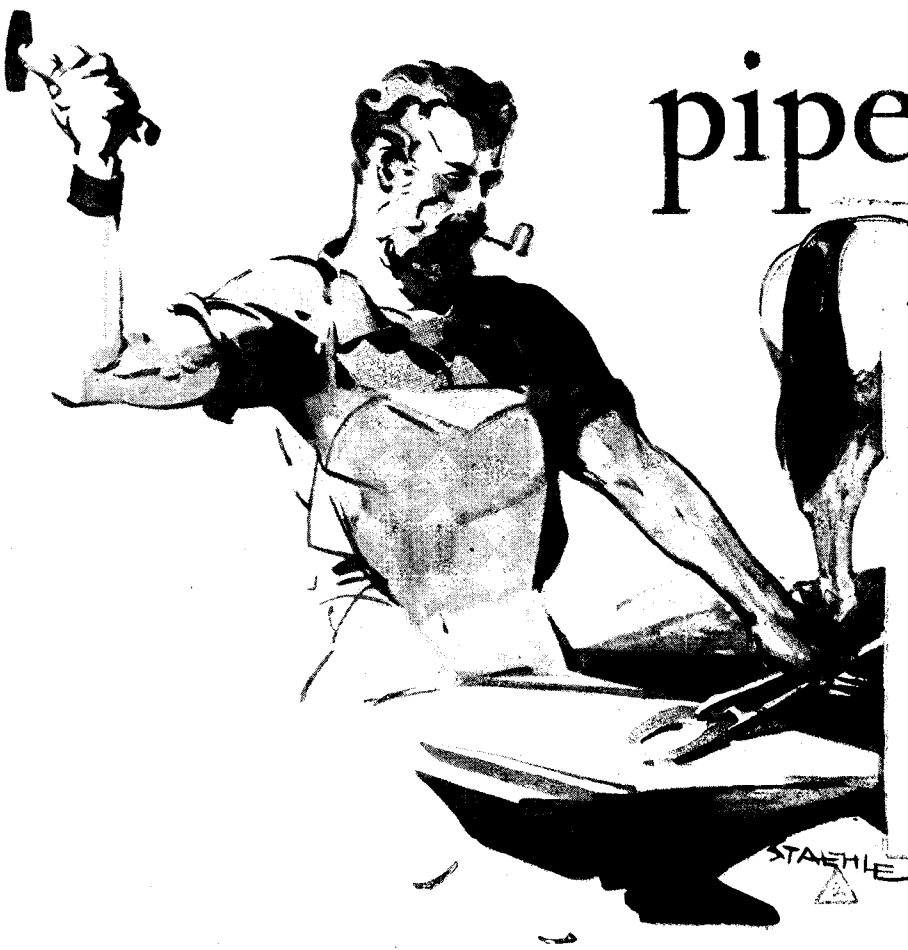
Village Smith sings an anvil chorus for his favorite pipe tobacco



(All Edgeworth endorsements are genuine—unpaid and unsolicited.)

Within the past sixty years as a pipe smoker
I have used about a half ton of tobacco.
Of all the pleasures I've enjoyed
Tobacco costs the least
Of all the brands that I have tried
Your Edgeworth is the best.
John Donnelly, The village Blacksmith.
Branford, Conn.

WE don't know whether a spreading chestnut-tree still stands in Branford, Connecticut. But we do know that Branford still boasts a village smith —by name, John Donnelly.

A mighty man is John. In sixty years he says he's smoked a half ton of pipe tobacco; and of all the brands he's tried in his pipe he likes Edgeworth the best. As he swings his heavy sledge a chorus of sparks dances from his anvil—and a chorus of content puffs from his pipe!

And why not? Nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Come to think of it—you don't know many pipe-smokers of the nervous, flighty breed.

Pipe-smoking runs to calm, thinking men. Ask a pipe-smoker a question; he takes a puff on his pipe and gives you a straight, sound answer. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply don't have troublesome, disordered thoughts.

Two forms—same blend —both for your pipe **15¢**

Try this offer—FREE!

There's a lucky horseshoe on this page! It's this *free* Edgeworth offer. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Bro. Company, 35 S. 21st St., Richmond, Va., and you will get some welcome pipe-loads of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you like them you can be sure you'll keep on liking Edgeworth, for its likable quality *never* changes—tin in, tin out!

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to handsome pound humidors, and also in several in-between sizes. "Plug Slice" Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

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THE LOWES
PRICED SIX

WHIPPET SIX SEDAN
with 7-Bearing Crankshaft

$760

Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; De Luxe Sedan $850; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (with rumble seat and extras)

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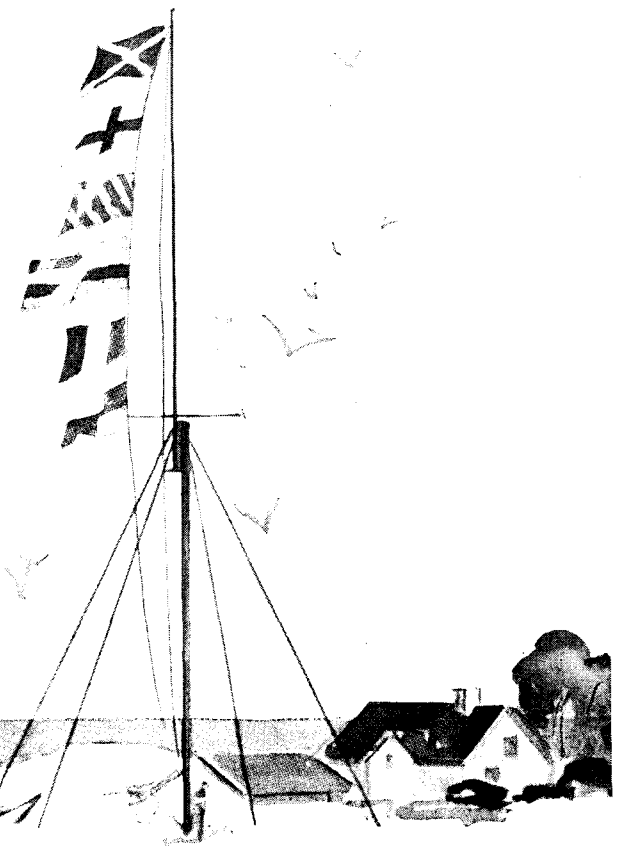
with all these important features

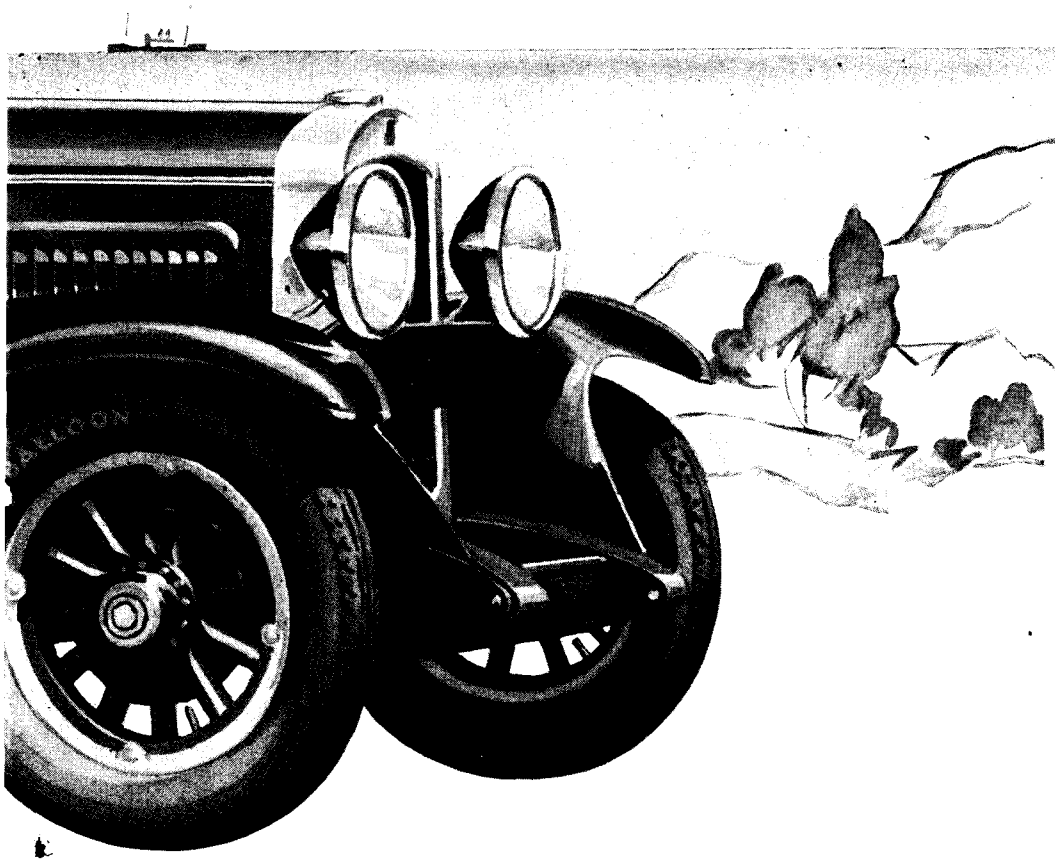
/ith the advantages listed at the right, the car of today is truly ıodern. And the new Superior Whippet is the *only* low-priced .x that has them *all!* Here again you have convincing proof of /illys-Overland's ever alert and progressive engineering. The new ıperior Whippet Six is also stronger and safer, having more frame ·oss members and a greater braking area than any of its com-ɛtitors. These are not empty claims, but definite facts that you ın instantly check. Such vital features add a value in performance, ɔmfort, safety and durability far beyond anything offered by other xes in Whippet's price class. Other notable points of the new ıperior Whippet Six are ultra-modern beauty of design, larger bodies, ıore power, faster speed and pick-up, and economical operation.

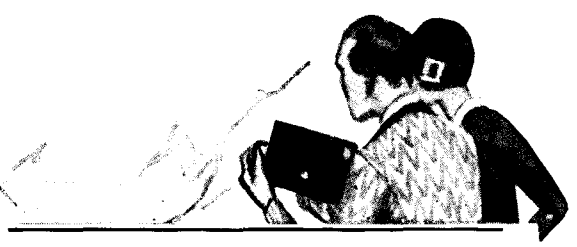
7-BEARING CRANKSHAFT
"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"
FULL FORCE-FEED LUBRICATION
SILENT TIMING CHAIN
INVAR-STRUT PISTONS
EXTRA LONG WHEELBASE
OVERSIZE BALLOON TIRES

VILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, O.
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

NEW JPERIOR *Whippet* **FOURS SIXES**







WHIPPET FOUR COACH

$550

Coupe $550; 4-pass. Coupe $580; Sedan $615; DeLuxe Sedan $695; Roadster $500; 4-pass. Roadster $530; Collegiate Roadster $595; Touring $495; Commercial Chassis $380. All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

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THE RECRUIT WHO PRACTICED SLIDING IN THE HOTEL LOBBY
CUSPIDOR
THE RECRUIT WHO SAT UP ALL NIGHT WATCHING THE SHOES IN THE SLEEPING CAR
AND-THE RECRUIT WHO USED THE LITTLE HAMMOCK IN THE BERTH TO REST HIS SALARY WING

Riding the Rooks

By Al Demaree

Baseball rookies are losing their verdant hue. Time was when they'd believe just what you told 'em—and the vets told 'em plenty. Now they check up on the vets' batting and between times play golf—one of them is named Walter Hagen

THE batter fanned. A roar of surprise swept out from the crowded stands. A coacher at third rushed toward the big fellow lumbering in from the pitcher's box. "Good boy!" roared the coacher. "You. . . ."

"Good boy!" shouted the elated players on the bench.

"Who was that fellow?" asked the pitcher, nonchalantly reaching for the drinking cup.

"The longer you keep wondering who that fellow was, Tex," Kid Gleason replied, "the longer you'll keep striking him out."

That was Tex Russell's first appearance against Ty Cobb in the big leagues. Tex was plenty "green"; he had to be green not to know Ty Cobb in those days.

Secretary Harry Grabiner of the White Sox tells me that the first time he saw Russell (about the time that the college dandies were specializing in all sorts of trick clothes) he had on a contraption to keep his coat lapels in place, and a steel "fold" down the front of his pants to keep the crease in. There was no hinge in this mechanical crease, so Tex couldn't sit down!

Russell couldn't read or write, but he had a high fast one that nobody could hit. Most of the rookies coming up nowadays can read and write, but they don't have the high fast one that nobody can hit. There was more color among the rookies of those days, and that color was green.

At the Phillies' camp at St. Petersburg, in 1915, a scrawny little fellow showed up with a weird collection of crooked and odd-shaped bats. He had a line-drive bat of one shape and a sacrifice-fly bat of another. He had a spitball bat and a curve-ball bat; in fact everything but a base-on-balls bat. He explained in lengthy detail the scientific principles of his inventions.

Manager Pat Moran finally sent him up to the plate one day to demonstrate his bats against Grover Alexander. One after another he tried his various clubs. They were a complete success except for the fact that he couldn't get even a foul tip off Alec. Completely nonplused by his failure, he ducked town that night, leaving his bats behind for the Phillies to carry on experiments with.

His Heart was in Baseball

We had another notable rookie at that camp of the Phillies in '15. I think that he could be called "the perennial rookie," for he still wants to play ball, even though he has made an immense success in another sport. I refer to Walter Hagen.

Walter used to work out with us every day that spring. He was golfing in those regions, but his heart was in baseball and it still is—so much so that only this year Hagen bought a $35,000 interest in the Rochester International League club in order that he might appear in a few exhibition games with the team.

Hagen admits that he gets awfully tired of golf, but he has never been able to get enough of baseball. Perhaps some day he'll be appearing with the Rochester nine as a "rookie" infielder.

Squelching the Volunteers

Hagen as the perennial rookie reminds me of two other rookies who have become a part of the tradition of the game. Johnny Ward, a rookie who broke in years ago, was always late for the bus that took the players out to the ball park. And to this day any guy who is habitually late is known as a Johnny Ward. "Come on, Johnny Ward," the ball players will call to the tardy one.

There was once a rookie named Bill Hasmer, too, who always seemed to get good hops when fielding. He knew how to play the ball for nice long hops. To this day nice hops are called Bill Hasmers or Big Bills.

Every spring camp draws a few free-lance rookies, fellows who report to the club without being invited. These fellows seldom are any good, and most of them are "nuts."

McGraw used to use Shufflin' Phil Douglas to get rid of these pests. When one of these "nuts" showed up in camp, McGraw would assign him to Phil as roommate. Douglas would come out to the park late, with a couple of big revolvers in his belt, sandwiched in between a row of bowie knives.

"You're late for practice," McGraw would begin.

"What the hell you got to say about it?" Phil would rasp.

That would squelch McGraw, and he would slink away. The kid, seeing all this, and figuring that a fellow who could cut up like that before the manager, must be a bad actor, usually ducked town before nightfall.

Even after they get up to the big show, rookies have a hard time learning where they stand.

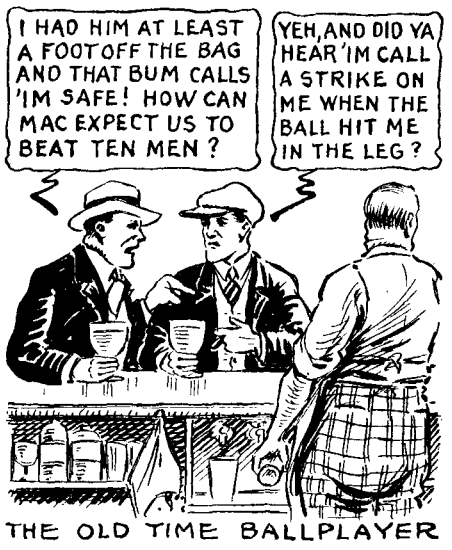
At the time Nap Rucker, the great Dodgers' southpaw, was right at his best, a young busher faced him four times in a game and fanned every time.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked Jack Murray.

"Aw, just some rookie just breaking in," lied Jack. "I don't even know his name."

"Gosh," said the rookie. "If *he's* just a rookie, what'll I ever do against the big guys? I might as well quit. I can see right now, this league is too fast for me."

John McGraw always used to appoint one of these green rookies to stay up all night and watch the shoes in the Pullman to see that nobody stole them. Nap Lajoie assigned a different rookie each night to go on duty sitting on the back platform with a lantern to see that another train didn't bump into them. Rube Schauer, a Giant rookie, who had never been in a Pullman before, didn't take off his clothes the first night, and fell for the old one about the hammock


I HAD HIM AT LEAST A FOOT OFF THE BAG AND THAT BUM CALLS 'IM SAFE! HOW CAN MAC EXPECT US TO BEAT TEN MEN?
YEH, AND DID YA HEAR 'IM CALL A STRIKE ON ME WHEN THE BALL HIT ME IN THE LEG?
THE OLD TIME BALLPLAYER

being put there especially for the pitchers to rest their arms in.

Is it any wonder that the veterans pulled the badger and other stock tricks like snipe hunting on such excellent "material" as this?

Fred Merkle was notorious for being caught in the "pull the badger" gag twice the same night. There is supposed to be a fight between a dog and a badger, which is kept under a box. One ball player holds the dog, and, to give the badger a fair deal, the rookie is assigned to pull the badger out of the box and hold him. At the signal, the box is lifted and the rookie pulls out—not a badger at all, but an old piece of crockery!

They told Merkle, after the first trial, that *it* was a frame-up, but next time they would have a real badger for the real thing. Fred bit on that one too!

A rookie breaking in used to face plenty of trouble. They would send him after the "key to the pitcher's box"; a veteran would invite him to go across the street to get a soda, and when they got back to the rooming house a deluge of laundry bags and paper sacks full of water would land on the busher's head.

The Test of a Ball Player

At the park nobody showed them any consideration. They were just to shag flies or pitch their arms off tossing to the batters. The vets gave them no help, because the rookies were after their jobs. Buck Herzog says: "While we made everything as tough as possible for them, if they could stand up under it, and come through, that proved that they were real ball players."

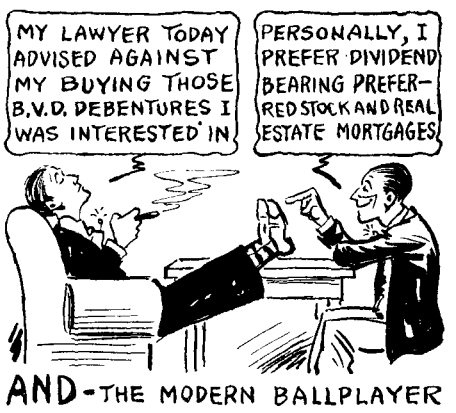
Art Wilson, the old Giants' catcher, likes to tell about the first time he showed up on the field at camp. Cy Seymour came running up to him and bawled, "In or out, cull?"—meaning, "Are you an infielder, or an outfielder?"

"Lucky for me," says Art, in telling about it, "I was a catcher. If I'd been an outfielder, he'd probably brained me right there, or broken my leg with a bat."

In the old days everybody rode the rookies, or snubbed them, and did everything possible to make it tough for them. A busher never got a chance to hit, unless he hired another rookie to toss 'em up to him.

McGraw, however, never rode a rookie in spring camp, or during his first year on the club. The second year he would let him have it with the others, but never the first year. Often you would hear a rookie with the Giants say, "They talk about this McGraw being such a guy. Why, he's all right. He rides the other fellows, but not me."

Occasionally the downtrodden worm would turn. (*Continued on page 56*)


MY LAWYER TODAY ADVISED AGAINST MY BUYING THOSE B.V.D. DEBENTURES I WAS INTERESTED IN
PERSONALLY, I PREFER DIVIDEND BEARING PREFERRED STOCK AND REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES
AND-THE MODERN BALLPLAYER

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BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Poisoned arrows sang the Incas' vengeance through the hot Andean air. But the arrogant steel-armored Spaniards clanked relentlessly on. Then an enemy, far more deadly than arrows, floated out of the night to spread disease and death among Pizarro's warriors—a tiny gnat only a year ago identified as the carrier of Verruga and Oroya fever.

Indicted yesterday—for a 400-year-old crime

In 1870, nearly four centuries after Pizarro's hazardous expedition, another great human adventure was almost wrecked by the same cause. So appalling was the toll of death and suffering among the thousands of laborers hewing a path for the Trans-Andean railway, that the vast project was almost abandoned.

Less than a year ago the world first learned the facts about this deadly foe which for centuries had destroyed thousands of lives in the Peruvian Andes. In November, 1928, Drs. Noguchi, Shannon, Tilden and Tyler issued their now world-famous report, which traced Verruga Peruana and Oroya fever, two closely related diseases, or perhaps different forms of the same disease, to a curious rod-shaped parasite, called *Bartonella bacilliformis.* The crime of carrying this microscopic little monster into the blood of man was at last brought home to the night-flying gnat, Phlebotomus. Science thus tacked up one more portrait in its rogues' gallery.

The knights-errant of modern science

One by one, the age-old enemies of health are being tracked to their lairs.

The men and women who give their lives to this conquest of disease know human hopes and dreams as glowing as ever burned in the breasts of knights-errant of old.

Some have spent valiant years isolated from civilization in dark and threatening jungles. Others pass thrilling days in quiet laboratories, where every available scientific resource is placed at their disposal.

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We of Parke, Davis & Company take pleasure in extending a cordial invitation to physicians, pharmacists, and others directly interested in medical science to visit our research laboratories at Detroit, Michigan. We shall be very glad to show you how we are coöperating in the struggle to make the physician's work of greater and greater value to humanity.

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The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

As we bent over that wonderful panorama I suppressed an exclamation. The roads were animate with tiny figures! "Trouble!" Gaston Max announced laconically

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, an explorer, is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate a report about giant bats. A bodiless voice warns him to leave.

He joins forces with Lonergan of the U. S. Secret Service and Max of the Paris Sûreté, both of whom are trailing a Madame Yburg.

Woodville falls in love with Marusa. He learns that the mysterious forces which oppose him are controlled by a secret cult headed by Anubis, who is about to destroy the world. Only his followers will survive. Of these Marusa is one.

The Voice speaks: "Gaston Max, you shall survive for a thousand years. John Lonergan, your reward shall be oblivion. Woodville, upon you the decision shall rest."

The three men are separately trapped and taken to Castle Felsenweir. Lonergan, apparently hypnotized, visits Woodville and urges him to become a follower of Anubis. Marusa appears and repeats this demand.

Woodville is admitted to the presence of the magnificent dwarf, Anubis. He learns how Lonergan was deprived of volition, how the weird creatures which guard the castle are fabricated, he sees Gaston Max motionless and naked in a crystal coffin and he is shown two members of the Corps of Pages. He is dismissed with the command that he make his decision within five hours. He has the freedom of the castle, and Lonergan, with will power restored, accompanies him. Herr Richter acts as guide. Woodville discovers a room filled with batlike flying suits in which the followers of Anubis travel, supported by an energy wave.

He returns to his room. Marusa visits *him. She tells him she is Madame Yburg's* daughter. But she is willing to join him in opposing Anubis' design. When she is gone, Max appears—disguised as Dr. Nestor. He tells how he outwitted the dwarf by closing his eyes when subjected to the device for inducing hypnotism, how he acted as though hypnotized and how he was placed in the crystal coffin.

XI

THIS coffin of a living death [Gaston Max went on] in which I lay was raised upright. It rested upon a sort of trolley with rubber-tired wheels. I was pushed out into some place of darkness. . . .

For the first time I closed my weary eyes and relaxed my tired muscles. There was air in this crystal coffin. It was possible to breathe. But every minute seemed like an hour, and the hours interminable. How long I lay there, *mon Dieu!* I cannot even guess. But suddenly—so suddenly that I had barely time to stare before me and become rigid again—I felt myself moving upward! I was in some kind of lift! The movement ceased. Curtains were parted before my glass tomb, and I saw a strange, dimly lighted room. . . .

You were in it, Woodville, seated on a low stool! Before you, on a platform, was Anubis. Two beautiful creatures, one of ebony and one of ivory, moved dimly within my plane of vision.

Vaguely, because of the glass box which surrounded me, I heard Anubis speak to you. . . . The curtains were reclosed. I was in darkness again. . . . I was returned to that small apartment adjoining the laboratory and my sarcophagus was lowered to the floor.

There was a dim light in this room. By his shadow, I traced the one who had moved me. I saw him go.

Then I ventured to relax, and to think—to think—to think! Plans I could make none, for I had no idea what would happen next! My greatest chance lay in a surprise attack. If such an opportunity presented itself, on me, I reflected, must rest the fate of the world!

I heard vague sounds—once, the voice of Anubis. That peculiar whining noise, too, which is made by the elevators. But no one entered the room. It was an ordeal which I cannot describe, which honestly, my friend, I did not think I could survive a second time. Hours passed—many, many hours!

Then, suddenly, I saw a moving shadow! I became rigid. I stared straight upward. *Madame Yburg stood watching me!*

Except that she wore some white garment, I could not, dare not, learn more. She began to speak.

"Well, my brilliant friend," she said, "is it clear to you what occurred at Bagnères des Barèges? You come at a critical moment—for at dawn tomorrow it occurs to all the world!"

I BEGAN to wonder! Had she detected my trickery? How far could I trust her?

"Short of joining us, there is only death." She mused on. "How strange! If it were otherwise I would help you. . . . *Stare*, my friend—and *accept*. . . ."

She knew! She fell silent. . . .

M. Nestor entered. . . .

"Ah, good evening, my dear Chief!" he exclaimed. He spoke in German. "This pleasure was unforeseen. I expected Richter."

"Herr Richter is with Anubis," Madame Yburg replied—so coldly. "I am standing by until he is free. Your watch ends, Dr. Nestor, when you have given the patient his first shot. Good night."

I saw, from her shadow, that she was going; then:

"May I hope," said he, "when the anxieties of tomorrow are ended, that you will think over—"

Madame Yburg laughed.

"You are very persistent!" she replied, and went out.

It was clear. M. Nestor found encouragement. He hummed a song—a popular dance melody. Yes, he was happy. It was sad. At all costs I must avoid the "first shot!"

Quickly, and in a workmanlike manner, M. Nestor removed the lid of my glass sarcophagus. He raised it upright. He rested it against some place which I could not see, since I did not dare to move my eyes. An itching, a tear, a sneeze—any of these must betray me—ruin me!

He came presently into view, his back turned in my direction. He wore a dinner kit. I looked at him. He was charging a hypodermic syringe! . . .

I acted.

Silent, in my nakedness, and in spite of my cramped muscles, I rose from that glass coffin and hurled myself upon M. Nestor! We, of the French police, are trained in jiu-jutsu. (So also is Mr. Lonergan!) I threw the unsuspecting Greek without difficulty. . . .

Let me make my meaning clear; for that which followed was horrible. I had secured a stranglehold—you understand? It was necessary that he should be not only helpless, but *silent*. Apparently he did not understand the nature of these circumstances. And—how shall I express this thing . . .

My friend! . . . the unhappy M. Nestor *strangled himself!*

Realizing what had occurred, I looked down at him. . . . I listened. All was silent! I crossed to the table at which he had been charging the syringe. This syringe lay upon the floor. On the table were surgical implements including those very scissors which he had employed to cut my garments from my body.

I USED them for another purpose. I cut off his black mustache! Much stubble was left—keen though the blades were. Myself I was now unshaven for many hours and the difference between us was not great.

His garments I removed while yet it was possible to stir his limbs. I shudder when I think of it! . . .

The dinner suit fitted me badly, but well enough. I broke one of the studs in removing his shirt—although this shirt was (*Continued on page 36*)

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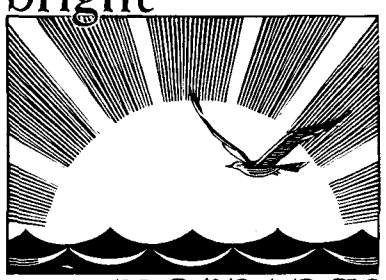
mornings

blue

mornings

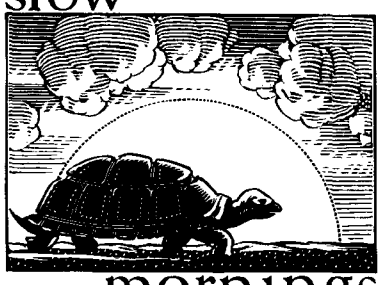
bright

mornings

dark brown

mornings

play

mornings

slow

mornings

hot

mornings

cold

mornings

fast

mornings

pay day

mornings

work

mornings

Every day you have a different face to shave ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

THERE'S the dismal morning when the hot water faucet runs cold—and the dark brown morning after the party when your face is taut and sensitive from lack of sleep—and the hurry-up morning when you have to make the 7.45—all kinds of mornings, all kinds of shaving conditions, but only one kind of Gillette Blade—the one constant factor in your daily shave.

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unstarched and of an impossible pattern. No one disturbed me. Only my own movements broke the silence. I wondered . . . but went on. I placed him in the coffin from which I had escaped and returned the lid, crossing his stiffening arms upon his breast, as mine had been crossed. One hand concealed the identification disk he wore. I ruffled his hair.

Yes! It was ghastly! but it was *his* life, or the life of *millions!*

Roughly I arranged my own hair in the manner which he had affected. There was a washbowl on one side of this small room and a mirror above it. The mustache, you understand, was tiny, like that worn by M. Charles Chaplin. I had cut a lock from the head of the dead man. I laid it on the bowl and in despair plunged my hands into the pockets of his dinner jacket. . . .

This gesture saved me! What do you think I found? . . . *Chewing gum!*

It was enough! My mustache was attached. I trimmed it with the surgical scissors.

I HAD become M. Nestor . . . except that I did not talk Greek!

In the pockets of this unhappy man's garments I found several significant things. In order of interest they were:

A very neat and unusual folding headpiece, having tiny caps to fit the ears. (The purpose of this was apparent.) A case of good cigars—quite full. In the case a photograph of Madame Yburg. A visiting card of one Dr. Schreiber, upon it penciled "9:30 Regal garden." And, as I have already stated, a packet of chewing gum.

In a little lobby I discovered a light overcoat and soft gray hat, also a gold-mounted malacca cane. Upon a side table lay a pair of gloves.

It is at such moments, my friend, that one calls upon one's experience. I had no clue to the hour. But it was safe to assume that as M. Nestor had worn evening dress it was night. Nevertheless, the appointment with Dr. Schreiber might not be for *this night.*

I was in a quandary—and for more reasons than one. The poor Nestor's spectacles not only fitted me badly but contained such powerful lenses that, wearing them, I saw everything through a fog! Supreme problem: How was I to get out of the laboratory—and what was M. Nestor's behavior in departing?

The anteroom, as well as that containing my glass coffin, was dimly lighted. This, by heaven! was fortunate!

As I stood before the little mirror, endeavoring to adjust those spectacles, I heard footsteps! I turned. . . .

A stout man, a German, in white overalls—and who also wore spectacles—was approaching. . . . He was blond, half blind and good-humored. . . .

He smiled.

"Forgive me, doctor," he said, speaking in English, "if I have detained you. But you know how particular *he* is at his rest hours. He insisted upon a last word with the English journalist before retiring. Then, 'Herr Richter,' he said, 'it is death for anyone to wake me before midnight.' Thank God, he is asleep now! The Chief stood by. She is a darling. I know you agree."

Swiftly, I became M. Nestor.

Herr Richter glanced at the crystal coffin.

"Another injection at midnight? Is it so?" he asked.

I nodded. I recalled perfectly the speech of M. Nestor, and:

"Sure," I replied—"right arm. Don't move him."

Herr Richter nodded comprehendingly.

"A and B Zones are down," he said, turning away. "You will require your crown."

I understood. "Crown" was their name for the headpiece!

AT WHAT point of the journey was it usual to attach one's "crown"? More urgent—in which direction should I proceed? This Richter was half blind, but I might meet others who could see too well. . . . Name of a good little man! it was nervous work!

"Elevator waiting!" the German called over his shoulder as he passed from the room.

I followed him.

At the farther end of the great laboratory, I saw a gap in the wall—the car of an elevator! My unsuspecting confrère was bending over a table on which were a number of books and papers. I hoped he would not ask me to explain anything; I hoped I should not meet Madame Yburg. As I passed Richter and had nearly reached the elevator:

"Doctor!" he called.

I paused—afraid to look back!

"Well?" I spoke over my shoulder.

"Crown!" he said. "Always put it on before you leave, doctor, when the Zones are down. You know what happened last week!"

Relief drew a great sigh from me.

"Sure!" I replied. "Thanks. Good night!"

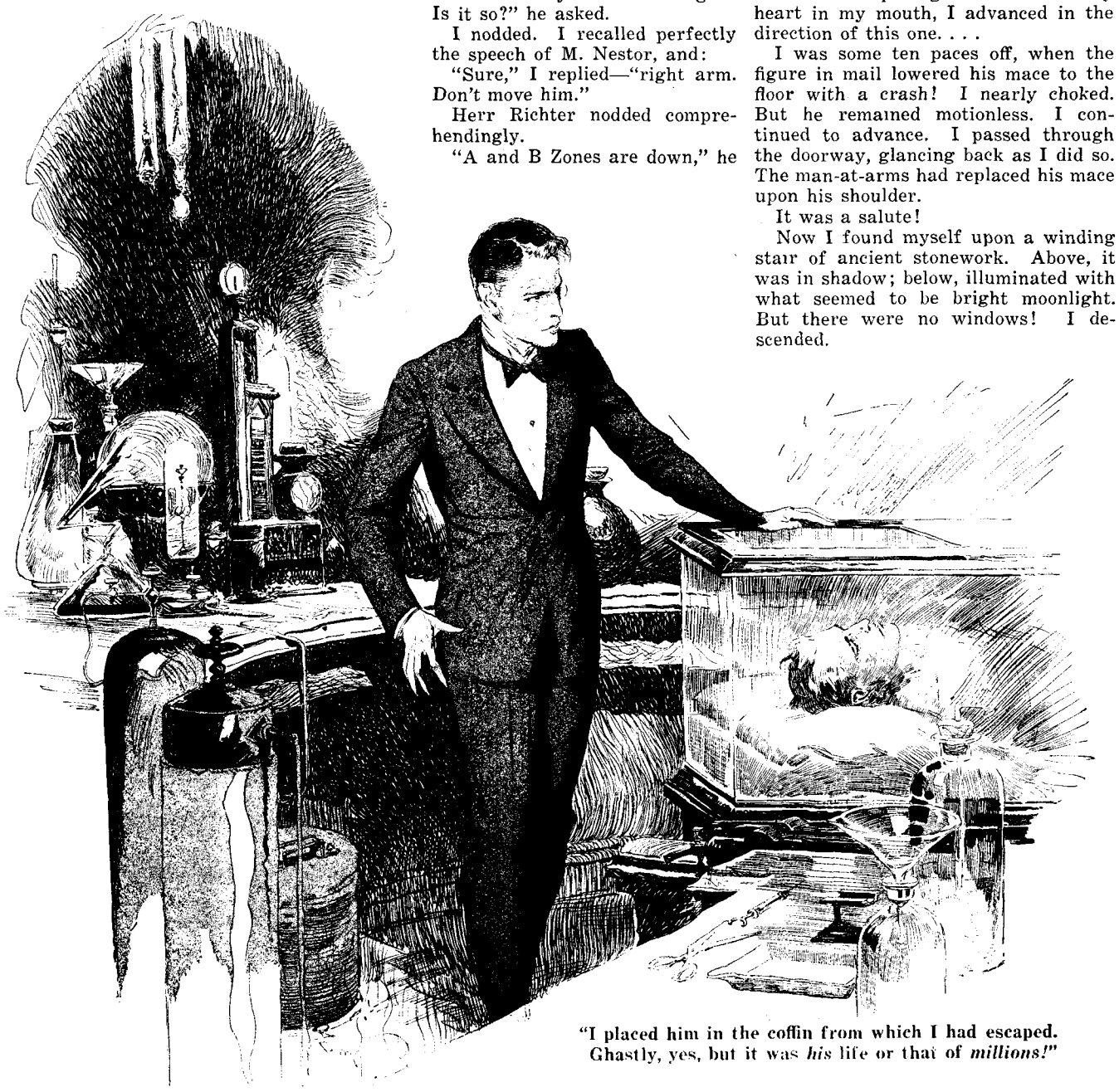
I stepped into the lift. Immediately, it descended. It stopped. I saw before me a great hall supported by square pillars and having in the middle a monstrous statue. In a corner, beside an open doorway, stood a giant figure, black-armored, a mace upon his shoulder!

No other opening was visible. My heart in my mouth, I advanced in the direction of this one. . . .

I was some ten paces off, when the figure in mail lowered his mace to the floor with a crash! I nearly choked. But he remained motionless. I continued to advance. I passed through the doorway, glancing back as I did so. The man-at-arms had replaced his mace upon his shoulder.

It was a salute!

Now I found myself upon a winding stair of ancient stonework. Above, it was in shadow; below, illuminated with what seemed to be bright moonlight. But there were no windows! I descended.



"I placed him in the coffin from which I had escaped. Ghastly, yes, but it was *his* life or that of *millions!*"

Presently I reached a great iron gate. Everything was silent—deathly silent! Here at this gate stood another of the gigantic black figures—dreadful to contemplate in that artificial moonlight. I was six steps above the gate; but the figure reached out a mailed black arm and opened it. I passed through and continued to descend. The gate closed with a clang behind me.

Down I went, at last reaching a low, arched doorway. I stepped through—and found myself . . . where do you think?

Clearly, in the ancient guard-room of the castle! It retained many of its original features. But new and strange ones had been added. Behind a table near the great open fireplace, a table which contained a number of extraordinary-looking switchboards and other paraphernalia, a man was seated.

This room, alas! was more brightly lighted—as I had observed from the stairs. I now wore the headpiece and carried the hat, coat and the cane of M. Nestor.

The man at the table, an ascetic-looking creature who might have been a monk except that he wore quite ordinary and shabby clothes, stared at me hard with light blue eyes. He was, I think, a Swede. I did not care for his appearance, until:

"I am glad to see, doctor," he said, speaking in English but now his Swedish accent was unmistakable, "that your experience of last week has taught you wisdom." He tapped his ear.

I nodded. That stare had been harmless. He had merely wished to learn if I wore the protective "crown"! Evidently M. Nestor was notoriously absent-minded. . . .

So far, very good.

THE Swede took up a bunch of keys, crossed and opened a heavily iron-studded door—part, one could see at a glance, of the old fortress. He stood aside as I went through, and:

"If you return by road," he advised, "use the zone path after midnight. But go out by the main gate. The Watch will open. Good night."

"Good night," I replied.

I walked out to find myself in an ancient courtyard.

Before me, at the foot of a declivity, were twin towers joined by a gateway above which projected the teeth of a portcullis. The night was perfect. I proceeded.

Clear of the castle and before trees obtruded, I turned, looking back. My friend, Felsenweir from that point presents a wonderful spectacle in the moonlight! Its silhouette against the sky took me back into the Middle Ages. From that point of view, nothing seemed to have changed.

This road upon which I found myself presently plunged into a perfect tunnel of pines. I pulled up, unable to proceed. Moonlight failed to penetrate; and I wondered why the lamented M. Nestor carried no torch.

Then, my stupidity became apparent. . . .

Some heavy object contained in the pocket of that light overcoat I carried, and which had been bumping against my legs, proved to be just the torch which I required!

I continued my journey.

It was a longer journey than I had anticipated. But at last it brought me to the foot of the slope. Ahead, I saw an iron gate. As I moved the ray of the torch right to left, presently it rested upon another of those gigantic black figures. . . .

I doubted. I wondered. . . . Name of a little dog! Since I had left, *everything* might have been discovered!

This one's orders were perhaps to dash out my (*Continued on page 53*)

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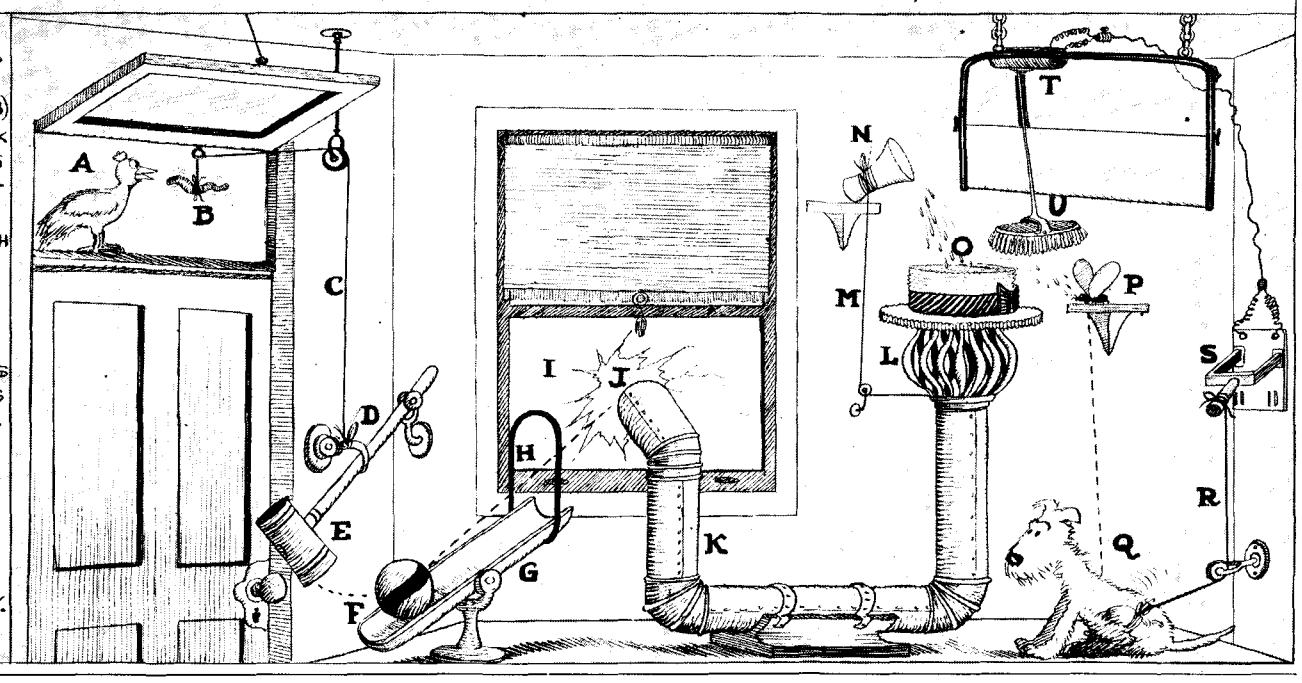
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

A NEW MACHINE FOR CLEANING STRAW HATS SLIDES OFF THE NOTION COUNTER OF THE PROFESSOR'S BRAIN. THE EARLY BIRD (A) COMES TO EAT WORM (B) AND PULLS STRING (C) WHICH RELEASES HOOK (D) ALLOWING CROQUET MALLET (E) TO SWING AND HIT BALL (F). BALL PROCEEDS UP RUNWAY (G) THROUGH WICKET (H) BREAKING PANE OF GLASS (I). PASSING BREEZE BLOWS THROUGH HOLE (J) AND ENTERS FLUE PIPE (K) CAUSING VENTILATOR (L) TO REVOLVE, WHICH PULLS CORD (M), UPSETTING GLASS OF LEMON JUICE (N) ON TO HAT (O). FLEA (P) GETS A DROP OF LEMON JUICE IN HIS EYES WHICH BLINDS HIM AND HE FALLS ON PIFFLE TERRIER'S BACK (Q). WHEN TERRIER SCRATCHES HIS BACK HE PULLS STRING (R), TURNING ON SWITCH (S) AND STARTING AUTO WINDSHIELD WIPER (T) WHICH MOVES SCRUBBING BRUSH (U) BACK AND FORTH ON ROTATING STRAW HAT.

IF THE EARLY BIRD IS LATE AND YOU'RE IN A HURRY, WEAR A DERBY.



Still Waters

Continued from page 15

Twice he was almost impelled to turn back and risk following the pavement below to some easier point of attack but thought of the danger drove him on.

The rattle of a motorcycle, driven rapidly, came to him, tossed up, magnified by the narrow walls below. The sound was like a whiplash to a tired horse. In a frenzy he pulled himself upward, heedless of the need for silence, ignorant of the dribble of loosened dirt and pebbles that brawled noisily down to the road below. His knees dug into solid, level earth. Still clinging to the bending sapling, he hauled himself erect and was aware at length that the noise of the cycle had ceased. Dizzy and breathless, he stupidly looked downward upon the upturned faces of Tarleton and Conway.

In the instant's paralysis of astonishment, York saw surprise turn into the excitement of recognition. Conway swung a leg out of the side car. Tarleton, astride the cycle, called sharply: "Don't move." One hand deserted the handle bars and reached toward his belt. Winded and weary though he was, York turned and half scrambled, half ran up the wooded, gentler slope of the hill itself.

FOR what seemed an eternity he pushed forward, ignoring caution in his haste. Stones stirred noisily under his legs with malicious fingers. A rotted log gave way beneath him. He pitched on his face and heard, behind, a shout, wordless but peremptory.

Fresh, helped by each other and guided by the trail he himself had blazed, it had taken the troopers only a fraction of the time and effort he had needed to scale that bank. As York rose, he could see their gray uniforms flickering upward through the tree-trunks. The imminence of his peril steadied his mind. Further blind flight would only leave a trail of sound along which they would follow and overtake him.

Twigs snapped dismayingly close at hand as he rose on all fours behind the log over which he had fallen. He crept away at right angles to his recent line of flight, placed a fallen tree between him and the men that followed and rising, stole no longer upward but along the breast of the hill. The woodcraft of Central American jungles returned to his aid now. He slipped noiselessly from tree to tree, avoiding brush that would betray him by its rustle, stepping carefully over dried branches.

Thrice, behind him, he heard shouts but these were tentative rather than triumphant. He knew that his pursuers had not seen him again.

Yet the soft, wet earth of the woodland would disclose his tracks. The rustle of disturbed leaves, the floundering of footsteps were growing closer. An expedient flashed into his mind, so sudden, so daringly plausible that he gave a wan grin. Before him, the mountainside suddenly fell away, and through the narrow valley below a brook brawled. He laid hands on a lichened stump, wrenched it free by a series of back-and-forward tugs, rolled it downward.

With a crash and a multiple thumping it bounded over the steep bank, tore through the underbrush and splashed into the stream. A yell rose from behind and the sound of feet stumbling forward in haste. York turned back, slipped behind a mass of laurel and threw himself down. Through varnished leaves, he caught a glimpse of two men in gray who hesitated an instant on the bank where he had stood and then hurried down into the valley. Rising, the fugitive ran back in the direction he had come, regardless now of the noise of his flight. In a few minutes he stood once more above the cliff up which he and his pursuers had scrambled.

Below at the roadside stood the motorcycle. With a gasp of satisfaction and a grin, York slid down the bank, reached the machine, straddled it, tramped on the starting pedal. The engine whirred. He eased in the clutch and moved away.

SPEED and success for a moment intoxicated him, so that he opened the throttle wide and whooped his exultation into the mounting wind of his passage. Then forethought again possessed him and he chugged along more soberly, with a wary eye on the highway ahead. A rutted wood road branching off to one side attracted his notice and stirred memory.

A few rods further the highway forked. He dismounted there, leaving the machine equivocally between its branches, ran back to the wood road and hurried away up it, self-satisfaction and a gleeful, boyish zest lending power to his strides. Presently, the stiff upgrade wearied him. He yawned again and saw with a renewed apprehension that the track along which he climbed was scored deep with new ruts, pocked and trampled by horses' hoofs. He hesitated a moment, then drove himself on, but these evidences of activity in what he recalled as solitude troubled him. The spring had left his gait and he flinched nervously at the stir of wind through boughs that met above his head. Overhead, the wind rode, mocking the humid stillness of the glade. He paused, wiped his streaming face and listened.

A RED-EYED vireo called with lonely persistence from his treetop and York caught, between its pipings, the creak and clatter of an approaching wagon.

He had more than ample time to leap from the road and conceal himself in the brush before it came into view, far down the leafy corridor. It strained by, laden high with cordwood, mud-splashed horses slopping through the spongy soil, blue-jeaned men lurching somnolently on its seat.

Not until even the sound of its passage had died did York heave himself out of his hiding place. It required all his will to move even then, for his weary body had relaxed and yearned for sleep.

He forced himself on, stumbling half blindly over ruts, careless of mosquitoes who fed full on his face and wrists, discarding caution in his longing to reach his journey's end, and lurched at last out upon a clearing, part of it studded by ancient blackened stumps, part of it freshly cut. Chips gleamed in the approaching noontide and stacks of cordwood gave a pleasant smell of drying timber to the hot air.

Above, on the hill reaching skyward from the plateau, gleamed the rock ledges he had sought; and across the clearing, squatting before a giant maple, a decaying cottage stood. His eyes, marking it, quickened and grew tender with reminiscence. To this one-time farmhouse, sagging, decrepit, gray with years, he and Desire had fled for shelter when a thunderstorm had thwarted their intention of climbing the peak now sharp against the blue of noon. There in the dwelling that earth was slowly pulling back to herself they had first known that they loved each other. How long ago it seemed! It had been barely three months before.

In that brief space, even this far-off seclusion had altered. Axes had doubled the clearing the cottage faced. He scowled, surveying their destruction and then stiffened with sudden interest. The woodchoppers had restored the ancient dam and recreated the vanished pond. When last he was here, a brook had run through the rotting timbers of an ancient sluice. Now the little stream had been backed up by a new-built barrier into a long narrow arm of water, stretching far across the plateau and he saw with puzzled interest that the trees at its far end had been cut away.

Ingenious chaps, these lumbermen, he thought as he walked toward the cottage. They were employing a water route to float their timber to the loading stage. The ardent sunlight relaxed and wilted his weary body still further. He heard, far away through the bright stillness, a noon whistle in Aristides. His one craving now was for sleep until dark.

Uneasiness stirred again beneath enveloping fatigue when he saw that the windows of the little building's ground floor had been blindfolded by planking and that a stout door with hasp and padlock blocked the entrance. He paused, startled, but observing that the padlock hung open from a staple, advanced again with sudden recklessness and thrust the portal afar.

FROM the gloom, the familiar musty smell of the cottage came to him, mingled with a taint of recent occupation, a trace of stale cigarette smoke, the faint reek of human sweat. He lit a match with fingers that trembled a little and pushed the door shut behind him.

The chamber was bare. The flickering light shone on the cracked and blotched plaster of the walls, where lath showed here and there like the ribs of a long-dead creature. The floor, sagged and splintering, was barren, save for fresh bits of mud, cigarette stubs, bread crusts, a sausage skin. The match burned out. York kindled another.

Above his head gaped the square hole through which the long vanished staircase had ascended. He raised the light and saw its corners blurred by cobweb. There at least no one had ventured during the clearing's puzzled revival of activity. He dropped the match, caught the edge of the upper floor with both hands and heaved himself aloft. Here beneath the eaves was the dust and un-

(*Continued on page 40*)

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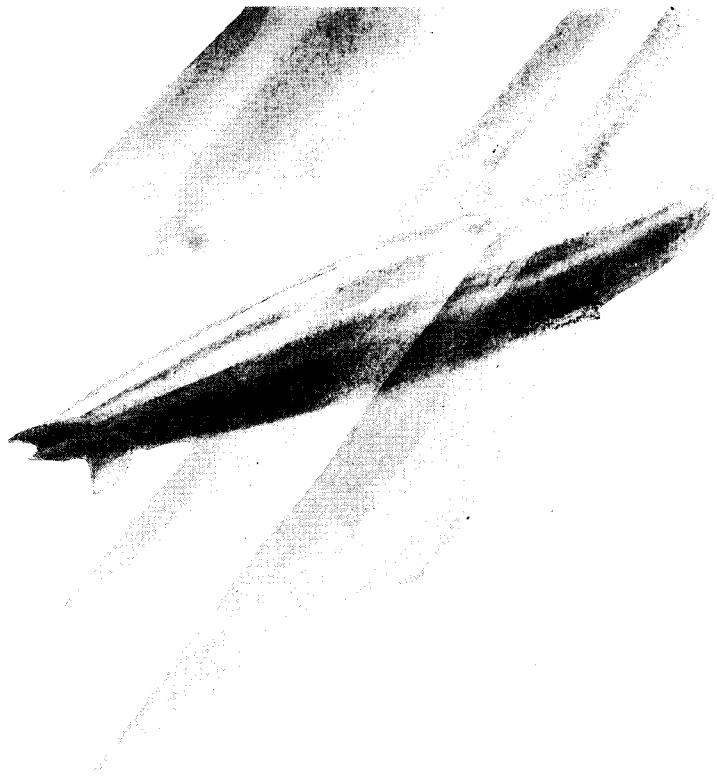
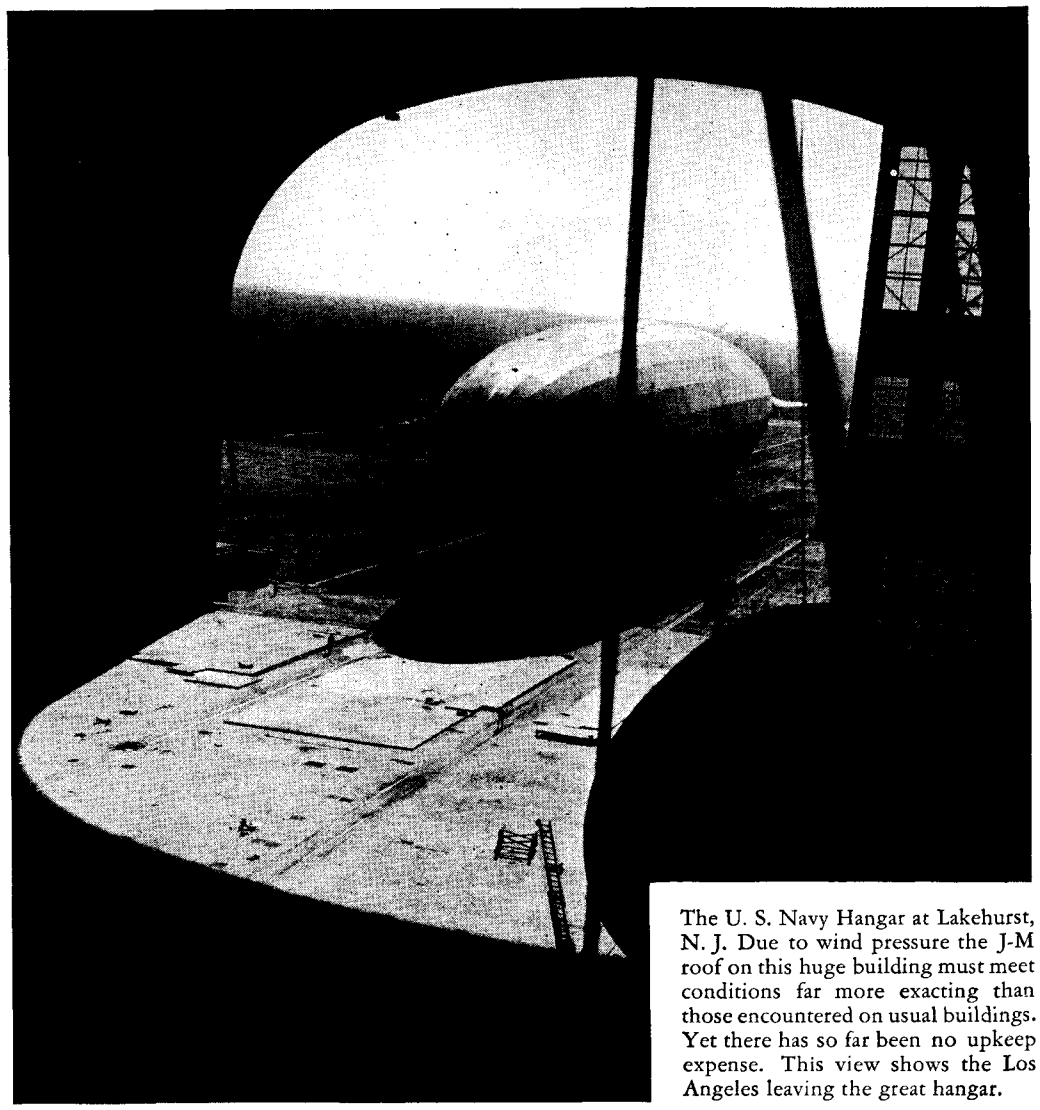


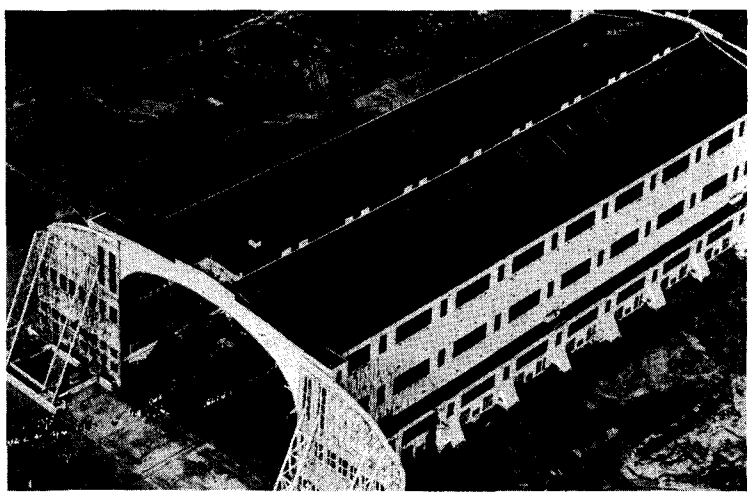
A DRYDOCK FOR THE LINERS OF THE AIR



The U. S. Navy Hangar at Lakehurst, N. J. Due to wind pressure the J-M roof on this huge building must meet conditions far more exacting than those encountered on usual buildings. Yet there has so far been no upkeep expense. This view shows the Los Angeles leaving the great hangar.

Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing Safely Covers the Vast Hangar of the Los Angeles at Lakehurst

THE great liners of the air, the Los Angeles, and her over-seas cousin, the Graf Zeppelin, swim like tireless silver fish through the trackless blue. But like the slow going ocean liners these great ships must have care and rest at journey's end.



The huge hangar of the U. S. Navy at Lakehurst, N. J., provides, not only safe harbor for these amazing craft, but also for a pair of blimps which a few years ago would have been thought giants themselves. Since it was built in 1921, this remarkable building has been protected by 300,000 square feet of Johns-Manville Super Class A Roofing. Impervious alike to driving rain or blazing sun, fireproof and weather-proof the J-M roof protects this enormous building, and the millions of dollars of property it shelters.

There is only one hangar such as the one at Lakehurst, yet there is a J-M roof suitable for it. There is, in fact, a J-M roof suitable for any building, large or small, permanent or temporary.

Johns-Manville has ended doubt in roof selection by providing a sufficient variety of roofs. J-M engineers have perfected, and offer you, more than twenty distinct types of Built-up Roofing. Among these roofs is one exactly suited to any building you may own, whatever its uses, and wherever it may be located. And besides their known ability to meet specific conditions, these J-M roofs are also definitely rated as to length of life. You can, at your option, have a roof covered by a surety bond for 20, 15 or 10 years or an unbonded roof.

Let a J-M Roofing Expert Advise You

A J-M roofing expert is available for consultation without cost or obligation. He can give you impartial advice, because Johns-Manville makes both asbestos and asphalt roofs, smooth or gravel topped — roofs suitable for every building and every purpose. Our specialist will answer your questions, and make recommendations. You, of course, will select the roof that will best meet all your requirements.

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Still Waters

Continued from page 38

disturbed litter of decay, revealed by a ragged hole in the roof where a rafter had crumpled under a shattered limb of the giant maple. Through the gap he could see leaves and a high blue sky.

He was too weary to seek for a clearer space on which to lie, too soiled already to mind the crumbling plaster on the floor. He relaxed where he crouched, slumped over on his side, fell asleep.

York lay in a sleeping car, tearing through the night. A train flashed by the window of his berth with a great, sustained roar that lifted him out of the black depths of his slumber. Along the aisle passengers moved with muffled bumpings and low precautionary voices. These faded out and after a time came again the mighty clamor. He turned, and a shard of plaster dug into him so that he opened his eyes, staring with stupid amazement at the broken roof and the thick beam of sunlight pouring in through the hole.

The troubled dream had vanished, except for the roar of the passing train. York sat up and shook himself, but the sound continued. Still drugged with slumber, he rose and thrust head and shoulders through the shattered roof. Before him stretched the narrow course of the pond, straight as a paved street, but no longer smooth.

Ripples set submerged weeds at its borders to waving and down its center the water swirled and clashed as though an invisible motorboat had ploughed its length. The thunderous tumult that had torn him away from sleep continued. He looked up. In the glaring sky an airplane soared, a silver, sentient thing against the placid blue and as it swept higher he saw sunlight flash on wet pontoons.

York gaped an instant and then withdrew his head. Had they seen him? Could it be that they searched for him by the air too? The sound of the engine was fading into a drone. The craft, as he peered again, was a bright dot, sliding northward across the zenith. His startled surmise seemed ridiculous, yet the machine must have swooped close.

HE GAVE a muffled exclamation, regarding the subsiding ripples on the lane of water before him. It had been here. In his sleep he had heard it alight. Its departure had awakened him. The restored pond was its designed landing stage. But why?

He slipped back from his observation post into the house as softly as possible and stood listening, his face flushed with bewildered excitement. The far shout of the engine faded into a hornet's hum, died. Only his own careful breathing broke the silence. Nothing stirred below the square black hole of the vanished stairway, gaping in the floor.

York knelt beside it and thrust a long arm holding a lighted match down into the lower chamber. Presently the match seared his fingers and dropped, a dwindling spark, into the darkness below. He remained as he was, crouched and staring into the gloom. What he had seen seemed still stamped upon his eyes—a buttress, a wall built upon the floor so lately bare, each stone thereof, a brown, burlap-swathed package, counterparts of those that had lain in the summer house of Adrian York.

Presently he lowered himself into the stairwell and dropped to the floor. Blazing match in one hand, he lifted one of the packages from the orderly mass. It was heavy, straw crackled within it, and faint gurglings came to his ear. He restored it to its place and groped to the door, thrust lightly, pushed hard and surrendered. It was locked from outside. He could hear the padlock rattle in the staple, and the discovery fortified forming resolution.

Here was a cache, identical with that he had seen the morning before his uncle's murder. The barred house, the restored pond, the plane that had flown back toward Canada—all these were indicative of an established, well-organized smuggling industry. And this liquor, too, would vanish like that other trove he had seen, which Tucket, damn the freckled little liar, had insisted was not there. From this concept ran a thousand surmises, a myriad possibilities. It was a clue, clear, indubitable. Witnesses were what he needed, witnesses at once—police if possible.

HE CONSIDERED no further, but, hoisting himself up, clambered through the broken roof, caught a limb of the great maple that rested on the ridge pole, and, clear of the eaves, dropped to the ground. After momentary hesitation, he set out, not following the wood road by which he had reached the clearing, but striking directly south, for in that direction he knew the hill dropped more quickly to the valley and the road through it.

He went down grade with the hasty disregard of a frightened moose and his thoughts were uneven and precipitate as his progress. He had fled from arrest and was seeking it now. If only he could reach Aristides and prevail upon the authorities to return with him before this solid wall of liquor melted as that other and earlier had done! If only the troopers whom he had outwitted a few hours before might still be cruising the highway wrathfully searching for him!

Onward down the slope he plunged, checking himself when his speed grew too great, by clutching saplings, and came at the termination of such a slide suddenly into the presence of a half-grown youngster who yelped at the sight of the hurtling, dishevelled figure and tried to hide the shot-gun he carried.

Still clinging to the tree that had halted him, York regarded the gangling, frightened boy with a stare that his flushed face and his windy breathing seemed to make particularly horrifying to the youngster.

"Gaw," the lad gasped and appeared about to cry.

"What are you doing here?" York managed. The other gulped and wiped clammy sweat from his face with a denim shirt-sleeve. His response was a quavering question:

"You, you the warden?" The tail of a red squirrel protruded from a sagging pocket. The youngster saw the man's eyes upon it, tucked it hastily away and his face wore the stricken pallor of the doomed.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," York responded ominously. "How'd you get here?"

"I—I was just walking, sort of, through the woods here," the lad babbled. "We live over yonder a piece." He canted his head downhill. A possible expedient flashed upon York. He asked, while he searched his pockets for pencil and paper:

"Got a car?"

"Uh-huh," the other admitted, apprehensively. "Pa has."

"Drive it yourself?" the man pursued, breaking the bottom out of a cigarette box in default of other stationery.

(*Continued on page 43*)

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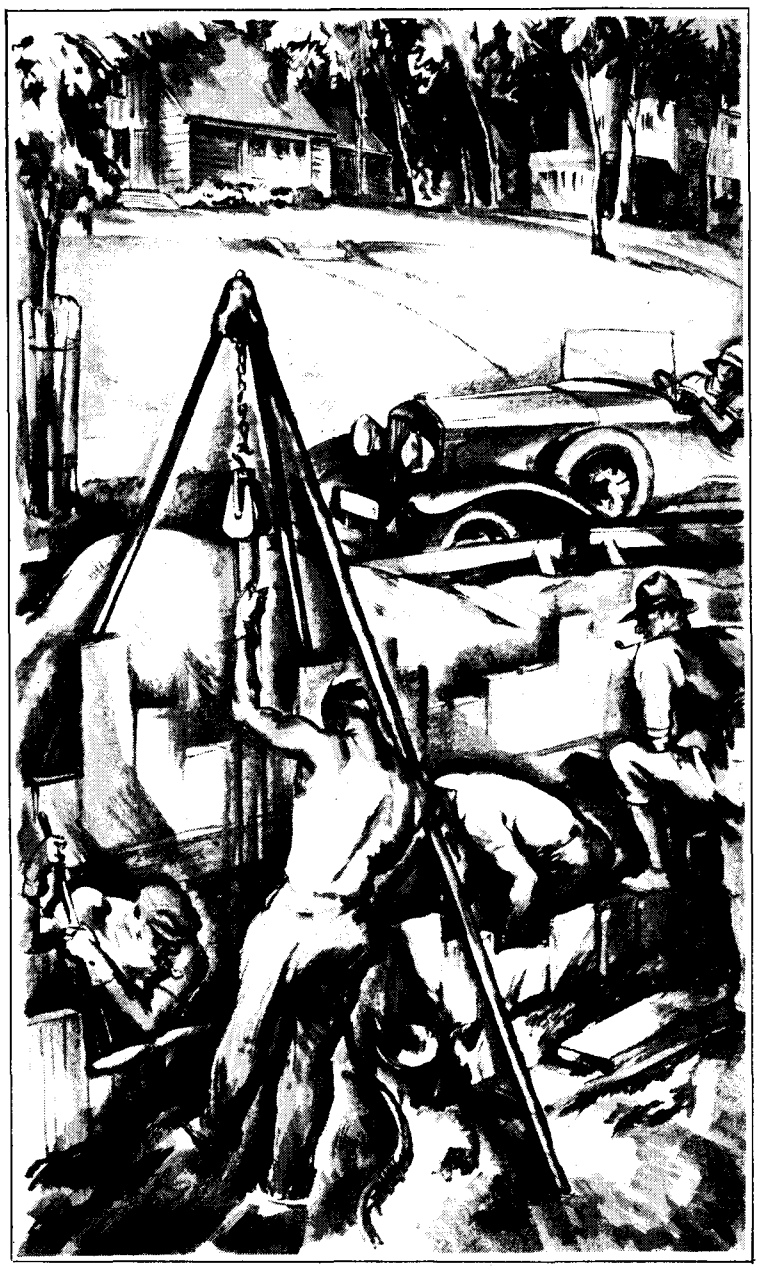
What kind of pipe *will they lay* in front of YOUR property?



"Does it make any difference"? It makes a *lot* of difference to your pocket-book. For there is pipe *and* pipe. There's pipe that may last, say thirty years. A long time? Cast iron pipe lasts a century or more, *has* lasted a century and more—and there's cast iron pipe on the job today that's been in use for more than 250 years! Cast iron is the *longest* wearing pipe for gas or water mains being laid today . . .

How does this concern *you*, a citizen and property owner? It concerns you very directly—*and* financially. The replacement of underground mains costs money, and the property owner pays, directly or indirectly. Every pipe replacement means a torn-up street, with consequent engineering costs, labor costs, and paving material costs, *in addition to the cost of the pipe*. Many pipe replacements involve detours or tie-ups which add to the staggering national loss due to traffic delays. All this means money out of the taxpayer's pocket. And all this can be avoided—or delayed a century or so—by the laying of gas or water mains of *proved* long life.

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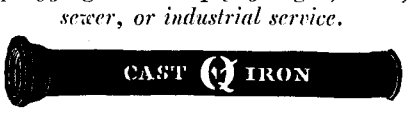

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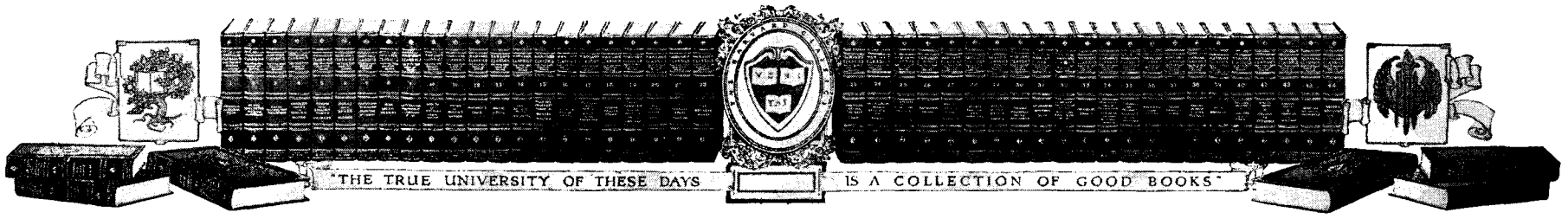

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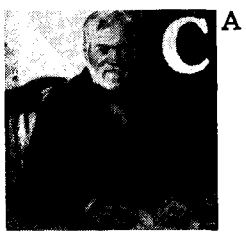

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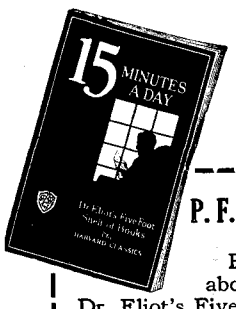

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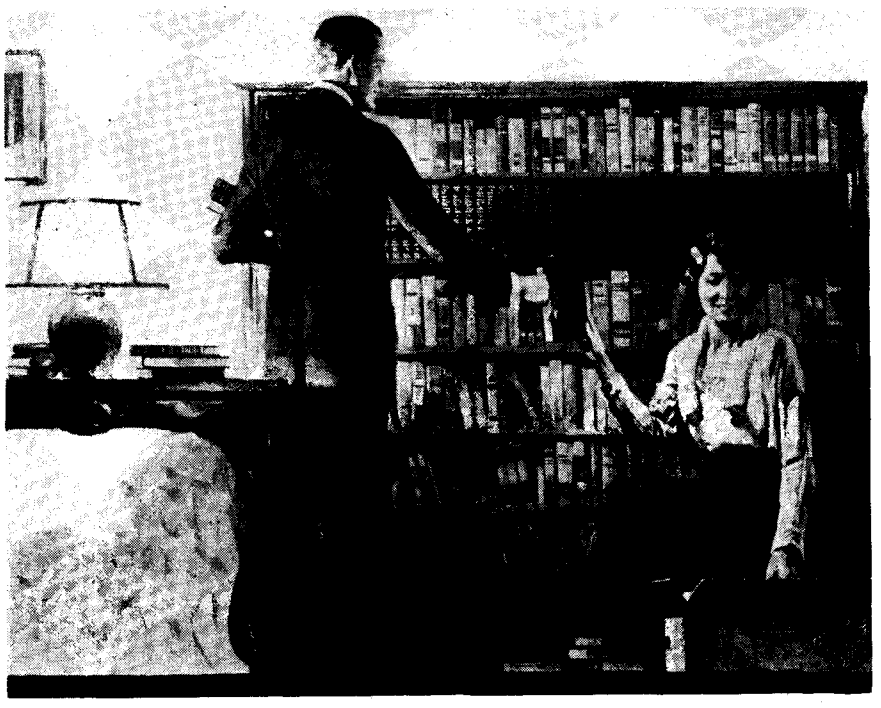

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Still Waters

Continued from page 40

"Uh-huh," the lad repeated.

"Know where Mr. Minot—Lawyer Minot—lives?" York demanded.

Utter despair dragged down the thin, adolescent face at the mention of that dread name. "Yup," its owner gulped and in a quavering treble begged: "Aw, Mister—"

"Do you want," the man asked, pencil poised above the cardboard square, "to make five—no, ten dollars?"

The lad only stared in wooden incredulity. The man pursued: "If you'll take this note I'm writing to Miss Minot—Lawyer Minot's daughter—if you'll drive there like the devil and see that she gets it right away, I'll give you five dollars now, and she'll give you five more. Miss Minot, remember."

"The—the red-haired girl?" asked the boy fearfully, as though his voice might restore a nightmare that had suddenly become magnificence.

"The red-haired one," York agreed. "How about it?"

"Yeh," the other yammered. "Yeh, oh, gee-gosh, yes, sir." He searched the lean face bent over the cardboard, still a trifle incredulously. York wrote:

"Send Tarleton immediately to Castle in Spain."·So Desire had always spoken of the deserted hill farm.

"I—I ain't going to be arrested, at all?" blurted the lad.

"Not if you get this to her in an hour," the other answered and added to his message: "Give bearer five dollars. Speed. R. Y."

"I'll be there in half'n hour," the boy promised, clutched the card and the greenback York extended and fled with ungainly, colt-like haste, downhill. The man watched him out of sight, turned and climbed back the way he had come.

The clearing still dreamed in the sunlight. The narrow pond was an unflawed length of fallen sky. Only two clinking chirps of blackbirds broke the silence. Then, drifting up through the massed trees into which the wood road vanished, he caught the distant clatter and strain of an approaching wagon.

The sound decided him. He swarmed up the rough trunk of the great maple by the cottage, went hand over hand along the branch to the roof and reentered the building by the jagged entrance through which he had left. Lying close to the stairwell, he waited and grinned cheerfully down into the darkness.

THE wagon rattled nearer. He could hear the driver speak sharply to his team. It drew so close to the building that he could feel the tremor of hoofs, the bump of a wheel over a rock. There was an instant's silence, during which he wondered fearfully if the intruders had become aware of his presence. Then the speech of the driver rose again, reassuring in its loud admonitory profanity. Trace chains jingled, a tire rasped against the wagon body. The team trampled unevenly in backing, and the old house shuddered as the wagon thrust against it.

"Good enough," a voice approved. "I hope to God he ain't left more'n one load."

Excitement prickled along York's suddenly tense body. Somewhere he had heard that faintly foreign accent before. He choked back the grunt sudden recollection almost drove from him.

"Slip me that key," the man said again. "Le's git loaded an' outa here, Irv."

"What's the rush?" the driver asked. "We got all day."

"We ain't," the other contradicted. "If Sweeney flew a double load over like Izzy told him, that'll mean two trips."

The padlock clicked, hinges whined and the gloom of the stairwell melted into a warm twilight. Almost beneath York, the accented voice spoke again.

"Double load is right," it exclaimed and cursed warmly. "If we make it in two trips, we're good."

The shuffling of feet welled up from below. York fought back the impulse to peer down into the lower chamber. The driver spoke at last:

"Well," he suggested, "let's get started. Where's Bill?"

"Gone down the road as lookout," the other replied. His companion grumbled:

"Whyn't he stick an' help us load?"

"'Cause Izzy's got the heeby-jeebies." There was impatient scorn in the voice. "Works has been ridin' him an' now them lousy troopers are on his tail. He's playin' 'em close to his stomach. That's why he sent Bill along."

"Hopped up, too, ain't he?" the driver asked.

"Like always," the other confirmed. "Let's get started, Irv."

THE pad of feet back and forth, the muffled thud of burdens in the waiting wagon rose in an endless rhythm. At length Irv called from outside the cottage:

"S'nough, Jerry. She'll stick out through the wood if we put on any more."

Below him, York heard the other mutter calculation.

"Got a good half of it, anyway," he reported, and tramping to the door, whistled sharply.

"Callin' Bill," he explained. "Let him help pile the wood on. Izzy wants him to stay here till we get back, anyway. Coolin' his tail down there in the woods, while we work ourselves thin—" His voice dwindled away into aggrieved mumblings as he left the house. Presently York heard him hail the approaching lookout. There ensued a confused babble of talk and the clatter of cordwood. The hidden man glanced at the sunlight streaming through the shattered roof. Its yellow pool had crawled far across the floor and told him that at least an hour had passed since his return to his hiding place. The agony of waiting possessed him. Where were they going with their wood-concealed liquor load? How long would it be before their return? Would the troopers arrive before the last of it had vanished?

He forced his mind back into tranquility by the thought that the chain of adversity binding him at last had snapped, whether Tarleton and his mate arrived in time or no.

Outside the noise of loading had ceased. The horses plunged forward and the driver bawled "Whoa!" Jerry's voice commanded:

"Inside, Bill, and stay there till we get back. Hear? Izzy says—"

A third voice interrupted. Its vague familiarity troubled York.

"I know what Izzy says. He told me plenty." The horses started again. Above the wagon's rumble, the hidden man heard door hinges complain and the room below was suddenly dark. He held his breath. Feet shuffled across the floor and the sentry sighed in satisfaction as he sat down. The fugitive remained utterly silent, staring at the black opening beside him, tantalized by the evasive consciousness of acquaintance with that languid voice. The wagon's noise gradually melted into silence.

(To be continued next week)

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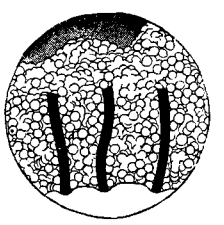

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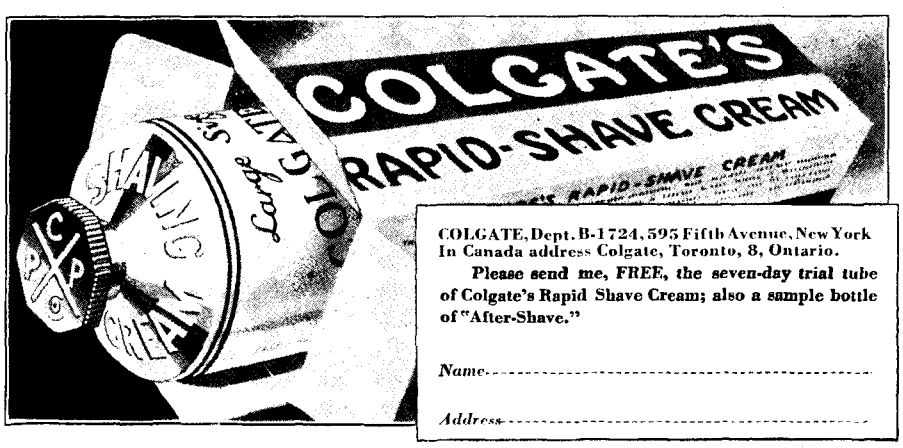

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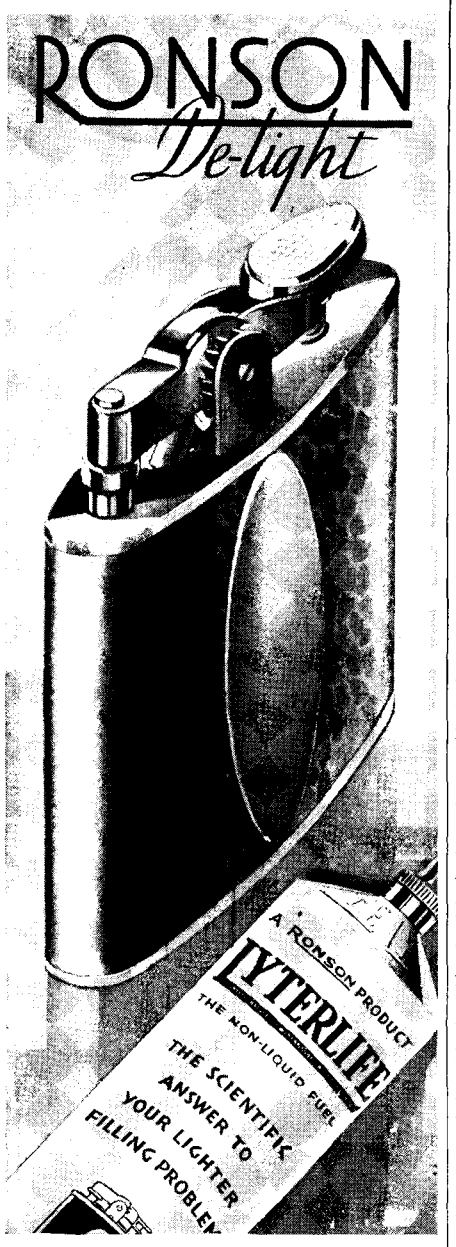

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The Prisoner

Continued from page 11

sentries, who had been notified of the sortie and had been warned to challenge before shooting until the party had reported back. Breen had one flank and Colter the other. The sergeant glanced to his right and saw Shorty snaking through the bushes about ten feet away. Beyond him, Breen could catch an occasional glimpse of Hickman. Donaldson and Colter were out of sight.

Breen headed for a tree which he knew would cover him from anything directly in front of him, and from its shelter, he peered out to see what he could see. Not much but a tangle of brush and shattered tree stumps. A shell whooped overhead now and then, but the firing was perfunctory and the bursts far in the rear. It was getting too dark to see much, anyhow.

He looked over at Shorty, who was still pushing his way along, and as he watched, the latter looked at him, saw him, and signalled for a halt. Breen stopped his forward progress and settled himself for a wait. Evidently some one of the party had seen something of sufficient import to warrant their waiting where they were for further darkness. The sergeant got out his automatic and pulled down the safety catch with his thumb. He touched the bag of bombs that was slung over his shoulder, shoved his gas mask up under his chin as a rest, and lay prone, watching Shorty, who was similarly disposed, for the next signal.

The dark grew deeper. The trees and bushes faded into a hazy, indistinct mass, and Breen shifted his position a bit to the right so that he might keep Shorty in sight. The dirty, brown uniforms of the men made them all but invisible as they lay there. Suddenly, there was a fierce, whining shriek overhead; another and another, and the dull, double thump of shell bursts sounded from the rear. Then, from behind the lines ahead of them, they could hear the thunder of the guns. The evening hate was on.

A shower of earth and debris pattered down around them, and the sound of the shell which flung it up stunned them for an instant. Another struck close, and a fragment thumped down between Breen and Shorty. It was so near the latter that he could touch it, and Breen watched him, grinning, as he reached out for it. It burned him, and Breen chuckled as he snatched his hand away, shaking it to clear it from the sting of the hot metal.

The flying shards flung through the trees, tearing the tortured woods again, and the bursts shook the earth so that Breen found that he had to drag himself forward an appreciable distance every few minutes to regain the spot where he had been lying.

AFTER half an hour of heavy fighting, during which the five were pelted with muck and twigs, the bombardment ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Breen moved over more to the right, where he could touch Shorty, for it had become very dark. He found Donaldson and Hickman just beyond, and, last of all, Colter.

The lieutenant began to whisper to Donaldson, and the message was passed along the line, coming to Breen from Shorty in a firm and cool tone, which assured Breen that this rookie was not at all affected by the heavy shelling.

"Trench—half right from here—machine guns to right—two of 'em a little ways over—keep low and quiet. Anything to left?"

Breen leaned toward Shorty and whispered:

"Can't see—trees too thick. Gun that got Burroughs is ahead here, somewhere. Look out for it!"

Shorty passed the word along and the men settled themselves again to wait. They were perhaps fifty yards from where they had started, and, as far as Breen was concerned, he had seen nothing except trees, bushes, and an occasional dead German.

TIME wore on. The brush was too thick for them to fear exposure from star shells or other lights, and soon Colter gave the word to begin the advance. Breen felt Shorty wriggle forward, put out a hand and touched his side, and, when the legging and shoe slipped under his palm, he began his own crawl, keeping the muzzle of his automatic raised so he wouldn't scoop up any dirt in it. Small stones and fallen branches cut into his knees, for which he cursed. Twigs from the bushes whipped across his face, bringing tears to his eyes. Once he overreached Shorty and bumped him with his shoulder, eliciting a gasp. The line stopped at intervals and lay silent, hugging the earth.

They had come now to the edge of the wood, for Breen could see stars and an occasional flare ahead of him, and he felt the shelter of the trees passing behind him. He could see nothing definite, but he sensed the nearness of the German trench, and the skin crept along his back. Suddenly, a machine gun let off nervously to their right, and they dug their faces into the ground as the bullets cracked over them. Another long pause, and the advance went on.

All at once, Breen felt Shorty rise up in front of him. He was nearly kicked in the face by Shorty's heel, and then, he too, climbed over the sandbags and dropped, feet first, into the trench. He struck the fire-step, and stumbled from it into the bottom, straining his eyes to see. It was as black as the inside of a cow's stomach. He could hear a rush and a grunt, and, shifting his automatic to his left hand, he pulled out a bomb, pulled the pin and, with a prayer that it would not hit Shorty, he cast it from him, far to his left. It exploded with a terrific flash and roar and, almost simultaneously, two other explosions to his right told him that the others were busy down the trench.

A figure passed him, jostled him, and he saw by the silhouette of its helmet that it was a German. He pushed his gun far into its body and pulled the trigger. It dropped, and another figure, hatless, was smashed on the head as it came up and fell at Breen's feet.

He felt that this was prisoner enough, leaned over and, getting a good grip on the man's leg and shoulder, heaved him up out of the trench. On either side of the spot where the foray had been made, things were happening. A light was shot into the air, and rifle fire and the rattle of a machine gun made Breen stop on the fire-step with his face pressed to the wall of the trench. When the light had died down, he scrambled out and, feeling for his prisoner, picked him up by the waist and dashed for the bushes.

The man he had was out as cold as a wedge. Breen hoped that the son-of-a-sea-cook hadn't kicked the bucket. It was a good thing that this bird was a little fella. Another light went up, and Breen flopped on his face, dropping his burden. A machine gun rattled angrily and swept around in his direction. He pressed his face, his whole body into the ground. He heard the bullets snap over him, felt the sting of a crease in the calf of his leg, and the light combat pack on his back was ripped and torn. Dirt was kicked up into his open mouth. He sweated. His prisoner was on the far side of him. He hoped that burst hadn't punctured him.

The light died down, and Breen, dragging his man by a shoulder, rushed forward. This time he gained the shelter of the wood, and the third light bothered him not at all. The machine gun was still searching around, so he kept close to earth, pulling the unconscious man by one arm. He wondered about the others, and hoped that some of them had gotten away, too. He went forward a little more slowly, now, for he felt more secure. A shape, two shapes, scuttled by him on his left, and he stopped, silent, even to the beating of his heart. He thrust the muzzle of his gun into the back of the last shape, and said, "Who's it?"

Donaldson spoke.

"Friend! Who's that?"

"Breen. What you got?"

"Big lad ahead. Got my bayonet up his back about six inches. He sure can crawl. Colter and Hickman got it. Bayoneted. We got a squad o' their fellows to pay for 'em though. Got anything?"

"One little guy. Knocked him cold and have to drag him. Seen Shorty?"

"No. Thought he was with you!"

"He was. Ain't seen him since, though. Guess he's gone, too."

DONALDSON prodded with his bayonet into the dark, and they crawled on. The big Saxon ahead floundered through the bushes at the point of the weapon. Breen sighed. Shorty was a good little guy! Carryin' that Chocho ammunition and workin' the gun, too. It was funny, the way he picked up that piece o' shell comin' out! Hot, it was! Well, they got him! They got three out o' five! Three good men for two lousy prisoners! Breen jerked his man along a bit more roughly now, and cursed them as they went. Well, hell! He'd gotten one before he laid out this bird, and he hoped the others had given a good account of themselves before they went.

They came to the edge of a bank. A fierce whisper stopped them, emphasized by the snick of a breech bolt slamming home.

"Who's there?"

"Party and prisoners!"

Breen flung his man down the bank, followed by Donaldson. The shaking German, his rear elevation tender from Donaldson's bayonet, was hustled off to headquarters, his arms high in the air, and the two men gave their attention to reviving the other captive. A shelter half had been tied to a tree trunk a short distance away, and behind this they dragged the unconscious man. As they got him there he groaned and stirred.

"It's a good job the sucker didn't croak," said Breen. "Someone show a light!"

The prisoner sat up as Breen's captain arrived with a light and flashed it into his blinking face.

"Well, hell!" cried Breen, his jaw dropping.

"Gees! What a wallop!" said Shorty. "Where in hell are we?" He looked around and his eyes widened as he saw familiar faces. "Any you fellas got somethin' t' eat? I'm hungrier 'n' hell!"

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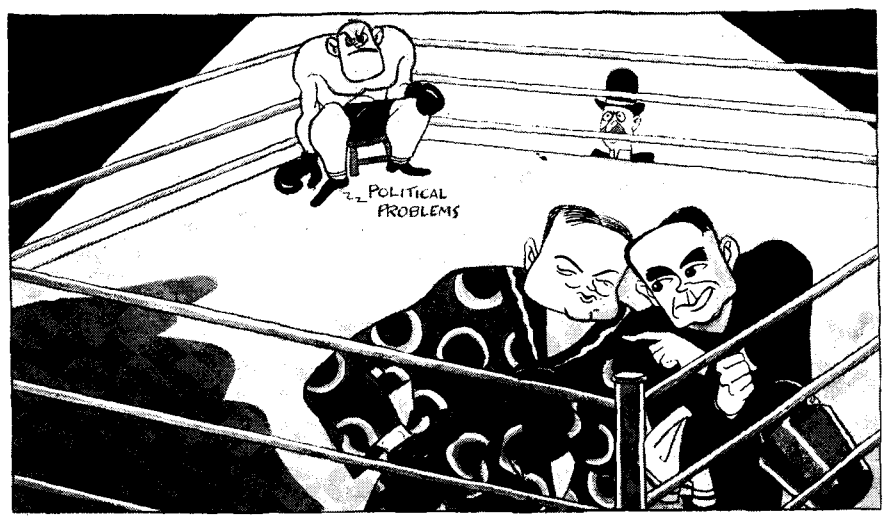

At Hoover's Elbow

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

HIS frequent visits to the White House make one wonder whether the Colonel House of the Hoover Administration is not James Francis Burke of Pittsburgh. This phrase is used without any idea of comparing Jim Burke to the man who, according to his own account of the eight years when Woodrow Wilson was in the White House, was Wilson.

There is not any resemblance between the bristly little man from Pittsburgh and the little colonel from Texas with the big eyes. House slipped in and out of the White House unseen. He was the "mysterious" Colonel House. Jim Burke is always at the White House. The last thing he desires to be is unseen. There is not anything mysterious about him. He is always on exhibition. At the bi-weekly press conferences there is Jim Burke. Wherever three newspaper men are gathered together, there in the midst of them is Jim.

He loves publicity as well as Jim Ham Lewis loved it. And there is just a suggestion of the immortal Jim Ham about Jim Francis. He is of the same dapper sort as the pink-whiskered Chicagoan, though not so elaborately elegant, not so eye-filling. Still you are sure that he just stepped off the stage, as Jim Ham always surely had just stepped off the stage. If Jim Ham had his pink whiskers, which you were sure nature planted upon his jaws, Jim Francis has eyebrows of such length and character that they must be the constant thought of some barber beauty specialist. His clothes, like Jim Ham's, have just three minutes before come from under the iron of the tailor. His hair is streaked with black and white; nature or art or the will to be noticed has made it striking. He moves swiftly about like a man on mighty errands, pausing artistically for a moment that attention may not be cheated of its just due.

Unsalaried but Content

One wonders a little why Mr. Burke is always at the White House. The accepted explanation is that he belongs to the Hoover secretariat. And he is the last man to discredit this explanation. It seems there are three paid secretaries, Mr. Akerson, Mr. Ritchey and Mr. Newton, and in addition one volunteer secretary, working without pay; to wit, Jim Burke.

He is a man of means, a successful practitioner of the law; the last thing he needs to worry about is the stipend which the federal government allows to the paid secretariat. His reward is the sense of power which it gives him to have a desk at the White House and to read pieces about himself in the papers, like this one. Thousands would volunteer to serve as he does for the gratifications which come to him. No one of them would enjoy them more than he does.

Jim Burke is not anybody's fool. If you want proof of this assertion consider the fact that he has for years been one of Andrew Mellon's lawyers, not, I suppose, one of his great corporation lawyers, but one of his political lawyers. A smooth Irishman, affable, facile, honey-tongued, he is one of the best mixers in the world. From behind the ambush of the artful eyebrows, there peer a pair of shrewd eyes.

A Congressman once upon a time and Republican whip in the House afterward for many years, counselor of the Republican National Committee, he has got his place in the sun at last. The ultra-violet rays that beat about a throne play upon him salubriously.

Survival of the Fittest

It came about this way. As counselor of the Republican National Committee he was thrown into contact with the Republican candidate in the last campaign. Soon he moved over from Republican headquarters in Washington to the personal campaign headquarters of Mr. Hoover. Thereafter he was always at Mr. Hoover's elbow, and, if one may judge from appearances, is so still.

Shrewd observers in Washington incline to regard him as the President's leading political adviser. That is an important function. It is not as important as the one Colonel House came to fill in the Wilson Administration. He hasn't the air of greatness that Colonel House had. Colonel House entered the White House as an equal. Mr. Burke enters it as a volunteer secretary.

But there is not anyone else, perhaps, who is quite as important as Mr. Burke. It has been a case of the survival of the fittest. Dr. Work, who hoped to be the Warwick of this Administration, is gone. Jim Good, whom everyone looked upon as the probable political adviser, is Secretary of War and no more. Walter Brown, abler than these other two, is the prefect of the Post Office Department, a long way down Pennsylvania Avenue.

It is usually possible to be more influential outside than inside the Cabinet, especially with a certain kind of President, with a Wilson, for example. And Jim Burke is quicker-witted than any of the rivals he has surpassed. He probably supplements more perfectly his chief than any of these. And he is a greater artist.

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John D. at 90

Continued from page 25

of a man—can hardly realize what a tremendous epic was his building of the Standard Oil Company. It was a struggle all the way. His career was wholly unlike that of Mr. Ford. Both faced competition and severe competition. But in Mr. Ford's case it was a struggle in which victory went to the man who remained close to his plant and his business and solved the mechanical problems of production. But Rockefeller had to do all this in a world where the principles of mass production were not understood, and besides this he had to face the human obstacles which must have seemed at times insuperable. It was war—relentless, incessant war all the way—with all the trappings of war, almost as we know it in the movies—men rising in hostile mobs, battles before the legislatures and courts and congress, denunciations, panics, bankruptcies, hatreds, deep and ineradicable. And all the time oil—newly discovered—pouring out in an ever-rising flood in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio and farther west—oil, oil, oil making new problems in finance, in production of transportation and human problems too, pressing incessantly on that extraordinary group of men gathered around John D. Rockefeller.

Their vast enterprise began to eat them up. It consumed all their time. And John D. Rockefeller was one of the first to perceive this. He took time in spite of all the demands of business. He went away to his home in Cleveland and laid out roads and planted trees. He played a great deal with his children. He went swimming and skating.

He was especially fond of skating. When he moved to New York and lived in a typical New York home with just a small yard at the back, he had it cemented in the form of a shallow basin. When it rained the little basin filled with water and if a freeze came along Rockefeller had a small skating rink. In the morning before he went to his office he would go out there and cut a few figure eights for fifteen minutes by way of toning up.

Stresses Necessity of Relaxation

Rockefeller frequently remonstrated with his own friends about the necessity of relaxation. Once he called on a neighbor, a man of great wealth who was devoting himself without stint to his business. The great oil man went to see him to tell him of the danger he was running. The man replied, however, that he could not take any interest in these hobbies chosen to forget business. He couldn't forget business, besides he would get no pleasure out of a lot of foolish games. Mr. Rockefeller told him that if he would take up the landscaping of his estate, laying out roads, really constructive diversions, he would be sure to get pleasure out of it.

"My dear sir," replied the man, "I get more pleasure out of making another hundred dollars than out of building all the roads in Ohio."

That shocked Rockefeller very much and he has frequently told the story to illustrate the mistake business men make in holding their bodies ruthlessly upon the wheel.

Most people of today who know so little of the active life of John D. Rockefeller and who know him only as a man who piled up a huge fortune will be surprised to be told that he retired when he was fifty-five years of age and that he spent only forty of his ninety years in business. He began as a youth of sixteen in Cleveland. He retired in 1894. He still retained the titular presidency of the Standard Oil Company which he formally resigned in 1911. But he had actually disassociated himself from the conduct of its affairs seventeen years before.

When he retired he wanted some form of exercise. He had always been devoted to landscaping and road-building. He kept this up and in addition tried his hand at a vegetable garden—hoeing and digging. But this did not seem to interest him. He had done some horseshoe pitching and it was while at this game he heard about golf.

When asked recently to say something about this, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"Every man who hopes to amount to anything in this world wants to earn and save enough to live in comfort and help others, also to have good health, so that he can enjoy life every day. The business man who plays golf ought to do better than the man who does not play. That is, if he makes golf an asset and does not let it turn into a liability. Too much golf might ruin a man—but so might too much food, or too much rest, or too much of anything else he used to help him do his work."

Golf Fascinating Hobby

Mr. Rockefeller finds that the best thing golf does for the busy man is to take his mind off his affairs, off problems that puzzle him and worries that steal away his vitality.

In short the Rockefeller philosophy is:

"What a starved, pinched life a man leads if he has no hobby to take up his spare time! Every business man ought to have a hobby. It refreshes him, braces him to meet the strains of business. And golf is one of the most fascinating hobbies any man can have. The problems of taking the proper stance, of holding of the club right, of swinging slow and true and keeping the head still, all are as difficult now, I find, as they were when I began to try to learn the game, more than thirty years ago. And they all help to make golf so fascinating that it is one of the best hobbies a business man can have.

"A man who has not studied how to employ his leisure finds it very difficult to learn that art after he has given up the strenuous cares of business. The task of finding use for the hours of idleness overwhelms him. He has nothing worth while to think about. Many good men, useful men, have shortened their lives by failing to prepare some resource to fall back upon after they have left business behind, while those who keep themselves pleasantly occupied go on for years, enjoying every day.

At first Mr. Rockefeller did not feel a very great interest in the game. And like all men who take it up late in life he exhibited but little skill. He made but little progress. Moreover the game with its long walks tired him. Then he adopted a most extraordinary measure for overcoming this difficulty. He began riding around the golf course on a bicycle. He had a caddy named Willie. After Rockefeller made his stroke he would mount the bicycle while Willie held it and then the caddy would give the golfer on his wheel a vigorous push in the direction of the ball.

He gave no thought to his costume. He would have shocked one of those sartorial golfers of today in his shirtsleeves and long trousers and his African desert umbrella hat. Later he began to take up the queer costume in use in those days, a leather coat with silk

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sleeves. But he never wore knickers. John D. Rockefeller has owned at one time three private golf courses but never a pair of knickers.

Like most other golfers his first great difficulty was with his head. He would top the ball at every stroke and he knew this was because he raised his head. To cure himself of this he had his caddy stand beside him and as he steadied himself with prolonged deliberation for his swing the caddy would keep repeating—"Keep your head down, keep your head down, keep your head down."

Another one of his troubles was with his right foot. As he brought his club down to sweep the ball from the tee he would lift his right foot clear off the ground. This was a most unorthodox error and fatal to a correct follow through. Yet he could not break himself of the habit. So he had caddy carry around a croquet wicket. Then as he took his stance for his stroke the caddy would put the wicket over the right foot and drive it into the ground, thus pinioning it to the earth. Ultimately he conquered the habit.

"I feel the same way about golf as I feel toward any other pursuit," he once said. "Anything worth doing is worth doing well."

And so he kept at it incessantly, every day. He played on the good days and the bad ones. Up to a few years ago he frequently played in the rain.

He "Plays the Game"

One other thing he made a point of which is not too common among golfers. The ethics of golf are very high, but the ethics of golfers are not so altitudinous. Playing with a friend once, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"I have seen ministers unfair on the golf links. They did not know that I saw them. They would get behind a tree and use their foot on the ball."

Then he added with a naïve twinkle: "They were not from our church, but they were ministers."

But Rockefeller never cheated himself at golf. When he made a poor stroke he played it so. When his ball went into the woods he always played it out. No one can read the story of the amazing episode of the oil fields back in 1872 without realizing that the whole world persisted in living in a fool's paradise and that Rockefeller survived because he alone looked the whole business squarely in the face. That is the way he plays golf.

The chief point of all this, however, is that now, more than thirty years after he retired—the first of the great oil barons to retire—he alone remains. He spans that vast stretch of history from Martin Van Buren to Herbert Hoover—through the lives of twenty-four Presidents.

As to the meaning and value of wealth the views of a man who has lived so long and done so much and made so much money must be of interest.

"Wealth," says Mr. Rockefeller, "does not bring happiness and for many reasons. One is that no man ever thinks himself wealthy. No man can ever be so rich that there will not be others wealthier than he is and knowledge of that fact will make him feel poor, no matter how great his possessions, if wealth is his only goal. Practically, then, there is no such thing as a wealthy man. Whether a man is rich or poor must be determined by the relation of his desires and expenditure to his income. If a man believes himself rich and has everything that he desires and feels that he needs, he is really rich no matter if he is worth only ten dollars. On the contrary, if he is worth ten million dollars and yet has desires and needs which he is unable to gratify, then he is poor.

"As most men grow richer, their ambitions, their tastes and desires, expand largely, even to an extent wholly disproportionate to their acquisitions and many men have felt much poorer when they accumulated a fortune of five million than they did when they had but one million, for the reason that their ideas were so enlarged that they desired to live in such magnificence or to carry out such great schemes of business or philanthropy as the income from ten millions could not possibly compass.

"For these reasons, as well as many others I might name, wealth is more likely to bring unhappiness than happiness."

Is Rockefeller happy? It is difficult to believe that he is not. He lives an active life but one of amazing regularity. Everything is laid out in accordance with a program. He is up early every morning and before breakfast roams all over his house. Everyone knows of his famous dimes, the gifts he gives to almost every person he meets. But few know of his nickel gifts. Every morning as he wanders through the house he hands a bright new nickel to each servant or employee he encounters. He takes a nap two or three times a day and it is interesting to observe that since he was thirty years old and throughout the most turbulent years of Standard Oil History he hardly ever missed taking his afternoon nap.

Several visitors to Tarrytown have told me that they have seen John D. Rockefeller strolling around in the walks of his home alone singing lustily, usually old Sunday-school hymns.

Just a word about his dimes. He gives away perhaps 12,000 or 15,000 a year. I do not know that he has ever stated his object but it seems sufficiently clear. His favorite beneficiaries are children and as he gives a dime he always says very deliberately: "THIS is for your SAVINGS." He has a hobby about the importance of starting children off early in life as consistent savers. How many savings accounts he has thus inspired with these dimes it would be difficult to say. But I think there is an even more interesting story in the origin of his dime giving. It is a mere guess but I give it for what it is worth. John D. Rockefeller started to work in Cleveland as a boy barely sixteen. The day he got his first pay—$4 for the week—he bought a little account book and marked it "Ledger A." He entered the $4 and then began every day to keep a careful and accurate account of every penny that he spent. Not one cent of his money was unaccounted for.

A Dime for the Deacon

Among the items are the sums he gave away. He began with his first pay to give away various sums to charity. He was a youth alone in a city, supporting himself and utterly on his own resources. Yet we find in the course of four months at least a score of items accounting for gifts to charity. There are a few twenty-five-cent donations and a few five-cent gifts. But in the main these first benefactions of the man who has given away hundreds of millions were in ten-cent sums—To Deacon Sked, ten cents; for the poor of the parish, ten cents; for the missions, ten cents; for various purposes, ten cents, and so on.

John D. Rockefeller is extremely sentimental about his boyhood and it is certain that he has always cherished this small account book as his most priceless possession. I have always had a notion that this singular man finds a sentimental pleasure in giving at the end of his life as he began and that these dimes, given to encourage savings, have also for him a significance as a memorial to his boyhood.

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Men, it's yours for the asking. Mail the coupon for generous 7-day sample. It will prove a revelation in shaving comfort.

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Palmolive Shaving Cream came as the result of years of experiment. 129 formulas were rejected before we embodied, all in one preparation, the things 1000 men had asked us for.

4636

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Perhaps your present shaving method satisfies, and yet there may be a better way. In fairness to yourself—and to us who undertake to please you in one week—won't you mail the coupon now for the test we offer?

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The Squeal of the Sucker

Continued from page 7

you're goin' to wear yourself down to skin an' bones, why don't you get out of the lousy racket?" asked Slats Warren, a few days before the season's opening. "You got rings under your eyes like a pair o' balloon tires. Has the guy licked you?"

"No, but he's got me groggy on one thing," said Shoestring. "Molly. She ain't actin' right. Worried, an' pulling off by herself all the time."

"What's that got to do with you?"

Shoestring eyed him with tired disgust.

"Kid," he said, "you've got all th' penetration of a slab o' cheese. Molly's got that brother of hers in his freshman year at college. She's got them kid sisters that she's slippin' every nickel she can lay her hands on. She wants to stand hitched. But Shifty's made her an offer. An' that's what's makin' her worry."

"Well, then, raise her salary," snapped Slats Warren. "It don't take no brains to think that out."

"Maybe that's why you got the inspiration," replied Shoestring sarcastically. "Of course, every other performer wouldn't get sore? Oh, no. They'd all send me love notes an' vi'lets! Anyway, I couldn't hold Molly; we ain't never had a contract. The worst of it is," he added slowly, "I've kind of got a hunch Shifty Willie wants her for something else besides actin'. Molly's a pretty kid."

Slats nodded.

"That's the whole scenario," said Shoestring quietly. "Let's go out to the track and see how Sadhim Bey's makin' it. At least, there's one guy we're sure of. He can quit any time he wants to, but the same clause that lets him do that, makes him slip me five thousand dollars release money."

"Did you ever see a bull-tender with five grand?" asked Slats Warren and laughed for the first time that day.

EVERYTHING seemed to be going in splendid shape at the race track. Snyder, understudy for Sprinto, had developed even better racing proclivities than the originator of the act. When, twenty feet from his trainer, he put on the brakes after a catapulting trip around the hippodrome track, it was like an express train plowing into a corn field. This, at least, was a weapon with which to fight a vicious adversary. Shifty Willie Moran possessed no racing elephant.

Another week went by, and with it the World's Famous Circus moved from its winter quarters to a large, vacant lot at the edge of the town. Rehearsals were held. With the first one, something happened.

When, from far away in the big top, Sprinto had heard the call of his master, he did not stop to figure that the signal might not be for him. He had simply given a few terrific yanks at his stake chain and lunged forward in a bee-line which only a collection of loaded wagons had halted.

"Take him out!" yelled Shoestring Charlie. "Better keep on goin'—we don't want a wrecked circus!"

So the dethroned Sprinto did not halt until he reached the bull-cars down in the railroad yards, there to remain each day until his understudy's act was done. Then he was brought to the lot and lowered to the status of a work elephant.

The show opened, and for once Shoestring forgot the worries which had obsessed him. The spotlights played upon little Molly James—the excitement of stardom seemed to have increased her artistry a hundred-fold. Snyder, doubling for Sprinto, rolled into the ring and raced around the hippodrome track while the close-packed tent shouted with excitement. Substitute aërialists, acrobats and equestrians came and went, some of them good, some of them poor; the throng seemed satisfied. Two unusually good acts had overbalanced any other mediocrity.

OUT to the road went the World's Famous, and swiftly toward the Pacific Coast while crowds applauded Molly James and thundered their excitement over the bogus Sprinto's achievements. But at Portland, Shoestring Charlie's satisfied manner departed. A gay-appearing gray-haired man with a red and black band on his panama hat, the pinkness of barber-shop massaging on his cheeks, and wax on his dyed mustache, had been very much present all day.

"It's a great show, Old Pal!" said Shifty Willie Moran as he whacked Shoestring Charlie on the back following the matinée. "It's a knockout!"

"Sure," answered Shoestring Charlie in the same overtone of affability. "I need a swell layout to buck a showman like you. Understand you're goin' th' limit for your joint at the Jubilee, Willie."

"There won't be none better, unless it's yours," answered the adversary, flipping a bit of dust from a coat-sleeve.

But when they parted, Shifty Willie's cold gray eyes resumed the calculating look they had held all afternoon, and Shoestring, after sneaking around a few wagons, headed straight for the dressing tents.

"Well, Molly," he said when at last a smooth-limbed little being of silk and tulle had answered his summons, "what'd Shifty Willie Moran want when he came back here this afternoon?"

She looked up at him, eyes wide with surprise. Then suddenly she straightened.

"Mr. Shoestring," she said, "I've figured it out. I owe you pretty near everything. But I owe—"

"Now, nix, Kid," the show owner put a hand on her shoulder. "Don't flood th' dressin' tent. I know about them kids. He's offered you a bunch o' klink. You wouldn't even consider it if he hadn't. An' I ain't going to stand in your way. But a little broad like you ought to be careful.

"It's just this," he went on, patting her gently. "You're my little kid. I want you to be happy. I wouldn't want anything to happen.

"That guy may clean up with his opery. But he's got to do it right from the first performance. He won't have a thin dime on openin' day. An' if he don't cop plenty o' klink right from th' jump, it's Katy-bar-the-door. So suppose you tell him that you can't get away from here until the week after he opens. An' don't make no contract. Then if he cleans up, maybe you'll be safe. If he don't, you can stay right here at home and I'll see what I can do about a little more salary."

TEN minutes later, Shoestring Charlie rounded the big top, whistling for one of the few times that season. But he jammed tight his lips at the sight of Slats Warren, waving washout signals to him from behind a tableau wagon.

"Shifty's goin' to cop off Sadhim Bey!" the general agent said when at last they had reached the edge of the lot.

Shoestring glared.

"If he cops the East Indian he crabs the race act!" he snapped. "Sadhim's got me tied up so I can't imitate it if he leaves. How do you know?"

"I seen 'em talking together. So I butts in. I gives Shifty a merry laugh an' says here's one act he can't grab

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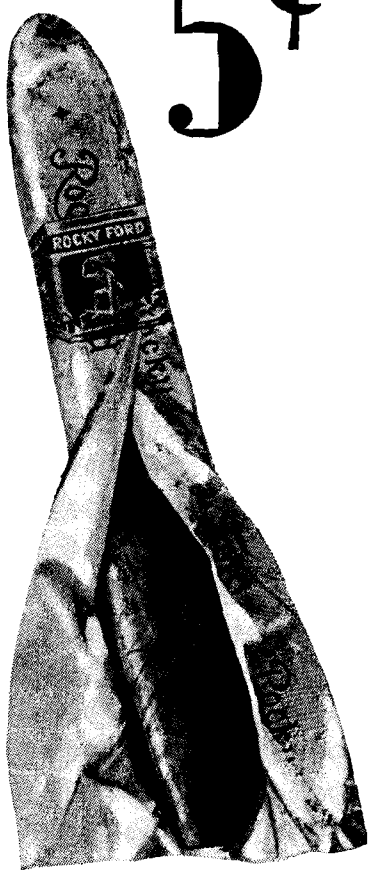

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off because there's a five grand penalty if Sadhim breaks his contract. An' he just grins an' thanks me for the tip."

"Yeh, I guess he ought've!" growled Shoestring Charlie. "Don't you know Sadhim Bey never would've thought o' gettin' that five grand from th' guy that was intendin' to take him away? Now you tear back to the big top and send that bull-trainer down to me at the cars!"

It was nearly two hours before the conference in Shoestring Charlie's private car was over. When Sadhim Bey departed, it was with an air of excitement; he muttered to himself constantly. When Shoestring at last left his car he lighted one cigarette from the other. Then—

"As the gamblers used to say," came a pleasant voice at his shoulder, "the squeal of the sucker is music to the ear." It was Shifty Willie Moran, smiling with victory. "Ain't sore, Old Pal? I was just about to fan you for a couple of skulls!"

Shoestring jerked himself into polite composure and obliged with the passes. The next morning Shifty Willie Moran was gone, leaving his compliments—and a pale-yellow East Indian who wrote him a furtive letter each day.

DOWN the Pacific Coast went the World's Famous Circus, at last to pull into the grounds allotted it at the Western Jubilee. But there little cheer awaited. The reserved-seat man at the downtown ticket sale reported no long queues of desirous purchasers. There was a reason. The World's Famous Billing had been overwhelmed by an avalanche of posters, banners, window cards, lithographs and automobile and street-car display which literally thundered its message:

WAIT——WAIT——WAIT!
Wait for the Big Show!
MORAN'S MARVELOUS MASTODON CIRCUS!
Why be Uncomfortable Under a Circus Tent?
SEE THE BIGGEST CIRCUS IN THE WORLD UNDER A REAL ROOF!
WAIT——WAIT——WAIT!

That was only the beginning of the advertisements. There were newspaper displays. And there were captive balloons, floating from the tops of buildings, all demanding that a public wait for one short week after the opening of Shoestring Charlie's circus until the greatest indoor affair that the Pacific Coast ever had seen could be completed.

Shoestring Charlie pulled hard at his breath when he read these. Shifty Willie Moran, he knew, was spending his last cent. But he was doing it in a way to utterly wipe out any possible competition.

Nor was that all. There was the building itself; flimsy in construction, it was true, but the audience wouldn't know that. What counted was the frontal studding of glass jewels which would glitter with a thousand colors when the arc lights were turned on them at night. There were raised stages and rings, banked about by gorgeously colored draperies. And in the center, there was a throne, with plaster of Paris statuary about it and light wooden scaffoldings for a ten-foot banking of flowers, where would sit the Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty as Queen of the Circus.

Shoestring shook his head slowly as he went back to his circus lot. But the next day he bucked up a bit. Word came from downtown that the reserved-seat sale for that night and following performances was taking a spurt.

The racing elephant had done it! By the third day the World's Famous receipts had traveled to the right side of the ledger. On the fourth day, the tent was crowded and on the fifth and for the matinée of the sixth. That night, crowds were flooding to the ticket wagon, when an excited Slats Warren came running to the front door and asked for Shoestring Charlie. Then he followed on a run to the edge of the lot where Shoestring was just flagging a taxi.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Come on back! Snyder's gone from the picket line! The head bull man says Sadhim Bey took him out for exercise about five o'clock this afternoon and hasn't brought him back. Don't you understand?" he asked, wildly, grasping Shoestring by the coat. "You don't want that taxi! We've got to find Sadhim Bey."

"I'll find him in this taxi!" said Shoestring Charlie. "Take me over to Moran's Marvelous Circus," he commanded as the driver opened the door. Then to Slats Warren, still gasping on the curb: "You poor sap, can't you see Sadhim's ducked over to Moran? The dress rehearsal's tonight. Get back in that tent and tell the equestrian director to be ready to switch his acts at an instant's notice. I may not get back with Sadhim Bey at all. But if I do, we've got to be set to run him and Snyder in whenever we can get here."

Then he slammed the door. "Step on the gas!" he commanded.

Ten minutes later, the taxi stopped before a bejeweled building. Shoestring entered, glimpsing the scene before him; everything there was color and gorgeousness. The hangings were all in place. Palms waved about the raised stages. Roses by the bushel, cheap enough though they might be in California, were banked around ring and stage and hippodrome track. Every rigging rope which hung from above was gilded.

From a dozen places in the ceiling-hangings there stretched garlands of costly imitation flowers, extending to some fifty tie-offs on the stages and in the rings—a pre-show display which would come into use following the grand entry when dancers would present a multiple may-pole dance before the Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty, high upon her throne.

But now no performers were present. There were no spectators; something unusual for a dress rehearsal. Shoestring knew why; the explanation lay in a red-trousered East Indian who stood at one end of the hippodrome track and an elephant which waited at the other. Sadhim Bey had apparently insisted on keeping his transfer a secret until the first performance. Again Shoestring gave everything a scowling survey; the menagerie and property man waiting at the entrances, the performers peeking through from the flags at the padroom, Shifty Willie Moran, in a dress suit with a red ribbon across his shirt front, now approaching with a gay air of superiority.

"WELL, sucker!" he said. "Going to give papa a little squeal?" Then with sudden bruskness: "This thing's private. If you've got any squawking to do, get yourself a mouthpiece and see me tomorrow!"

Shoestring Charlie shook his head.

"Have I chirruped?" he asked.

Shifty Willie Moran did not answer. He merely turned his back and signaled. At the end of the hippodrome track, Sadhim Bey let out that peculiar screeching call. Then he did a queer thing. He ran! And Shoestring ran with him!

For, immediately, from the other end of the giant enclosure there had come the sounds of conflict and of crashing. A glance over their shoulders and they saw a tremendous, asphalt-colored hulk

(Continued on page 50)

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BY THE MAN WITH
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6. *Gold-plated or Gold-lacquered Metal Parts.* In every detail of appearance this instrument is worthy of its place in the finest homes.

The *portable Victrola* is as handsome as a fine handbag. With it at hand, the whole range of record entertainment is yours the year 'round. Its low price makes it an outstanding *value.* Don't be content with less.

Portable Victrola

VICTROLA NO. 2-55
LIST PRICE $35

(*Continued from page 49*)

plunging forward, and taking a flower-banked ring with him as he came. Then Shifty Willie Moran began to leap frantically and shout useless commands, while a tonnage of destruction came onward, sending flowers in a rosy snow as he plowed into them, then butting straight through the throne of the Queen of the Circus as he continued his smashing progress.

On and on, with squeals and trumpetings he came, while men rushed forward and tried to surround him, and all in vain. The elephant was past hearing now—he had entangled himself in a dozen of those gold ropes and flower festoons, jerking them from their fastenings above and bringing downward a shower of chenille and other hangings which fell upon him, destroying his hearing and his sense of direction.

LOUDER and louder the crashing grew. A racing elephant was running in circles now, with a pink chenille drapery hanging over his head, and with catastrophe in his every step. Far away, Shoestring Charlie Grenolds of the World's Famous Circus stood and listened, a pale-yellow East Indian beside him. Before them the bejeweled, flimsy building rocked and swayed.

At last a maximum of noise arrived; the front of the building bulged once more and broke. Through it came an elephant, the last of a chenille impedimentum dragging behind him. Far above, the jeweled, lath-work tower rocked eerily for an instant. Then the cheap stucco broke from its lath foundation and came downward, while the pachyderm jumped wildly, just in time to avoid it. Sadhim Bey cupped his hands and called once more. Immediately the elephant responded.

"Can you ride his head?" asked Shoestring excitedly. "They're waiting for you at the lot, and you've got to go down to the cars first."

Sadhim Bey nodded, and gave a command. The elephant knelt. Up to his head climbed the East Indian and again gave a command. Soon they were only a lighter mark in the bulk of darkness. Shoestring turned slowly back toward the wreck of Moran's Marvelous Indoor Circus.

The police were there by that time, and a fire company, summoned for no good reason.

Shifty Willie was there too. Shoestring went up to him.

"Looks like you won't open tomorrow," he said. Shifty Willie glared.

"Open tomorrow?" he bellowed. "You know cockeyed well that I won't be able to open at all. It'd take three weeks to put the thing in shape again! And me with every performer's contract gone blooey unless I start payin' salaries tomorrow." He put his hot hands to his aching head. "Look at them hangings! Ten thousand dollars' worth of 'em gone! Ten thousand dollars," he moaned, "and that's only the beginning."

Shoestring sighed with him.

"That's the way it goes sometimes," he sympathized. "I feel awful bad about it, Willie. I feel like I ought've told you. But you wouldn't have paid no attention—you'd have just called me a sucker again. You see, Willie, that wasn't the elephant we work in our circus at all. Sadhim Bey took our regular racin' bull down to the cars late this afternoon and left him there for a nice rest so nobody'd worry you with a lot o' rumors about which elephant he was bringin' over here."

"THEN you were in on it! You crooked me! You ran in a ringer elephant on me!"

Shoestring gasped.

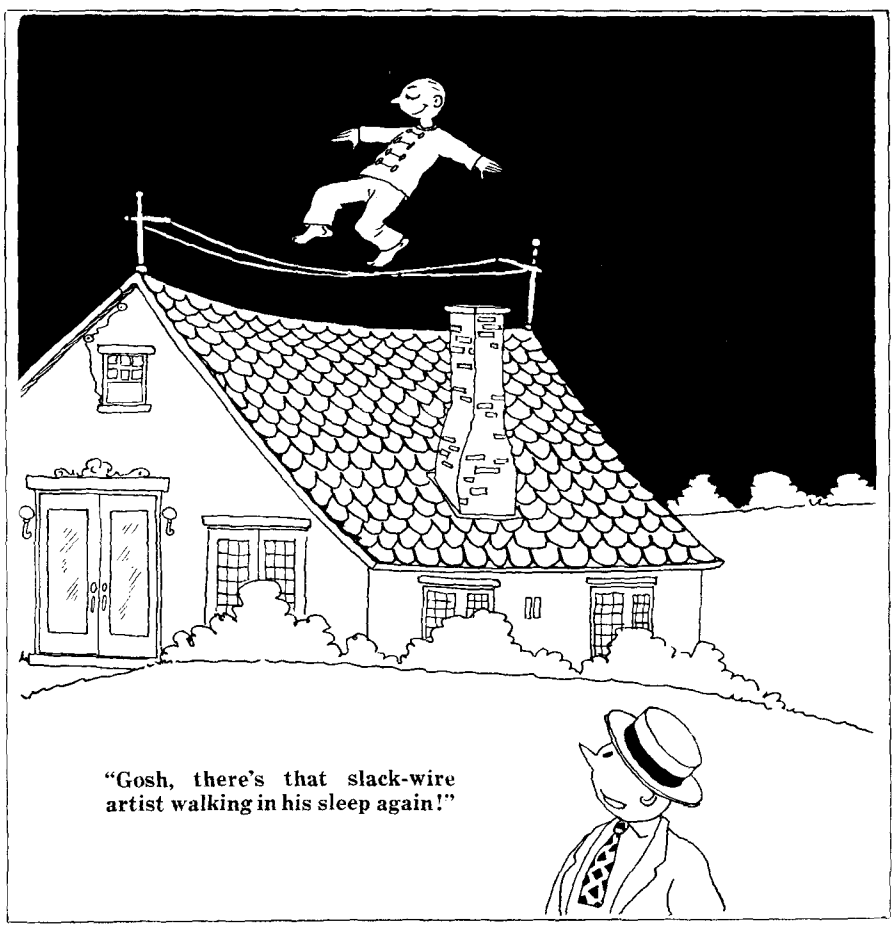
"Who? Me? I never did no such thing. I've got your writing to prove it. Them letters you wrote Sadhim Bey—they're all in my files. You kept yellin' to him that you wouldn't stand for no foolin' and no imitations. If he came over to your show, he had to bring the only and original Sprinto with him. That's just what he done! That there bull which busted up your show is the only Sprinto there is. The one we've been racin' ain't nothing but an imitation named Snyder."

Shifty Willie Moran gasped.

"And I gave that yellow bum five thousand dollars to bring over that elephant!" came slowly.

Again Shoestring gasped.

"Only five grand?" he asked. "Kid, that was cheap. I paid him ten to do the very same thing!"



"Gosh, there's that slack-wire artist walking in his sleep again!"

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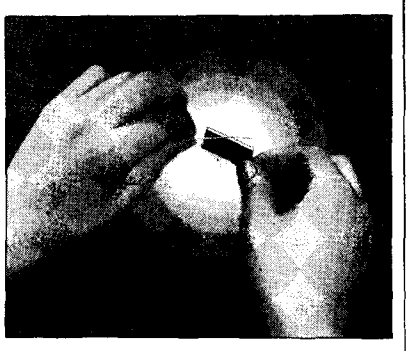

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Call Out the Marines

Continued from page 9

and the laws of Congress enacted thereunder.

Suppose the President should tell the American people that their law is to be observed; and any man or family, village or town, city or state that defies the government will find their country able to defend itself and enforce all its enactments, wherever the flag floats.

Opening an Offensive

I see no way to regain the lost respect for that flag and government but by some administrative act as drastic as that; and prohibition would be settled the moment an administration was discovered of that spirit. Those brave boasters who assert that they import contraband goods, manufacture, keep and transport intoxicating liquor; sell, give away and use what the law forbids, would "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

Invincible in peace, they would become invisible in war!

Rich men who boast of being above the law would change their tune and tell us how loyal they had always been. Their concealed liquors would be poured into the sewers of this country, doubling their pollution.

Soldiers wearing the uniform of our government now leading an idle and useless life, violating their oaths and obligations, drinking and carousing even in foreign ports, would be explaining how the law had always had their respect.

Society women would be saying, "I did not think; I didn't mean any harm."

And drinking men would tell us, "I was just about to quit anyway!"

The thoughtless youths who proudly carry hip-pocket flasks would hide them away for fear they would explode some time and blow their brains out.

And no one would be left to say: "Prohibition doesn't prohibit."

The trouble with prohibition is that it has been on the defensive. When you merely fight a defensive battle, if you win you are merely where you were before; if you lose, all is lost.

Prohibition did win, for a time. Early statistics clearly show that the Wets expected prohibition to be strictly enforced and hence, during the first months, it was well observed.

But now no one dares to claim that prohibition enforcement has been satisfactory. Word was carefully passed along the line, after the first few months of prohibition, that the liquor trade need not take the government too seriously. It need not bother about prohibition unless it wanted to. Violations on a large scale followed. Newspapers actually incited to violation of the law.

Thirst was stimulated by the stage, by the movies, by the press and by gibes in funny columns. This was allowed to go on until today no one seems to be afraid to violate the Constitution and our federal laws.

Something must be done to let the public know that Uncle Sam is not in his dotage; that the Constitution is no joke. All acknowledge the present conditions. What shall be done about them?

As I have said before, prohibition has not had a fair chance. To enforce a law like this is not the pastime of an hour, but the manly-hero-born, martyr-bred, self-forgetting, cross-bearing, Lincoln-like work of a lifetime. Prohibition has not had that sort of leader either under Harding or under Coolidge, hence it has not yet had a fair chance.

Eat, Drink, but be Wary

Continued from page 28

50° or less is a failure. Take the temperature of your refrigerator and see what it is.

I don't care what sort of refrigerator you have. It makes no difference to me whether it is made of white enamel or wood, or whether it is refrigerated with ice, electricity, or by some other method. There is one test and no other. It is the test of temperature.

You must never forget that when food is no longer fresh it has started to decay. No matter how slight may be the spoilage, it is decay all the same. There is no place in the diet for a food which has lost its freshness. It isn't safe for human consumption.

Let's consider a food like meat; for instance, pork or lamb chops. Kept in a good refrigerator at a temperature below 50° they remain sound and firm and fit for food even after four or five days. Without proper refrigeration meat will decompose, becoming slimy and odorous.

There is another side to this question and an important one, in these days of the high cost of living. I refer to the money value of the food lost by spoilage.

The other day I saw some interesting figures showing the average food expenditures of the American family. According to this report the average food bill is $629. It is safe to say that ten per cent of this food is wasted, due to the lack of proper refrigeration. This means that the average family will lose from $70 to $100, or even more, every year by spoilage of food. This is at least a billion dollars for the nation. Amazing!

It is an economic crime to go without a good refrigerator. The saving by one family of edible food during two or three summers represents in value a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost of one of the very best refrigerators on the market.

Invisible Decay

The United States Department of Agriculture recently pointed out the fact that, while food generally shows when it is spoiled, this is not always the case. It is likely to show by unpleasant look, taste or smell, that it is not fit to eat. But these safeguards of the senses may fail. The food may be contaminated by microscopic organisms that make it seriously unsafe, even though it may appear to smell and taste perfectly good. This fact places upon the householder an overpowering responsibility. The health and lives of his family are at stake.

This is why I advise that you test out your own refrigerator and see if it is really and truly effective.

Proper refrigeration is just as essential as proper housing, and proper heating of your home in winter, and proper clothing of your family all through the year. It is vital to health and life itself.

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Valerie takes a Flier

Continued from page 22

barnyard was always a barnyard. It never got to be a paddock, if you see what I mean."

I thought I saw what he meant. I said, "By the way, what do *you* do for a living?"

"Me? I work for the High-Flier Company. They're trying out a ship I designed."

For the rest of the way home Farnum explained the details of his "ship." When I dropped him off at the boarding house where he had anchored himself, my head buzzed. To me an airplane is still just an agreeable form of suicide, but hearing him talk on his own subject had been illuminating. I wondered if Valerie liked flying and planes as much as she said she did, and if she did . . .

I WAS away for a few days after this. The night I got back I called Valerie up. As soon as she heard my voice she said, "Oh, please come over. I've got to talk to you—now."

I got into my car and popped right over. When I arrived Valerie was spitting tacks all over the place. I said, "What are you so mad at, young fella?"

There followed one of the most entertaining monologues I'd ever listened to. Among other things, Valerie said that Bill was a striped leopard, a faithless snake and a lousy, rotten animal.

Sam, it seems, had turned almost overnight from being a rather pleasant young polo person to an ugly Jekyll and a dirty low-down pug; Farnum to a miserable hyena. Finally I got the story.

It seems that the day after I left Sam had an engagement with her to bring over six new polo ponies he'd bought so she could see them before anyone else did. Well enough, but Farnum, all innocent of trespass, had chosen that afternoon to come a-calling.

Sam had arrived with the ponies strung around him on lead lines (more business of Dashing Horseman effect). Sam had observed Farnum lolling in a deck chair on the lawn and his sun had slipped back of a cloud. Nevertheless, the pony business went ahead with Farnum pressed into service to hold the remaining five while Sam cantered and twisted each one in turn around a series of walking sticks he had stuck into the soft green of the lawn.

This had gone on for ten minutes or so while Valerie applauded Sam's riding and the astuteness of his eye for buying a horse. Then, it seems, a shadow had fallen on the little group; a black, swift-moving shadow made by a fast plane flying between them and the sun. A moment later, with a roar that sounded like all the boiler-makers in the world on a field day, Bill's Eagle shot over the tops of the trees bordering the lawn and zoomed straight at them.

It was a beautiful piece of flying and with a good man at the stick everyone on the lawn was quite, quite safe. The trouble was that the horses had no way of knowing whether the man at the stick of this hurtling monster was good or not. With one mind they decided he wasn't.

As the first panic seized them, Farnum went down under the rush. When he sat up the whole world seemed filled with horses. There were horses racing each other through the rose garden, horses rounding the corner by the grape arbor, horses on the veranda, and above all there was one horse with a rider trying awfully hard to get out of the marble swimming pool.

"And would you believe it?" Valerie went on, "Farnum actually thought it was funny! He sat there and laughed until I thought he'd lose a filling!"

"How do things stand now?" I asked.

"I haven't seen Sam since, nor Bill either. They—they had a fight that night. I heard about it. I . . . I heard that . . ." She stopped in the middle of her sentence.

I said, "Go on, now what else did you hear?"

Valerie looked down at her pretty feet. Then she looked up at me again. She said, "I heard Sam was so mad at Bill for getting the best of him that he bought Bill's plane and made Bill buy his ponies because they'd gone wild."

"When did you hear that?"

"Today."

I said, "I'm coming over tomorrow. Good night, Val lady."

I went over to Heathecote the next day and without bothering to ask for Valerie planted myself in one of the deck chairs to await developments. They came sooner than I thought they would.

I hadn't been there over half an hour before I heard a droning in the sky. I didn't even bother to look up. A few minutes later the red plane, wobbly in its flight like a tired duck, began circling over the house. I could just make out a figure in it, leaning perilously over the cockpit and could almost hear Sam saying to himself up there, "I'll show this Bill bird he isn't the only aviator around here." As it passed so close to one of the old chimneys that a brick fell out, I suddenly knew how they felt at Croydon the day Levine made his dizzy landing from Le Bourget. Then the plane, in a series of strange arcs and banks, wobbled off into the east.

I TURNED over in my chair and dozed. After a while I was awakened by some large animal sneezing in my face. I started up suddenly, which I should not have done because it caused the animal to rear which caused its rider to fall, with hardly any ceremony whatever, on the small of his back.

I said, "'Allo, you Bill!" Just as a pleasantry I added, "Why, where's your plane?" Then I went away from there.

A wire from Georgia took me out of town again that night. When I got back of course I called up Valerie right away.

"It's Atlas!" she cried at the sound of my voice. "I'm busting to see you. Something's happened!"

"Sure," I said. "The President's signed the peace pact."

"Peace pact be damned," she said. "Come on over."

I went. Valerie greeted me at the door. She said, "Now kiss me." I did. Then she took me in and sat me down on a sofa and began:

"Remember the night you went away?"

"Sure. I had an upper."

"Farnum came over that night. I was sort of sunk about the row and everything and I *was* fond of him so I let him kiss me. Then he asked me to marry him." She laughed. "You know I hadn't dreamed he would. I wanted time, so I was flip. I said, 'Why should I marry you when two such distinguished men as Sam and Bill are falling all over themselves for me?' The next minute I could have bitten my tongue out. I—I hurt him. He got dead white in the face. I'd never seen him look like that. He said, 'I can do everything they can,' and he walked out of the room."

I said, "Good as far as it goes."

"THE next morning a strange plane came over the house. It circled three times and then flew so close it knocked a brick off the chimney. I went out on the lawn and found a note."

"Ah," I interrupted. "A note, and—?"

"It said, 'Yah!'" Valerie went on. "That afternoon Farnum rode over on a horse. A funny-looking horse. He had his arms full of walking-sticks. He put them in funny places all over the lawn, got off to one end and rode in and out of them at a gallop. I swear, Uncle, I couldn't make it out at all. Then when he'd done this he got off his horse, walked over to where I was standing in rapt amazement and . . . oh, it was too awful."

I said, "Go on, hurry up, shoot."

"He—he told me I and my father and Bill and Sam and you could all go to hell. Then he rode off. I could have sworn there were tears in his eyes."

"And then what?"

"And then what? Naturally, I called him up and told him I'd marry him. Believe me, Atlas, nobody can tell me to go to hell—and get away with it!"

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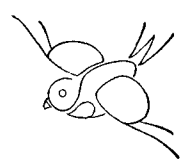

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 36

brains with that great mace which he carried! My torch-light touched his figure. . . . He lowered the mace, reached out one black arm—and opened a wicket gate!

Teeth very tightly clenched, I passed through to the road. I was in sight of the spot where I had been captured! The gate was closed behind me. I switched off my torch.

A smart two-seater stood by the roadside, no lights showing. I opened the door, removed the headpiece, threw in coat and cane, put up the lamps and lighted one of M. Nestor's cigars. . . .

This was an exercise; but exercises are useful at times, Woodville. The road I knew well. I seated myself at the wheel and drove off. No one checked me! I left the Castle of Felsenweir unchallenged. Your fate, my friend, and the fate of many millions, I held in my hands.

Upon me rested the mighty task of saving the world!

MY FIRST problem was where I should park the car. I had now no key to my private garage. I sank myself into the personality of Nestor, the chemist. I determined that he would park his car north of the church, behind the Regal.

This guess was good, for the man there seemed to know me. He hailed me as "Herr Doktor." Some trifling formalities being completed, I now faced the greater problem. The time, I learned, was nine o'clock, and I was uncertain of myself, you understand—particularly of my mustache! Nevertheless, since no dressing-room was available, I entered the Regal.

The hall-porter and the clerk on duty both greeted me as "Herr Doktor!" *Bien.*

"I wish to see M. Gaston Max," I said. "Can you tell me if he is in?"

"Why! he left three days ago," the clerk exclaimed.

"What!" I cried.

And truly I was astounded. *Three days* had elapsed since we had been kidnaped on the road below Felsenweir! . . .

"He left hurriedly with his friend Mr. Woodville," the clerk went on to say. "Someone from Cook's came, settled their accounts and collected their baggage. Unfortunately, I have no address, Herr Doktor. These French people are nearly as mad as the English!"

How thorough were the methods of our enemies! "Someone from Cook's!" No loose end had been left! But I wondered what had become of my car! To use the name of the great Cook was audacious, and, I thought, significant. Things must be coming to a head or so great a risk would never have been taken.

I left the Regal and hurried to a quiet café. Desperately, I needed nourishment. I devoured sandwiches and drank beer. Certainly the Germans can brew beer!

Then I called at the headquarters of police and made myself known.

It was a sensation! It covers me with embarrassment this, but it is a fact—my name was famous even in Baden-Baden! The German authorities, little as I have cause to love them, are efficient!

I left that office certain that all I had suggested would be carried out; that Paris, London, Washington and Berlin, from now onwards were actively behind me. I hurried back to the Regal. It might be that my appointment was for tonight; that in Dr. Schreiber I should find a link with Felsenweir which should enable me to get in touch with those I had left behind, and to return as an advance guard of reinforcements to the post I had deserted—or so I felt. . . .

Along that path beside the little singing stream I walked. Your room, Woodville, was dark—no one else had occupied it. Moonlight aided me. Since I could not recognize Dr. Schreiber, I could only trust that he would recognize me. And sure enough presently a portly figure rose from a chair.

"Dr. Nestor!" I heard.

I paused. I was unaware of the exact intimacy which existed between us. I must be tactful; and so:

"Surely Dr. Schreiber!" I replied.

"My dear Dr. Nestor!" He grasped my hand. "It is a long time since we have met!" (I was glad of this.) "But it appears to me that you have not changed in the slightest."

Always, I discovered, this Dr. Nestor was addressed in English. It was fortunate since I have a good knowledge of the language. If I had been compelled to speak in German I might have betrayed myself. In Greek, I should have been lost!

"I return the compliment with pleasure!" I said. "Perhaps we have time to celebrate our meeting?"

"Why," the doctor replied, "I think we might venture so far."

"The Regal?"

"No, no! It is too public. I mean one is noticed in hotels. Let us walk along to the Kurhaus and sit at a quiet table."

We did as he suggested. And the table selected was not only quiet but in deep shadow! There we talked.

He was, or so it appeared, this worthy Dr. Schreiber, a high official of the Brotherhood from the United States. Much of his conversation was unintelligible to me, although I contrived to pretend otherwise. But some of it was illuminating! The affiliated brethren on that continent, I gathered, had been broken up by the authorities. This had been a great disappointment but it did not disturb their ultimate plans.

"I was told," Dr. Schreiber continued, "that you would introduce me this evening, before visiting headquarters, to my British colleague, Sir Rathbone Edwards, to Kluen Yung of Hankow and last but not least to that very remarkable man, Professor Dimes of Melbourne. Where are we to meet them?"

YOU can imagine, my friend, the state of mind to which this remark reduced me! What I had learned was useless.

That there was a Kluen Yung, a Sir Rathbone Edwards and a Professor Dimes associated in this gigantic conspiracy would have been priceless information if only I could have imparted it to the prefect of police! Now, it was too late!

I realized that I was getting out of my depth! But my experience with "Mr. King" of London, with "Diamond Ned" of New York and at least one other super-criminal with whom I had come in contact, in this crisis served me well. "By the beard of the Prophet!" I exclaimed to myself—"now it is *wit*—for you have no data to act upon!"

"The Master has not advised you of the change of plan?" I asked.

"No!"

"We are meeting these gentlemen at Felsenweir. There is a certain urgency, you understand? Therefore we do not remain unduly long in Baden."

(*Continued on page 54*)

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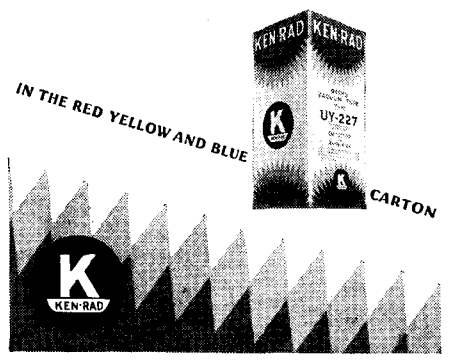

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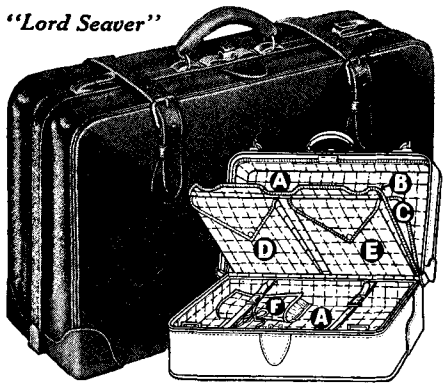

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(*Continued from page 53*)

Dr. Schreiber nodded.

"I understand," he replied. "The hour draws near. And perhaps, as happened in America, interference threatens?"

"Serious interference," I assured him. "John Lonergan of the American Secret Service is here, in Baden."

It is a compliment to Lonergan: Dr. Schreiber was staggered.

"What!" he exclaimed— "*Lonergan!* Then most certainly there is urgency!"

"I agree," said I. "There is a famous English journalist here also, hot upon the scent, and worse, an agent of the Sûreté Générale!"

"Which agent?" Dr. Schreiber demanded.

"Gaston Max!"

"*The* Gaston Max?"

"There is only one Gaston Max," I assured him.

He leaned across the table and pressed my arm.

"More and more I understand!" he declared. "What then are our orders?"

AGAIN I found myself at a deadlock. I must return. So much was evident. In the short time at my disposal I had done all that lay in my power. Now, my place was beside you. I must return! I must return!

But once I had done so, what were our chances?

Even now, the substitution might have been discovered! Certainly, it must be discovered within a very few minutes of my reëntering Felsenweir. The action I had requested of the German police authorities—no! name of a good little man!—had *demanded* of them—could result in what? . . .

Felsenweir was impregnable! Those gallant troops formerly commanded by Foch could never have stormed it! Only by destruction with heavy artillery could access be obtained! Cunning—some treachery of the inhabitants—alone could aid us! Or, if the gun should arrive. This, I will explain later.

And it was then, my dear Woodville, that I thought of *you!*

Forgive me if I am obscure! This grotesque creature Anubis had said to me: "Your friend Woodville will join us. Because he is interested in the little Marusa and I will give her to him."

How slender a thread! How hollow a hope! Yet I must hope for something. And above all, at the moment, I had to reply to Dr. Schreiber's inquiry.

"It would be best," I said, "if we returned immediately by road. My car is waiting."

"Very good," he agreed. "Let us go."

You can imagine with what feelings I drove back! My chances were a thousand to one. I had no knowledge of the routine—how to demand that the gates should be opened—how to proceed when they *were* opened! . . .

Dr. Schreiber unconsciously aided me. For, as we drew up:

"At last!" he cried, "I am to meet the Master face to face!"

He leaped out upon the road. Rushing to the gates, he beat upon them with clenched fists.

"Anubis!" he cried.

There was an interval.

"Anubis!"

The wicket opened.

I switched off the car lights and followed Dr. Schreiber into Felsenweir. . . .

When, at the end of that tedious climb, as we passed between those twin towers, under the teeth of the portcullis, and I saw light streaming out from Felsenweir's ancient guard-room, I said good-by to myself.

It was too much to suppose that Herr Richter, or Madame Yburg, had failed to discover who lay in the crystal coffin. Of Madame I was uncertain. I dared not to believe what I longed to believe. . . . How far was she to be trusted? Already, perhaps, she had betrayed me! For she *knew* I had tricked Anubis! . . .

The ascetic Swede was not on duty. The door stood open. A very genial Dutchman greeted us. He welcomed Schreiber with enthusiasm. He was second Watchmaster, I learned. I kept my hat on—the brim pulled down.

"Your baggage is already in your room, doctor," he said. "Directly Anubis awakes he will see you. If you will be good enough to follow Yamamata."

A Japanese manservant had appeared.

Presently, having made certain arrangements for a later meeting with Dr. Schreiber:

"I've got to see the Englishman," I explained. "What room is he in?"

I remembered that M. Nestor was absent-minded. The second Watchmaster was genial. . . . Is it sufficient? Here I am. And here—name of a good little man!—it appears to me I remain!

Three hopes we have, Woodville: First—Lonergan. Where *is* he? Second—myself. It is not known yet that I have left the crystal coffin! Third—Anubis. . . . He is sleeping!

"With such a dial as you describe in our possession, Woodville, why should we . . . ?"

I produced the little apparatus.

"Good God! Let's get out of here!"

"I am all for it! Demonstrate, my friend."

With nervous fingers I moved the indicator until that hieroglyphic resembling an Arab A occupied the open space.

There was a moment of tense silence, then:

"Listen!"

The elevator was ascending!

"Quick! We are perhaps going to our death—but what does it matter? If we stay, death is coming to *us!* Show me how I recall the lift . . . wait for me below. . . ."

It was soon done. I saw the panel slide up. I stepped into the car. Silently I said good-by to the watching Gaston Max. . . . Below, the great hall was empty—except for one of the Black Watch posted before that door which led to the laboratory and the apartments of Anubis.

I waited. The panel closed behind me—and I heard the lift reascending.

A few moments later, Max joined me. . . .

"We must be greatly daring," he whispered. "I shall become, in voice, M. Nestor."

I nodded.

"Your anxiety is very natural, Mr. Woodville," Max went on (his imitation of the dead man amazed and startled me). "Come right along. I expect your friend Lonergan is with Richter."

CONFIDENTLY he walked towards the Black Watch! If this elevator automatically stopped at the laboratory, he could know no more than I knew! . . . Nor if the giant guard would give us passage.

We were within three paces of this monster when it lowered the mace crashingly, stepped aside and revealed that opening in the wall which I knew!

"Go right ahead, Woodville," Max directed in the voice of Nestor. "Wait for me."

I entered. In darkness I moved up. Light came. I stepped out. . . .

This was the top of the staircase which once I had climbed! The elevator, this time, had brought me *higher!* Below, to the right, lay steps bathed in apparent moonlight, above was the iron grille and the gaping pit. Before me, unguarded, I saw the opening in the wall and the short passage leading to the laboratory.

I heard the elevator going down.

A silence absolutely complete reigned about me.

I stood still. I listened.

Two — five — ten — fifteen seconds passed—I heard the elevator ascending. I turned.

Max stepped out.

"Come this way, sir," he directed, and walked along the corridor. "We'll soon find Mr. Lonergan.". . .

Holding myself strictly in hand, I followed. I entered the laboratory. Across a maze of apparatus, I saw the third chemist, Herr Richter. He was bending over that circular table which enabled the creatures of Felsenweir to watch the surrounding roads. He looked up.

"Hullo, doctor! You are back early. Where are Sir Rathbone, Professor Dimes and . . ."

"Following. I brought home news for our friend, here, and for Mr. Lonergan, too. Where is he?"

"I don't know," Herr Richter answered. "But I am glad you returned. I saw you arrive. Come and look. The roads below are curiously busy! I have put down Zone 3."

Max turned to me.

"Be very careful," he advised. "But I've warned you before. Follow me closely. . . ."

WE BENT over that wonderful panorama.

I suppressed an exclamation.

The roads surrounding Felsenweir were animate with tiny figures!

"What do you make of it?"

Max considered the picture, then:

"Trouble!" he announced laconically.

Mentally, I sat at the feet of this master of his art; who, aided only by dim lighting and a self-possession unparalleled in my experience, carried out his monstrous illusion with the audacity of a Houdini.

"To wake Anubis before midnight," Herr Richter went on, "would be fatal. He has not slept for over eighty hours. Dawn comes early. And we can laugh, after dawn!"

Max stood upright and spoke—but kept his back to Richter.

"Listen. I'll take charge."

"Excellent, doctor! I am greatly obliged. I, also, am overtired, as you know."

"Go and sleep. I'll have you called ten minutes before twelve."

"You take a great responsibility—*tonight.*"

"I'm taking it! We need to be fresh. All set?"

"Only too glad! I am dreadfully sleepy. Zone 3 is down and you know that the control-tower is cut off? Don't move anything. Anubis is sleeping there. He will remain now at Central Control until *the moment.* . . . The injection at midnight also you should remember. . . ."

"The Frenchman?"

"Yes."

"Good night."

"Good night, doctor."

Gaston Max peered down again at those busy roads mirrored minutely upon opaque glass. Richter, silent in rubber soles, went away.

"They are acting," he murmured. "After all, these Germans are efficient! We are surrounded, my friend! Witness, before you, the authority of my Sûreté Générale even in Germany. One thing only I doubt. Troops are bringing up a Krupp gun, resembling our own .75. Can they possibly get it placed upon the Devil's Elbow *in time?*"

"What!"

"The *control-tower,* Woodville! A perfect target . . . and the brain of Felsenweir!"

(*To be concluded next week*)

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WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES
HE TALKED ACROSS THE BOARD
HE ALWAYS LED THE WRONG SUIT
SHE TRUMPED HER PARTNER'S TRICK
HE ALWAYS PLAYED OUT OF TURN
HE LED HIS ACES IN No TRUMP
HE NEVER TOOK HIS PARTNER OUT OF INFORMATORY DOUBLES
SHE BID A CLUB ON THE FOURTH HAND AFTER THREE PASSES
SHE NEVER KNEW WHAT WAS TRUMP

How would You play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North	*East*
S. J-10-9	S. 7-4
H. 8-7-6	H. 10-4-3-2
D. A-Q-J-3	D. 10-9
C. 7-5-4	C. K-8-6-3-2
West	*South*
S. 5-2	S. A-K-Q-8-6-3
H. K-J-5	H. A-Q-9
D. K-8-6-5	D. 7-4-2
C. Q-J-10-9	C. A

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The Auction Bridge bidding probably would be: South one Spade, West pass, North pass, East pass. It might be varied by a South who would start by bidding three Spades; but with so strong a hand and especially with such strength in the other major, preëmption seems to be quite unnecessary.

The Contract bidding would be far more doubtful and also more interesting. South, counting six Spade tricks and his two side Aces as two tricks more, would have ample strength to start by bidding three Spades because, in addition to his eight probable tricks, one more is possible in the Heart suit.

With South bidding three Spades and West passing, North would jump to either four or five Spades. He could not bid Diamonds to show his Diamond strength because at a love score four of a minor over three of a major would suggest a desire to play at Diamonds rather than at Spades. But if South had bid four Spades, a bid of five Diamonds by North would suggest a slam; South having bid for game from a love score, an overcall by North (in any suit) would be a slam invitation.

Whether North should bid four or five Spades over South's three Spades is a close question. A North with the Wall Street instinct probably would try five; and if he did, South, with a stronger hand than his original bid necessarily indicated, would bid six.

The Play

Playing at Spades, West would lead the Queen of Clubs. South, winning with his singleton Ace, would count six Spade tricks, one Heart, one Club and two Diamonds, so at the worst four-odd is assured. However, especially if the game is Contract and a slam bid has been risked, the Declarer would be anxious to secure two extra tricks; there is even faint possibility of a grand slam which could be obtained if West held the King of Diamonds, East the King of Hearts, and the adverse Diamonds were divided 3-3. The probability of having all three of these events come out as Declarer would wish is remote. But, in spite of the improbability of winning thirteen tricks, South will play the hand so as to get them if he can. Two rounds of trumps, the second won in the South hand, will exhaust the adverse trumps; and North will win trick 4 by a Diamond finesse. The chance for a grand slam is now slightly increased; but the drop of the high Diamond that East plays is a danger signal, unless East is false-carding.

To trick 5, dummy would lead a Club, South ruffing; and to trick 6 South would lead another Diamond, North finessing a second time. When this finesse wins, North could lead his last trump and South could overtake and start a squeeze play by continuing his trumps; but there is a better plan which will not surrender the chance for a grand slam if East is false-carding and has the Eight of Diamonds left and also the King of Hearts. This plan assures a small slam if West has the Diamonds stopped, as seems probable. Dummy leads his last Club to trick 7, South ruffing; and to trick 8 South leads his last Diamond, hoping that the King will fall from West and the Eight from East. When this hope does not materialize, the small slam is cinched by the lead of the Trey of Diamonds from dummy and the discard on it of the Nine of Hearts from closed hand. This places West in the lead and he, with no Spades or Diamonds left, must lead either a Heart or a Club. If the latter, dummy will ruff and closed hand will discard the Queen of Hearts; if the former, the lead is up to closed hand's Ace-Queen and the remaining tricks are assured.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 8-4-3	S. Q-10-6
H. A-K-5	H. J-9-7-3
D. J-8-3	D. K-5-4
C. 10-8-6-2	C. 9-7-3
West	*South*
S. J-9-7-5-2	S. A-K
H. Q-8-4	H. 10-6-2
D. Q-6	D. A-10-9-7-2
C. K-5-4	C. A-Q-J

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. . .

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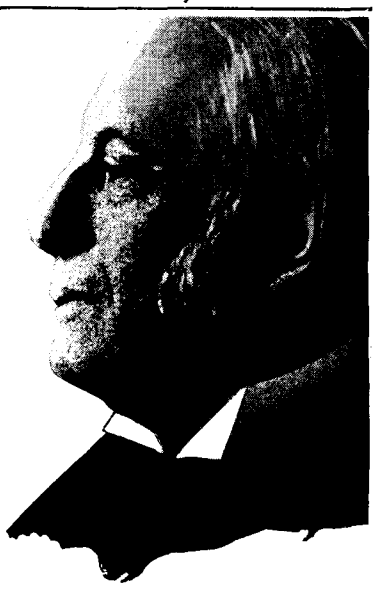

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When you toss a lighted firecracker and

it lands in your mother-in-law's lap . . .

be nonchalant . . . Light a MURAD.

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One and One

Continued from page 17

supported her before you did and why it can't continue. Because if marriage is to be put on a sound business basis, it should start with some kind of capital. I don't say that bachelors should form a union and fix prices. But a catalogue could be arranged and probably some husbands could be had for as low as a hundred soap coupons. I know several young fellows who made a successful business of marriage after failing in other lines.

Fabricating a Past

One feature that never fails to make marriage interesting is the question of the man's past. But even if a man hasn't had a past he can build one up out of his family album. I know a harmless old codger, faithfully married since the first day he shaved, who weaves the most romantic lies about pictures he took twenty years ago. He tried to impress me with a photograph of himself and his sweetheart taken at Coney Island that shows them sitting in a paper boat in front of linen clouds. "That," he said, "is the girl I saved from drowning in the Mediterranean Sea."

"Go on!" I gasped.

"You wouldn't believe it, but she belonged to the royal family. I think she was the Italian king's daughter." He drew calmly at his pipe. "Yep! I was rowing carelessly along in mid-ocean when I heard two people arguing in the water close by me in muffled tones. Their tones were muffled because they were both refined people and because their mouths were filled with water. I noticed that the girl was struggling with the other person who was a man, so I dived in, knocked the duke on the head and took the Italian spaghetti manufacturer's daughter into my yacht." And he turned to the next picture with a nonchalant air as if conquests like these were too trivial to linger over.

In this picture I saw him sitting with his wife and eight children with twenty hands on twenty knees. "Oh, that was snapped at Kensington when I visited the Countess of Huckleberry. She insisted that I take a photo with her royal family."

But I guess all of us have some pet illusion. Having been orphaned at the age of two I always dreamed of a magnificent home where my family and I would be comfortably housed.

Last Thanksgiving I looked forward to a grand family reunion in my house like the one I had pictured in my early days. But I was just opening in Whoopee then. I determined not to be separated from my family this time. So I brought them on to Washington and we celebrated our Thanksgiving all jammed into the bedroom of a hotel.

After all, marriage is a great adventure and the less it turns out the way you hoped, the more interesting are the surprises it has for you. I've been surprised five times—with daughters!

Even if marriage should never become an exact science you can always fall back on love to guide you. Love has this virtue that science hasn't—it overlooks a lot of things. For love is like a potato—it's got eyes, but it's blind.

Riding the Rooks

Continued from page 32

One spring Buck Herzog was handling the Giants' second team, which included a big outfielder named Kocash, whom Buck was riding and abusing all the time. Finally one day Buck pulled the "Johnny Ward" on Kocash, and that was the last straw. Kocash let go and socked Buck in the mouth, knocking out all his front teeth and putting him in the hospital.

Times have changed for the better, however, for the rookies. Benny Kauff must have been the forerunner of the modern rookie. Benny tried to break in in a big way. He had a Federal League reputation as being better than Cobb, so he tried to carry it. He bought a car with a victoria top from some Broadway actress, and hired his brother to act as chauffeur. When Benny came out after the game, his brother saluted him, and he climbed into the fancy victoria and sped away in style.

The rookies come to camp now with golf sticks, tennis rackets, wardrobes with eight or ten changes of scenery, and the vets are afraid to get funny with them. The rooks are wiser than the old-timers.

The modern rookie reads up on the averages of the regulars on the club during the winter and figures out which vet is slipping. You can tell at the spring training camp which vet is going back by the way the rooks flock to his position to work out. When the veteran Peckinpaugh was about through, all the recruit infielders cavorted at short and stayed away from second and third where stars had their jobs cinched. In the outfield, the bushers flock toward the weakest link.

They ganged on "Dode" Paskert that way when he was in his dotage, and he complained, "What the hell all you guys want? What you hanging around me for?"

The "Kauff" influence probably was in the bud in the yearning that all ball players have for diamonds. There used to be a wide distinction between rookies and vets. And this was maintained to a degree by the fact that the vets could afford to sport big diamond rings and stickpins. There was a fellow named "Diamond Joe" who made the rounds of the camps. He'd pull out a wallet full of stickpins and rings and ask, "Like anything there?"

If you were a regular you didn't have to pay on the spot. I bought a diamond from "Diamond Joe" one spring. "Take the damned thing," he said, "and pay for it next spring. But before you take it, I want you to take it down and have it appraised."

I wore the diamond all that year, and gave him $500 for it the next season.

Smarter, but–

The first money a rookie used to get always went for a diamond, but I guess they are smarter that way, these days.

Yes, the modern rookies are different in many ways, and perhaps smarter. It's hard to say. They go out to the ball park in their golf clothes, toting their clubs, and on the field they say, during hitting practice, "Well, let's hurry up and get this over so we can get out to the links." Their big heroes, the men they are always talking about, are Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen—not

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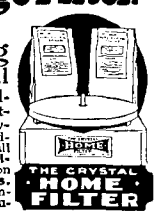

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Ed Delehanty and Ty Cobb and Walter Johnson.

And yet, how much easier it is for them now, how much easier to break in on the big money in the big show.

The Twilight of the Gods

Modern ball players help the rookies instead of hindering them. You'll see the vets out in the field shagging flies to get in shape, while the youngsters are up at the plate getting their hitting practice.

Jack Hendricks, Cincinnati manager, asked a young left-hander to go out and warm up one chilly day at the Reds' camp last spring, and the rookie replied, "Let Rixey or Donahue warm up. My arm's worth as much to me as theirs is to them."

That's the attitude of the modern rookie.

I was working out with the Yanks down at spring training camp last spring, and one afternoon in the shower room I was talking with Lou Gehrig about the great hitters of the past. "McGraw tells me," I said, "that up to the time Ruth came on the scene, Ed Delehanty could hit a ball harder than any man he ever saw."

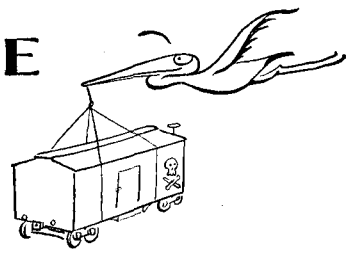
"Who was Ed Delehanty?" Gehrig asked.

"Oh, he was a fellow who fell off the bridge at Niagara Falls," I explained.

"Oh, that was before I was born," Lou replied.

That, too, is the attitude of the modern youngster in baseball. He figures that baseball history dates from the day he broke in.

IN THIS ISSUE



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THE SQUEAL OF THE SUCKER. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Two circuses, two racing elephants and a peck of trouble come to town . . . . Page 5

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ABOUT FACE! FORWARD—MARCH! In pictures Page 12

STILL WATERS. By Frederic F. Van de Water. A fast-moving mystery novel . . . . . Page 14

THE HERO PAYS. By Grantland Rice . . . Page 16

ONE AND ONE. By Eddie Cantor. Variations of the love theme . . . . . Page 17

SILK HAT. By Katherine Brush. A short short story Page 18

VALERIE TAKES A FLIER. By Eric Hatch. A short love story . . . . . Page 20

JOHN D. AT 90. By John T. Flynn . . . Page 25

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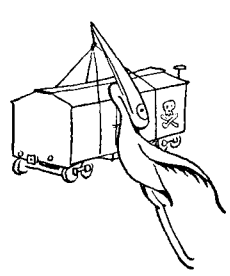
THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K. By Rube Goldberg . . . . . Page 38

AT HOOVER'S ELBOW. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole . . . Page 45

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . Page 52

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work . . . . . Page 55

EDITORIAL . . . . Page 58



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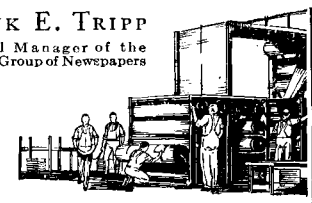
FRANK E. TRIPP
General Manager of the Gannett Group of Newspapers



The Business Leaders of Today Are the

I. C. S. *Students of Yesterday*

FRANK E. TRIPP began working somewhat earlier than most boys. In fact he was just six years old when he helped deliver to the doors of homes in Elmira, New York, the first issue of a newspaper. And by a strange coincidence that very paper was one of the journals that now form the Gannett Group, the third largest newspaper combination in America, of which Mr. Tripp is part owner and General Manager.

His real career, however, began in 1899, when he decided that he wanted to train himself to do some one thing really well. He had heard of a school that taught people all kinds of subjects at home, in their spare time—the International Correspondence Schools, then just rising to prominence. He cut a coupon out of a magazine, mailed it to Scranton, and enrolled for a course in mechanical drawing.

He was working in the daytime. But at night he studied. The course fascinated him, not only because he enjoyed drawing but because it brought up all sorts of mechanical problems that widened his knowledge.

Soon another opportunity came. Not every boy would have recognized it as such, but his study had taught Frank Tripp to see opportunities. He entered a newspaper office as a cub reporter. Throughout the next twenty years he had no apparent use for the training he had received from the I. C. S. save the joy of an appreciation of things mechanical. But the time arrived when it was to stand him in good stead.

There came an opening in the newspaper business which involved machinery, construction, blueprints and mechanical judgment, as well as the romance of the news-room. It was a job for a man who not only knew journalism from the ground up, but who had the imagination and the training of an engineer.

"What the I. C. S. had taught me . . . proved, in this emergency, to be the most valuable part of my education," says Mr. Tripp. With the addition of some further study, made easy by his fundamental preparation, he was able to shoulder the responsibilities of his new position. As new journals were added to the business, he handled the work of laying out newspaper plants and initiating plans of management.

The Gannett Group of newspapers has expanded until it now includes twelve dailies in ten cities. And Frank E. Tripp, always ready to learn, has grown with the growth of the chain. Today, as General Manager of the Group, he has become one of the leaders of American journalism. In a recent letter to the International Correspondence Schools, Mr. Tripp made this statement:

"Successful men are *students* of the business in which they are engaged, not merely operatives in it. Those who aspire to success in any field must study their way—there is no wishing system which works. All study broadens the student and makes him alert to opportunity."

All over the world there are keen business executives who look back with gratitude to the sound and thorough instruction of the International Correspondence Schools. Thousands of such men, owners and managers of businesses, obtained the training that gave them their start by enrolling for courses in the I. C. S. The same courses and hundreds of others, constantly improved and kept up to date, are open doors of opportunity for every young man with a sincere ambition to succeed.

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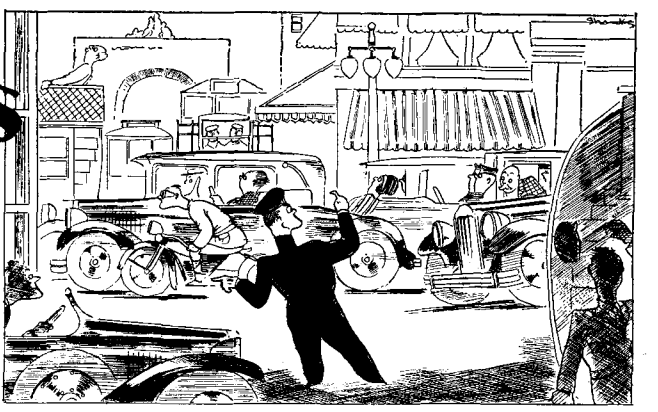
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

William L. Chenery, *Editor*
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
Charles Colebaugh, *Managing Editor*

JULY 13, 1929



An Open Letter to Mr. Wickersham

and the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement

DEAR MR. WICKERSHAM:

Why does the President reproach us, the people, for non-observance of the law?

Why not place the blame where most of it belongs—on the shoulders of the lawmakers? Much of the contempt for law which you are considering is due to the fact that statutes contradict customs which millions of Americans believe to be good.

If our congressmen and legislators continue to write laws not in accordance with custom, to vote on the side of prejudice and expediency and permit laws which have become outmoded to stand and infect our whole legal structure with their dry rot, then there will continue to be non-observance of the law.

Your own profound knowledge of the law will bring numerous illustrations of this truth to your mind. Some of them lead to crime. All tend to bring the law into disrepute.

Take our automobile laws as an example. Most towns and cities limit by law the speed of motor cars to twenty miles an hour. Yet at the busiest intersections in the world—in Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Washington or Dubuque, anywhere you please—such laws are continuously ignored, often at the express command of the police.

Every motorist has been encouraged by a traffic officer to drive from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour when the law prescribes less. The law is at fault, not the people.

OUR method of selecting our Presidents is wholly unconstitutional. According to our "supreme law," the presidential electors appointed by each state "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct" shall meet in their respective states and vote for President and Vice President.

Would such a method be tolerated by the American people today?

It would not.

Yet President Hoover and Vice President Curtis are in office, having entered by means in flagrant conflict with the fundamental Constitution. Custom which seems good prevails and we hear no protest.

OTHER sections of the Constitution adopted while Civil War passion ran hot sought to establish permanent political equality between the white and colored people in the South.

Again custom overrode the law and these constitutional amendments are disregarded in the very sections to which they were designed to apply.

Once more, the Constitution provided for census-taking so that membership in Congress might be apportioned to population. For ten years and more Congress has ignored that obligation because of political expediency. The members of the Seventieth and Seventy-first Congresses took office and went about their business in direct violation of the Constitution. Yet few have protested and we have heard no one say that their acts were unconstitutional.

Article II of the Bill of Rights provides that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Every state that infringes that right by local law disregards the Constitution. But where public opinion demands it that is precisely what is done. Custom prevails.

In a moment of aberration Congress passed a law forbidding the issuance of checks for less than one dollar. Penalties were provided. Have you ever written a check for less than one dollar, Mr. Wickersham? Then you are an offender. But you need not fear arrest, for nobody pays the slightest attention to that law. Custom prevails.

Many laws are properly disregarded. The whole equity system of our courts was created to right the wrongs of unjust law. Laws, like the Sabbath, are made for men; not men for the law.

No good purpose is served by refusing to recognize that there are laws on the statute books which are unenforced or unenforceable and die long before they are repealed.

You and your colleagues have been charged with the responsibility of finding some constructive solution for the most important domestic problem which confronts your nation.

FACE the facts courageously and if full consideration persuades you that some of the laws so commonly disregarded are in their very nature unenforceable, say so plainly.

Ours is a big country with great diversity of custom, habit and opinion of right and wrong. National laws designed to apply to all of us must be flexible enough to provide room for our various customs and ideas. There is not money or power enough in this or in any other country to compel the people to respect laws they regard as stupid.

Remember, however, that you cannot indict a nation or any considerable section of a nation, and that complaints and chiding will never persuade a people to obey laws which they do not approve.

The first and most important step in rebuilding respect for the great body of law is to purge the statute books of those enactments which experience shows millions of upright citizens will never willingly obey.

COLLIER'S, *The National Weekly*,

William L. Chenery
Editor

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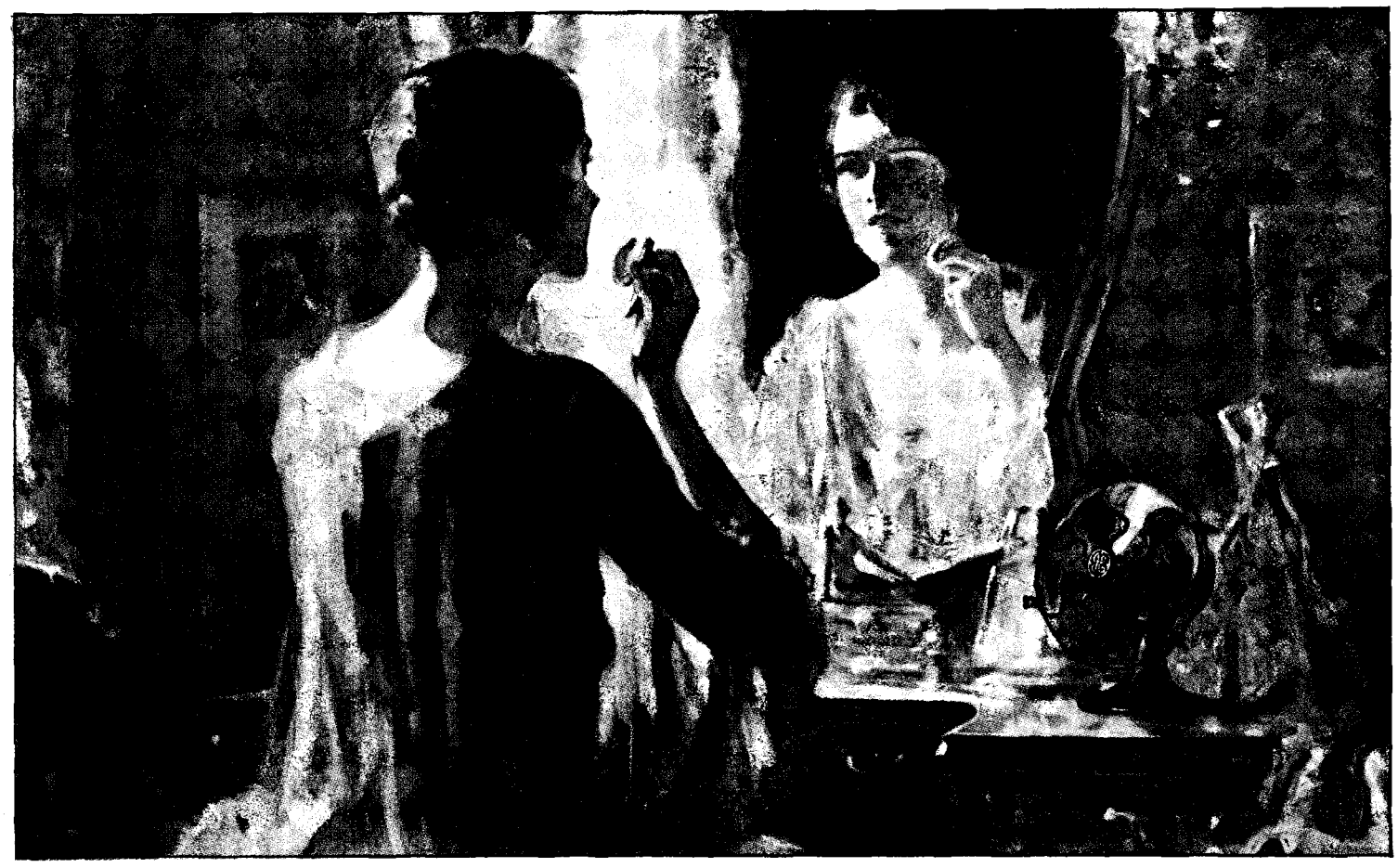

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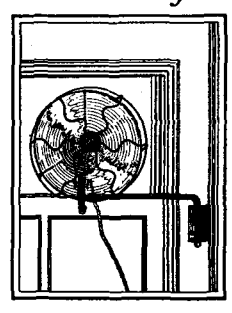

The sign of a G.E. Fan Dealer

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